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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE have for some years abandoned any attempt at giving a monthly report of activities in this REVIEW, because of the great difficulty of obtaining the information necessary

The Churches on
a Common Platform for any adequate summary that would fairly represent the multifarious doings of the branches of a Society scattered throughout the world. Our report of activities had become so partial, that we thought it advisable to leave the matter to the Sectional magazines and the President's Annual Report. We cannot, however, refrain from giving a few lines of special notice to an excellent new departure of the Harrogate Branch. Our hard-working colleagues in the North have, apart from their usual syllabus and classes for study, arranged for a series of lectures entitled "Unity with Diversity in the Christian Churches." These lectures "are specially intended to show the Unity of the Christian Life in all the various forms in which it is manifesting, and it is hoped that they will enable all who hear them to understand the function

each serves in the common life, and that they will promote toleration, comprehension and brotherly feeling."

* * *

THIS is a most excellent idea, and we cannot but congratulate ourselves that it is a Branch of the Theosophical Society which has been able for the first time to supply the conditions whereby representatives of the various Churches can meet on a common platform to recognise the great principle of "Unity with Diversity"—the basis of all Theosophical religion. These lectures "have been arranged to show the characteristics of the Christian Religion and what each Church stands for." They are to be "expository, and not controversial; affirmative, not negative." During February and March there will thus have been given lectures setting forth the points of view of the Church of England (Rev. A. H. Lee), of the Labour Church (Mr. D. B. Fisher), of the Methodist Churches (Rev. J. Day Thompson), of the Congregational Churches (Rev. A. C. Hill), of the New Church (Rev. S. J. C. Goldsack), of the Unitarian Church (Rev. E. Ceredig Jones), and also of the Society of Friends and the Salvation Army; and the series is to be concluded by a lecture on the Relation of Theosophy to the Churches, by Mr. Hodgson Smith.

We have had innumerable lectures on religions and their varieties in our Branches, we have had from the beginning men and women of the most diverse faiths, meeting together in harmony on our platform of mutual tolerance, but never before have we had the pleasure of extending our hospitality to the representatives of so many Churches of Christendom. If from such a beginning it might become a general practice that, in all our large towns, opportunities should be made for similar courses of addresses to be delivered, the way would be opened for a new era of ever-widening tolerance and understanding, which might in its turn lead to that "manifestation of the Sons of God" for which the whole creation travaileth in expectation.

* * *

THE Society for Psychical Research, under the presidency of Sir Oliver Lodge, seems to be getting out of its "vivisection"

A Scholarship in
Psychical Science

phase and recognising that the slaying of victims is not a scientific method of acquiring knowledge, but a reversion to the worship of the Moloch of ignorant prejudice. Having done its best in the past to discredit those who were the best scholars of things unseen, it is now endeavouring to establish a scholarship for the psychically endowed. Thus *The Times*, of January 31st, in reporting a recent meeting of the Society, tells us that :

Sir Oliver Lodge, in the course of his address, said that a few friends who desired to remain anonymous had started an endowment fund amounting at present to £2,000, in order to set the society upon a sound and permanent basis, and in order to provide the material means of attacking the problems which the future might bring before them. As soon as a capital sum of £8,000 had been attained it was proposed to offer a research scholarship in psychical science, to which a holder, irrespective of sex or nationality, might be appointed for one year and from year to year as might seem good, his or her time to be devoted to the work of psychical investigation. When practical benefits could be definitely foreseen people felt justified in spending money even on science, though as a rule that and education were things on which they were specially economical. Municipal extravagance in any such things as that was sternly checked, though in other directions it was permitted.

* * *

And why should not psychical investigation lead to practical results? Were we satisfied with our treatment of criminals? Were we as civilised people content to grow a perennial class of habitual criminals, and to keep them in check only by methods appropriate to savages—hunting them, flogging them, locking them up and exterminating them? Any savage race in the history of the world could do as much as that; and if they knew no better they were bound to do it for their own protection. Society could not let its malefactors run wild any more than it could release its lunatics. Till it understood these things it must lock them up; but the sooner it understood them the better. Force was no remedy; intelligent treatment was. Who could doubt but that a study of obscure mental facts would lead to a theory of the habitual criminal, to the tracing of his malady as surely as malaria had been traced to the mosquito? And, once we understood the evil, the remedy would follow. Already hypnotic treatment, or treatment by suggestion, occurred to one. It was unwise and unscientific to leave prisoners merely to the discipline of warders and to the preaching of chaplains. (Cheers.) He had no full-blown treatment to suggest, but he foresaw that there would be one in the future. Society would not be content always to go on with these methods of barbarism; the resources of civilisation

were not really exhausted, though for centuries they had appeared to be. The thing demanded careful study on the psychical side; and it would be a direct outcome of one aspect of their researches. The influence of the unconscious or subliminal self, the power of suggestion, the influence of one mind over another—these were not academic or scientific facts alone; they had a deep practical bearing, and sooner or later it must be put to the proof.

* * *

THESE are brave words, and coming from such a man as Sir Oliver Lodge should tend somewhat to soften the adamant wall of prejudice which still surrounds the so-called "leaders" of the medical faculty. In nervous and mental diseases almost everything can be done by means of curative mesmerism; and yet in this country the facts even of "hypnotism" have made almost as little impression on the "leaders" of the faculty as have the facts of the higher criticism on the bishops. We know of many instances where the orthodox specialists have come to the end of their resources, but instead of calling in a more progressive colleague, those fogies of the old school have preferred to let their unfortunate patient pass from bad to worse, because, forsooth, their incompetency regarded the more hopeful method of their colleague as "quackery." This prejudice might be somewhat excusable where the "mesmeriser" or "hypnotiser" was a layman, but we refer to cases where the proposed operator was not only a fully qualified physician, but also a specialist in mental diseases, who had already effected a large number of cures in cases which had been abandoned as hopeless by the rest of the faculty.

* * *

SIR OLIVER LODGE then proceeded very cautiously to hint at what this overstepping of the borderland of things physical might possibly mean. It may be somewhat surprising to students of Theosophy, who have been boldly declaring for twenty-seven years what it actually does mean, that there should be all this hesitation on the matter, but it should be remembered that the Society for Psychical Research moves just sufficiently ahead of the times not to get out of contact with the "things we have grown used to";

Professional
Prejudice

Psychic Science
and Theology

"One step's enough for me" is its motto. It has no anxiety to "see" for itself, but desires only to experiment with "seers"; it is even prepared to pay for a good one to operate upon, as we have seen. That, however, this public crossing of the borderland will revolutionise the study of Theology requires no clairvoyance to perceive; it is already beginning to do so. Religion may be officially ruled out of the S.P.R. Proceedings, but it cannot be practically excluded. As Sir Oliver Lodge puts it:

The bearing of their inquiry on religion was a large subject, and one too nearly trenching on the realm of emotion to be altogether suitable for the consideration of a scientific society. Yet every science had its practical applications. They were not part of the science, but they were its legitimate outcome; and the value of the science to humanity must be measured in the last resort by the use which humanity could make of it. To the enthusiast science for the sake of knowledge without ulterior ends might be enough, and if there were none of that spirit in the world we should be poorer than we are; but for the bulk of mankind this was too high or too arid a creed, and people must see just enough outcome to have faith that there might be yet more. That these researches would ultimately have some bearing, some meaning for the science of theology he could not doubt. What that bearing may be he could not tell. He had indicated in an article in the *Hibbert Journal* for January some of what he felt on that subject, and he had gone as far in that article as he felt entitled to go. They sought to unravel the nature and hidden powers of man; and a fuller understanding of the attributes of humanity could not but have some influence on our theory of divinity itself. If any scientific society was worthy of encouragement and support it should surely be that. If there was any object worthy the patient attention of humanity it was surely these great and pressing problems of whence, what, and whither that had occupied the attention of prophet and philosopher since time was. The discovery of a new star, or of a marking in Mars, or of a new element, or a new extinct animal or plant was interesting. Surely the discovery of a new human faculty was interesting too? Already the discovery of telepathy constituted the first fruits of that society's work, and it had laid open the way to the discovery of much more. Their aim was nothing less than the investigation and better comprehension of human faculty, human personality, and human destiny.

* * *

WE have no desire to under-estimate the work of any labourer in this field of endeavour, but no good can be gained by claiming "discovery" of facts already known and recorded throughout the ages. "Telepathy" is a newly invented *name*, not a newly discovered

The "Invention" of
Names not Facts

fact, equally so the "subliminal self" is a newly invented *name*, not a new-found *truth*. "Science" to a very large extent consists of an *accurate description* of phenomena from the point of view of the *normal observer*. This is above all else the special function of the S.P.R. in the department of things psychic, a most useful function, but not the work of the real pioneer, of the discoverer who goes forth into the desert and jungle of the unmapped. The government surveyors and road-makers follow after these pioneers; they further explore the country and describe it far more accurately, but the pioneer saw it first and pointed the way out to others.

We regret that we have not space to refer to Sir Oliver's excellent article in the current number of the *Hibbert Journal*, but we cordially commend it to the notice of our readers.

* * *

MRS. BESANT writes: One of our members, Mr. G. E. Sutcliffe, of Bombay, has long been attempting to connect astronomy and astrology, and astronomy and chemistry, and certain weather predictions, based on a theory which he will shortly expound in the REVIEW, seem to show that he is on the right track in his studies. Mr. Sutcliffe, in 1894, predicted that until December 20th the weather would be warmer than the normal, and then there would be a marked fall; the events exactly corresponded with the prediction. Other predictions followed which were failures, resulting from a hasty generalisation which had to be abandoned. Further work in 1899 attracted the attention of Captain Field, R.N., who began investigating the subject, and has carried out some valuable experiments. Last summer (1902) the failure of the monsoon was predicted by the official meteorologists, but Mr. Sutcliffe published a prediction in *The Times of India*, of July 1st, that heavy rains would occur in August, and that until then the monsoon currents would be feeble; on July 29th, he wrote that after August 5th the forces impeding the monsoon should disappear, giving rise to stormy weather and earthquakes. This occurred on the 12th, not the 5th, and various earthquakes occurred from the 12th to the 27th. This last prediction has aroused much interest, as Mr. Sutcliffe stood alone in it, when the failure of the rains

A Weather
Prophet

threatened another famine. Further observations and experiments will probably enable Mr. Sutcliffe to aid considerably in building up the infant science of meteorology.

* * *

IT has often been pointed out that one of the best methods of spreading a knowledge of the ideas which we believe have been the immediate cause of the lessening of our own ignorance, is to get our books and periodicals placed in the public libraries and in the catalogues of subscription libraries. The way to do this is to ask for them, and keep on asking. Subscribers to Mudie's can now get this REVIEW from their library, and also one or two standard books of Theosophical authors; but why cannot they get the rest of our large literature? Simply because they do not ask for it. For it is not to be supposed that when the books are there they are not used; on the contrary, if you go to the British Museum, for instance, and take out a copy of *The Secret Doctrine*, you will find that it is one of the best used books in that most magnificent of libraries. Again, it is no doubt easier to order the REVIEW or a new book direct from the Theosophical Publishing Society, but if it were ordered through the local bookseller, that seller of books might "see light" and stock some samples of this "something new," and learn that he has not to go to "Africa" for it, but to the T.P.S.

ALMOST every other novel we take up has either some direct reference to Theosophy or is based on some "occult" *motif*. On the stage such subjects are far more difficult to treat, for here everything has to be objective, and stage ghosts and stage phenomena are as a rule even more tawdry than the orthodox "second floor back" spiritualistic *séance*. Nevertheless even on the stage the rich subjective element of the unseen life is beginning to make its appearance, though crudely. Thus, for instance, in *The Admirable Crichton*, by J. M. Barrie, which is now being acted in London, the hero in making love to the heroine says that a past life comes back to his memory, and that he sees himself as an Eastern monarch and he sees her as a Greek slave whom he loved.

The "Occult"
Motif in Literature

As for the modern novel it may be said that "occultism" is its present richest stock in trade; we could month by month fill our pages with quotations even from the small quantity of "light" literature we peruse to prevent certain lobes of our brain, or whatever they may more rightly be called, from atrophying, and to give the over-busy teams of molecules harnessed to the "heavy" literature a rest. For instance, in *Cecilia*, Marion Crawford makes his hero and heroine go over again and again in dream a scene that they both believe to have taken place in a past existence. The girl seems to throw herself into a trance state in which "the past, the present and the future were around her at once unbroken, always ending, yet always beginning again. In the midst floated the soul, the self, the undying individuality, a light that shot out long rays, like a star, towards the ever-present moments in an ever-recurring life, of which she had been, and was, and was to be, most keenly conscious." In this state she "would be full of a deep desire to be free for ever from earth and body and life, joined for all eternity with something pure and high that could not be seen, but of which her soul was a part, mingled with the changing things for a time but to be withdrawn from them again." The dream state of the hero is thus described: "He had no consciousness of any sort of shape or body belonging to him, nor of motion, nor of sight, after the darkness had closed in upon him. It reminded him of the approach of a cyclone in the West Indies, which he remembered well; the dreadful stillness in the air; the long, sullen, greenish-brown swell of the oily sea; the appalling bank of solid darkness. . . . An instant change from something to nothing, with consciousness preserved; complete far-reaching consciousness, that was more perfect than sight, but a being everywhere at once, a universal understanding, a part of something all-pervading, a unification with all things past, present, and to come, with no desire for them, nor vision of them, but perfect knowledge of them all."

THEOSOPHICAL RELIGION

ADAM : Where hast thou been ?
What hast thou seen ?

CAIN : The dead,
The immortal, the unbounded, the omnipotent,
The overpowering mysteries of space ;
The innumerable worlds that were and are,
A whirlwind of such overwhelming things.

BYRON.

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER chose to style one of his series of Gifford Lectures "Theosophy," but it is not so long since such a writer as Charles Kingsley could use the word as a mark of contempt. Referring to the chaos of thought at the beginning of the fifth century, Kingsley speaks "of those thousand schisms, heresies, and theosophies"; and boldly adds, "it is a disgrace to the word Philosophy to call them by it."

Theosophy in our day is quite as unfashionable, taking rank in the popular mind with mesmerism or second sight, or, in the mind of a woman, with Freemasonry. And this is not to be wondered at; for its attitude of mingled rebuke and patronising encouragement towards even the most advanced of our modern philosophies has repelled rather than attracted thinking men, while its capacity for assimilating mystery has alienated any popular sympathy that might otherwise exist.

We have no intention here of defending or even expounding Theosophy. That is a task only possible to a trained Theosophist, and to such a qualification we make no pretension. We undertake a much humbler task. We simply wish to show that in our modern philosophies, and especially in the philosophy of religion, there is a growing and strongly marked tendency towards the fundamental ideas formulated in what is known as Theosophy. And by Theosophy, so far as our present purpose is concerned,

and putting the matter in the briefest form possible, we mean that system of thought which professes to attain to a direct and first-hand knowledge of the unseen world. It is not only that the inductive spirit and method are characteristic of it; it not only professes a method but claims positive results, for it teaches, as an actual fact of experience, that which all our higher philosophy is ever striving after, true contact with the unseen. And anyone who is familiar with the doctrine of the Relativity of human thought, and knows how it has been regarded as the crowning achievement of metaphysics, will appreciate what such a claim really means. That doctrine excludes man permanently and by the limitation of his own nature from any real knowledge of God. The logic of its advocates has been considered unchallengeable and, as Huxley said of a similar dilemma, "the man who tries to bite this file only succeeds in breaking his own teeth." Even Hegelianism, which makes so courageous an attempt to seize the Infinite, is apt to fail us just when we try to bring it home to our personal consciousness. At this vital point even those philosophies which base themselves, like Butler's, on the universal analogy of nature, seem somehow to be weakest just when we need them to be strongest. But here is a philosophy which boldly soars into the invisible, and claims for us direct daily kinship with all the denizens of the unseen!

Of course the doctrine of Relativity has not been allowed to go unchallenged. And, curiously enough, science has now become one of the strongest allies in the attack on it, rendering thus tardy, but none the less welcome, amends for the blazing indiscretions of its youth. The class of conceptions which modern science has been establishing is beginning to change the whole *venue* of philosophical discussion. The philosophy of religion especially, formerly so tabooed by premature and hasty science, now finds itself in the hands of a loyal and friendly jury and not, as before, among open enemies. Such conceptions, or rather facts, as the conservation of energy, the interchangeableness of its forms, the quite imperceptible gradations seen in the scale of being everywhere, have gradually obliterated all the former landmarks, not only of species and genera, but of organic and inorganic, and given a unity to thought and to things never before dreamt of.

These landmarks are now seen to be but convenient categories having no radical basis in the true nature of things, and of no philosophical import in the final summation of ideas. This obliteration of landmarks has given rise to a much bolder thought, namely, that spirit itself is but an extremely rarefied form of matter, a doctrine which may, with equal propriety, be read in the reverse way. And as Dr. Wendell Holmes says: "Before this new manifestation of cosmic vitality which we call electricity—Force stripped stark naked, nothing but a filament to cover its nudity—we feel like taking the posture of peasants listening to the Angelus. How near the mystic effluence of mechanical energy brings us to the divine source of all power and motion!"

And such a doctrine seems to lay low the last barrier between the seen and the unseen. Matter and Force are seen to be but the modern scientist's latest substitute for those entities formerly so dear to the scientist and metaphysician alike. And whereas the seven times previously convicted metaphysician sometimes still seeks to keep us entangled in the ratiocinative jungle of these words and their logical implications, the discerning spirit begins to rise with some measure of self-reliance through these verbal fogs to the realisation of that of which they are but aliases and symbols, the Eternal Spirit "in whom we live and move and have our being." Instead of contentedly substituting for the metaphysical "entities" of former days the Unspeakable Nonentity of Mansel and the Agnostic, we are learning to bow our spirits in the felt presence of the living God.

The problem, too, has been attacked from quite an opposite side. The old idealism of Berkeley, which, as a matter of logic, seemed so irrefragable, begins to be seen through and beyond. It is seen to be an attempt to interpret the working of man's spirit by its formal, not its essential, qualities. Only a quibble can make the tortoise the standard for the hare. We have nowadays the strongest philosophical thinkers showing us, in their apparently unintentional way, that even in this circumscribed operation—which Berkeley maintained was but that of a caged bird—the mere prison of consciousness—even then we are tapping the infinite and finding ourselves in contact with the living God.

It is just here that we find ourselves in line with the Theo-

sophists. And without granting or even discussing their unwonted claim to the power of migrating temporarily into the unseen, we must not forget that so far as Theosophy takes rank as philosophical teaching, it is entitled to exactly the same consideration at our hands as any other philosophical system.

For this purpose we shall lop off entirely its claim to the possession of "other senses" than those of ordinary humanity. We shall pay no attention to that multitudinous and marvellous mass of psycho-physical details which it has evolved from its active brain, seen with its new senses, or merely borrowed from ancient lore. These are for present purposes *de trop*. As to them it is sufficient to say *Le roi s'avisera*, adding this only, that those who have once shaken themselves free from one form of authoritative religion, are little likely quickly to entangle themselves in the meshes of another.

We prefer rather to treat Theosophy as one more addition to the innumerable philosophies with which the world is burdened and confused, and ask ourselves what claim its ruling conceptions have on us on their merits. Do they throw any further light on the tangled maze of modern metaphysics and philosophy? If they do, let us frankly acknowledge it.

What then are the governing ideas of Theosophy? It professes to be absolutely scientific. It professes at least to assume nothing, but to come open-eyed to nature and simply to read what she teaches. Even the claim to the development of "other senses"—psychic senses—is not inconsistent with this scientific profession. For this claim, too, is put to the test of experience, to the test of fact, and we have no right merely to deny the possibility of "another sense," as it is called, so long as we refuse to test for ourselves the possibility of its development in the way which Theosophy assures us will establish its existence. It is by far less improbable than the "fourth dimension" of space. The one merely transcends common experience as every new discovery does. The other seems to run counter to the very laws of thought. So much for the general attitude of Theosophy.

But the fundamental ideas of Theosophy are practically the same as the latest generalisations of modern philosophy. We cannot more briefly characterise Theosophy than as the apotheosis

of Evolution. The Evolutionist will there find himself not merely at home, but at sea, in the fullest sense, in an ocean of sweeping generalisations of which only the world's wildest imaginations have now and then dreamt. The Evolutionist, indeed, lost in the wandering mazes of this theory, is apt to become frightened at the monstrous dimensions of the philosophical spectre he has himself evoked.

Into these generalisations and revelations it is not necessary to enter here in detail, but it is of consequence to point out that these fundamental ideas have, if possible, a still stronger claim on the religious philosopher than on the merely philosophical scientist. The doctrine of the underlying unity of the Divine and human natures, if accepted, cannot fail to exert a paramount influence on both the philosophical and the practical aspects of religion. That this doctrine is not only shadowed forth, but directly suggested by much of the philosophy and psychology of our day is well known. It seems indeed, to be the true solvent of the chief difficulty of modern psychology. And partly a reverent modesty, partly a false timidity, have kept many of our best thinkers from frankly asserting it. The poets alone have never been able to shake themselves free of it; needless to say therefore, it is not new. Vague, wistful oftentimes, it is, in one form or another, as old as developed human thought. Those who have ventured more openly to profess it, have been called in philosophical circles Romanticists, Idealists and Intuitionists, and in religious circles, Mystics and Dreamers. *E pur se muove*, even among those who cling to the best part of the popular faith.

And lo! here we have it not only full blown as religious experience and vision, like that of our own devout mystics, but expounded as a scientific fact with an acumen and consistency that challenge the attention of thinkers. In this doctrine which Theosophy postulates as a "first principle," you find Christian Apostle and unrelenting Agnostic meeting and joining hands; Peter urging us to become "partakers of the divine nature," Spencer, to all appearance removed *toto cælo* from any such ideas, compelled to admit that the power "which wells up in us as consciousness" is the same as that "Eternal Energy from which all

things proceed." How externally unlike, how fundamentally the same!

The mention of consciousness brings up a further question hitherto unanswered in a rational manner by orthodox thinking, but to which Theosophy furnishes at the lowest estimate a reasonably consistent and probable answer. How does consciousness first appear either in the individual or the race? What is a conscious soul, and how is its origin here explicable, if at all? Creation is no answer. That merely means that "at any moment when it pleases two already existing human beings to furnish certain conditions, the Divine Will is called into special action and a human soul is created!" John Fiske's mechanical attempt at explanation is little better. "An overplus or surplus of sensations remaining in the brain centres more than can pass through them in succession without, as it were, impinging on one another!" Is any rational man content with that? The final word of philosophy, by the mouth of Herbert Spencer, is just about as vague and unsatisfying. Mr. Macpherson, his lucid biographer, admits candidly: "We know no more about the starting-point of consciousness than about the starting-point of matter." In its ultimate analysis Spencer finds Intelligence to rest upon recognition of likeness and unlikeness between primary states of consciousness. "Grant to the mind," says Mr. Macpherson, "the power of recognising and distinguishing feelings, and it is plain that the entire mental life of humanity from the savage to, say, a Newton is the result of continuous differentiation and reintegration of states of consciousness"—which practically means: Grant that mind is mind, and all is plain; but if that is what is meant by bringing the subject "into the daylight of analysis," what is "a landscape in a fog" like?

Life physical shades into life psychical, we know not where or how, and the only generalisation that covers all forms of life and vitalises all phases of matter is that of the self-manifesting Presence of that Infinite and "Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," and of which in some mysterious way they form part. This is the kernel of which Evolution is but the temporary husk (for there is Involution as well as Evolution), the thought of which Evolution is but one of the "words," the spirit of which

Evolution and all creation are but the visible and intelligible body. This, name it as we may, is the truth to which all our human knowledge converges and points, and there is nothing more striking and more encouraging in an age so scientific as ours, than to find this very scientific spirit beginning to be joyfully conscious of the absolute necessity of this great spiritual background, to give meaning and point to the larger conceptions of nature which science herself has made so current amongst us.

The Theosophic explanation, which is entirely in keeping with this, is that the spiritual monads, as they call them, which ultimately appear among us as the souls of men, are part of the Eternal Spirit, and incarnate and reincarnate in all grades of material organisation which are successively suited to serve their development. And though this is an explanation that is given on the authority of professed experts, we take it simply as a philosophical suggestion, and we say that it is not only quite as feasible a theory as any of the older ones, but is essentially one with the conception of the universe now fast gaining acceptance in modern thought. It is a kind of generalised expression of the doctrine already referred to, the underlying unity of the Divine and human natures. It is the amplification in detail of the great doctrine of the self-manifestation of God, the widest generalisation of which religious philosophy seems capable.

The purpose of creation, Theosophy teaches, is "the development of individuality *in universal consciousness*. . . The earliest manifestations of matter represent the consciousness or some part of the consciousness of the spirit by which they have been engendered. . . When we advance a step and observe in the beginning of the vegetable kingdom the first pulsation we can recognise as life, we still find spiritual energy vaguely diffused through great orders of manifestation. . . The animal kingdom is an immensely higher form of consciousness than its predecessor in evolution, but it is still a collective manifestation. Monadic essence is converging towards specific foci but it has not yet converged. . . Slowly, slowly, the monadic essence gathers in the experience of consciousness that such life as it inspires can afford. At last comes the touch of a more advanced consciousness affecting it in some one of its incarnate manifestations . . . The

effect of this first movement within the consciousness of the animal of the great love principle in its upward aspiring aspect focalises the spiritual force within its nature and engenders individuality. By the act of individualisation it has passed into a new kingdom of Nature, and belongs henceforward to a higher species."*

Or as it is put elsewhere with special reference to a newborn child: "One great comfort at once afforded by the appreciation of the nature of the Higher Self is that we escape from the embarrassment of having to think of the whole complete soul of a highly advanced human being inhabiting the highly unsuitable tenement of a young child's body. However unsatisfactory the notion of such an arrangement would appear, it would be futile to try and escape from it by the hypothesis that the child could be born first and, so to speak, ensouled afterwards. From the earliest beginning the child and the soul to which it might be destined to give incarnation, must evidently be regarded as already in union. But the conception now being dealt with harmonises with the fitness of things and with the analogies of nature. The soul on the spiritual plane and ripe for Reincarnation takes note as it were of the newly germinating human being whose physical associations and destiny render it the most appropriate physical habitation that soul can find. Of course there is no conscious deliberate selection in the matter. The kârmic affinities constitute a line of least resistance along which the soul throws out a magnetic shoot into the objective world, just as a root germinating in the earth throws out through that portion of the ground which most readily gives way before it, the first slender blade of green growth which makes its appearance at the surface. A more recondite but still more exact illustration might be drawn from the behaviour of an electric current choosing among several available channels of approach those which, though not necessarily the shortest, conduct it under circumstances best suited to its own nature to its goal the earth. Along the magnetic fibre thus established—itsself no doubt growing in vigour simultaneously with the growth of the child—the psychic entity flows into the new body by degrees."

* Sinnett, *Growth of the Soul*, chap. xvii.

We may sum up this rough suggestion of Theosophic ideas by saying that Theosophy must be admitted by anyone who candidly examines it in detail to be:

(1) Intensely religious in its underlying conception of the universe. The background of all its teachings is "the Supreme Will."

(2) Intensely scientific and natural in its view both of here and hereafter.

✓ (3) Intensely evolutionist.

(4) Intensely simple and "one" in its whole conception of God and Nature. It has no Dualism and no moral "intrusions."

(5) Intensely alive to the perfect gradation and continuity of all things and beings, physical, moral and spiritual. It knows no sharp or permanent demarcation either here or hereafter between one condition or state or character and another. All is in flux and all is also in motion towards a consummation which is union with God.

It may be said to teach a kind of automatic universe with two great functions of activity which Theosophy symbolises popularly as the Outbreathing and Inbreathing of God.

This final conception of Theosophy is identical with that of Spencer who teaches it under the twin-forms of Evolution and Involution, that is to say not only a cycle of Evolution such as that of which we are ourselves subjects, but a cycle of such cycles involving a recurring return to the starting-point, and a recurring march towards the recurring consummation. And thus it comes with both in the end to this, that the only possible foundation for the spirit of man is the Eternal I AM "Whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting."

It is easy to see how science and poetry, philosophical and spiritual thinking, that is to say, can find their ideals already realised in teaching such as this of Theosophy.

And indeed every great and far-seeing teacher the world has seen is claimed by Theosophy as belonging to that adept brotherhood with whom have been from the beginning "the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," and by whom these have from time to time been dealt out as the progress of man required and was able to assimilate it.

The Theosophists, as already said, give their assertions as ascertained facts of experience, and while we view them simply as philosophical suggestion and note how they seem to harmonise with the latest tendencies of modern thought, it is interesting to find a striking apparent coincidence in one of the latest attempts to apply the purely scientific method to the intangible phenomena of nature. For the Psychical Research movement which has its home among the scholars of our most ancient seats of learning is nothing if not scientific. They have set themselves to the careful impartial study of the phenomena known as clairvoyance, trances, hallucinations, dreams, visions, hypnotism, etc., and have attempted to generalise the results of their examination and experiments under some rational principle. That principle they suggest to be an *underlying self*, which does not appear or assert itself in the immediate daily consciousness. They speak of it as an *enlarged personality*, belonging to—or should we not say more correctly and cautiously, shared in by?—each individual, and of which the body is the present temporary manifestation. The varied and apparently erratic phenomena above indicated are believed to be the phenomena of which this *underlying self* is the noumenon. And without going here into detail it seems difficult to draw any clear line of demarcation between some of the phenomena studied by the Psychical Research Society and those which Theosophists put forward as “of their own personal and systematised experience.”

Now it is always a process suspect by philosophy when the supreme Deity is invoked or assumed as the direct object of our human consciousness, though there is of course a true sense in which all our knowledge is knowledge of God. The basis of all morality, to use the words of Dr. Pfeiderer, is found in our consciousness of “our union with the super-subjective Divine Will.” But it seems to us that the whole circle of the phenomena of experimental psychology, external as well as internal, is only intelligible in the light of the principle we have here spoken of as the God-consciousness in man, that is to say, man's close though indefinite relationship with a Universal Consciousness, with a Personality greater than his own, and of which his own, even at its intensest, is but a more or less restricted expression—a princi-

ple which is thus seen to be the direct suggestion of scientific investigation, and the only thought that illumines the seeming mystery of our own self-consciousness and absolutely satisfies the richest human spirits.

Man in short is in contact with God. In saying so we do not presume to contend that man, a limited and defined creature, can here, or probably even hereafter, so leap, as it were, out of his natural circumscribed element as to become in the absolute sense conscious or cognisant of God. That would mean a comprehensive grasp of the Divine, which is by the nature of the case impossible. But man is larger than he looks. The glory of his life is to have an ever clearer and clearer vision of God. And that growing vision is practicable just because the medium in which God has condescended to show His glory, is a medium in which man is by his very nature at home, and which by the exercise of his higher nature he can breathe and enjoy ever more and more fully.

Astronomers tell us there is an ether which pervades the physical universe to its utmost bound, and that it is by this alone that the hosts of the starry heaven are brought to our limited apprehension. Natural philosophy reveals to us an atmospheric and etheric condition of which the vivid spark and the potent current are but localised expressions. Is it then any more wonderful to believe that there is an all-pervading consciousness of which ours, so great a mystery to ourselves, is also but a localised expression; that this all-permeating consciousness inhabits and inspires all things and all creatures; that all man's highest and purest thoughts have been but his growing realisation of this eternal presence; that it has burst into feeling and speech in all great souls from age to age, and is the only conception that binds together and makes intelligible the myriad voices of nature and the holiest aspirations of the human spirit?

As Theosophists put it: "We—the souls within us—are not as it were altogether contained in the material envelope we actuate during life. We clearly retain some rights and interests in the ocean of spirit, so to speak, from which we have been stranded on the shores of incarnation." Or as a French philosophical writer, who is no Theosophist (M. Alfred Fouillé), says: "For the old

doctrine of a consciousness absolutely one, the new psychology substitutes the formula '*Continuity of Consciousness.*'" A Gifford lecturer of to-day (Professor W. James, of Harvard), speaking of Mysticism, says that one conclusion was forced upon his mind, and the impression of its truth remained unshaken. It was that "our normal waking consciousness, as they called it, was but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lay potential forms of consciousness entirely different. No account of the universe in its totality could he find which left those other forms of consciousness quite disregarded."

Are these not just other modes of expressing the same idea which the Theosophists speak of as the Universal Consciousness, and which the Psychical Experimenters call elsewhere "the Subliminal Consciousness"?

The air which we breathe and which sustains our life is uniform and continuous with that which encircles the Pleiades. And if there be any truth of meaning in Paul's famous phrase that "we live and move and have our being in God" in the more material and everyday elements of our life, how intensely must it be true in those more intangible and spiritual elements of our being in which if at all we come near to the presence of God!

Or to turn to quite a different phase of human experience—a phase in which there is quite as wide a range of individual differences as in the possession of the more peculiar manifestations of human consciousness we have just referred to, and yet one which we rarely allow ourselves to call unnatural or abnormal. Let the words of a modern critic describe it: "The poet is our wisest teacher. He is usually in the forefront of his age, often indeed a little in advance of it, and so anticipates the philosopher. And that because he represents the somewhat vague emotional apprehension of truth which commonly precedes clear recognition and reasoned explanation. An age is like an individual who often feels a thing to be so, long before he can reason it out. Our emotional and intuitive perceptions usually run ahead of our logic."

Here is an admitted fact that must have some rational explanation. It is a psychological fact and it is therefore to an

analysis of, or further insight into, the nature and range of our human consciousness that we must look for any possible explanation. Does the line of suggestion we have named not throw light on it? We know that the province of the intellect proper is more or less external. It deals with the more obvious and visibly constitutive elements of human observation and experience. Moral perception again is comparatively indifferent to the relationships traced and explained by the intellect, but it is vividly conscious of a harmony that lies deeper still. And as order is heaven's first law, gradation its method, and unity its last word, so the purely intellectual aspect and relationship of things passes imperceptibly into the moral and that again into the spiritual. And what has been called the spectrum of human consciousness extends, like the solar, into relationships unperceived by the rough faculties required for everyday life. The degree of sensitiveness to these more hidden but more fundamental aspects of things varies enormously in individual men, ranging from the dull stolidity of the hardwrought clodhopper to the mystic vision and spiritual possession of a Blake or a Shelley.

What is the most penetrative seer that ever lived but a man with a richer human nature? We may call his power vision or trance or penetration or inspiration. He lives in a light that makes the universe and its mysteries more transparent and intelligible to him than to other men. He sees deeper into the great embodied reason of things. In other words he is a more God-possessed man. He has more of the God-consciousness than other men. As the Psychical students would probably say, he has a more working command over his subliminal consciousness than other men—that subliminal-consciousness which is only another name for a more vivid sense of the unseen.

It is only a more powerful mind and a larger spirit that can grasp either critically or sympathetically the smaller natures, and why, but because he stands nearer to the centre of things and there is in possession of a light which is not merely intellect but discerning love?

This is the only state and power of human faculty that can presume to "anticipate philosophy and run ahead of logic." The commonest throb of sympathy in everyday life is an illustration

of it. The grandest apocalyptic vision is but the same. The seer is not only "in tune with the infinite"; the divine music rolls through him like an oratorio, and with Handel he exclaims: "I saw heaven opened and the Great God Himself!" He sees that towards which logic and even philosophy, as commonly defined, only point afar off.

We must also bear in mind that Theosophy puts itself forward not simply as true philosophy but as vitalising truth. Our intellectual life, our artistic life, our moral life, it teaches, are rooted in God. "As the fishes in the great city of the waters, as the birds in the immensity of the air, so we live and move and have our being in Him. We borrow His light and we see and know by our intellect. We borrow His love, and we learn to love and help all we meet. We borrow His strength and our wills are made strong to serve Him and our fellows." To have this as a living and controlling conviction is to have in its fulness the God-consciousness.

Teaching of this kind may seem to be, or at least to tend towards pantheism—to be more correct, it is rather towards *panentheism*—not the identity of God and the world, but God in the world and manifesting Himself in its every expression. "God becoming conscious in man," might be adopted as its motto. Theosophy, indeed, which boasts that it has many things to say that we cannot yet bear, seems as likely as not to be in its essential ideas, the immediate *terminus ad quem* of the halting systems of the world's philosophy.

A SCOTTISH PRESBYTERIAN.

SLEEPING is waking in regard to such acts, because it is the inner light of Nature that acts during sleep on the invisible man, who, notwithstanding his invisibility, is existing as truly as the visible one. The inner man is the natural man, and knows more than the one formed of flesh.

PARACELSUS.

OVER-BELIEFS OF THE IVORY COAST

THE many and curious points of resemblance between the various great world-religions which history and tradition alike reveal, pointing as they do to one vast origin, have always been a study of the deepest interest to those conducting research upon Theosophical lines.

It is true that the common origin of the majority may now be more or less lost sight of; still no one who stops to think at all, can fail to be struck with the fact that almost all the leading truths, as we consider them, of Christianity are to be traced in more or less similar and familiar guise, in the older forms of faith of ancient India, Mexico, Egypt, Babylon and many others. This is so fully recognised now, as to have almost passed into a truism. To mention only one such similarity. The idea of a Trinity is universally present, whether in India, as Brahmâ, Vishnu, and Shiva; in Egypt, as Osiris, Isis, and Horus—or as Osiris, Kneph, and Pthah, as Maurice gives them; in ancient Peru, as Apomti, Churunti, and Intiquoqui; and in Christendom as God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. In fact hardly any form of faith, however primitive, appears to be without the leading, and, as one may say, fundamental idea of the Trinity.

However, in the case of practically all the great instances enumerated above, one may hold that the teaching and ideas were handed on and transmitted from one to another, as communication sooner or later was established between them. Beliefs originally belonging to one race might by degrees have become incorporated with those of others, as each great civilisation in its turn sprang up on the ruins of the dying one, to flourish for longer or shorter periods of time, and then decay.

As long as the possibility even of communication between one race and another is granted, there is nothing inherently improbable in the fact of their holding similar or almost identical

beliefs. But in cases where, as far as one can see, such communication is not possible, where, so far as research can ascertain, races and tribes have been isolated from all time, the question of similarity in religious belief, and even legends, is one of far greater interest.

It seems difficult to understand how the grandiose ideals and lofty conceptions of God, which we have been accustomed to associate with high forms of civilisation, should be found to exist—if in more incomplete and primitive guise—amongst those aboriginal tribes, whose civilisation, as we understand the word, is nil. Yet that this is to a certain extent the case, would seem to be proved by the recent researches conducted by the French Government among the aboriginal tribes inhabiting the Ivory Coast and its hinterland towards the Southern portion of the Soudan.

Though various European colonists have from time to time established trade relations with the natives of the Ivory Coast, it does not appear that in any instance they succeeded in penetrating at all deeply into the interior, indeed from the passages which are quoted later from Captain D'Ollone's book, it would seem that up till quite recently even the French authority only extended a mile or so inland from the coast. In 1898, M. Hostains and Capt. D'Ollone were sent by the French Colonial Government, with a view, partly of establishing communication between the Ivory Coast and the Soudan, and partly to study the country and its inhabitants in the vicinity of the Franco-Liberian frontier. The extraordinary difficulties of exploiting and opening up the country are well described in the following extracts from travellers in French West Africa.

"It is difficult to give any idea to those who have not seen them, what paths in the Ivory Coast mean. 'The road,' says Captain Marchand, 'is narrow and thickly encumbered with the trunks of fallen trees, boughs, and thorny undergrowth, which are overgrown and closely laced together with giant creepers. The massive foliage of the trees overhead only allows a vague and deceptive light to struggle through, to make visible a soil fetid and quaking with centuries of decay. The path hardly ever allows of upright walking, and progress has often to be made on

hands and knees. Often one loses the path entirely, and hours are spent in cutting with sword and hatchet a few yards of way through dense undergrowth, vigorous creepers, and decaying tree trunks. This has to be done in a semi-obscurity, infinitely more depressing than a total absence of light.' " (*Official Report*, 1895.)

And M. Marcel Monier, a member of the second Binger Mission, says: "In this shade, imagine a massive trellis-work of roots, fallen trees, thorny undergrowth, impenetrably laced together with parasite creepers; here and there pools of stagnant water, into which one sinks to one's knees, fetid odours, rising from dying trees, decaying leaves, and every sort of vegetable growth in varying stages of decomposition, add to this the exhalation of a charnel house, and one may have some faint idea of an African jungle. In full reality it is unimaginable. Can one describe a nightmare?" (*France Noire*.)

Well may Captain D'Ollone speak of such a spot as "cette région silencieuse et oubliée." His book is one long account of such difficulties experienced in penetrating into the interior; of his meeting with various aboriginal tribes, who as far as could be judged had never touched even the hem of the robe of civilisation; of opening up everywhere the mysterious unexplored depths of swamp and jungle, over which from time immemorial "silence and forgetfulness" had brooded.

Yet it is of tribes found here in the neighbourhood of Fort Binger (the Tabétous, and the Tépos) that he writes: "The religion of these peoples is one of the most surprising things. Instead of the grossest forms of fetishism, as one might expect, their beliefs are curiously similar to many dogmas of Christianity. They say there is One God—Nieusoi—and an evil Spirit, Hyné by name, who is, however, inferior to Him in power. Each of them possesses, so to speak, a representative in every man, who suggests to him contrary thoughts and desires. After death, good men go to Nieusoi, and the wicked to Hyné, who tortures them in fire. Nevertheless, these dogmas are unattended by any special cult, there are no priests, and no ceremonies are celebrated in honour of the God. However, each time a man drinks palm-wine—a precious beverage—he spills a few drops on the ground

saying, 'Nieusoi!' (God)—a libation such as was common among the ancient Greeks and Romans."

Captain D'Ollone goes on to add:

"I must be permitted to repeat that all this was not told me by our interpreters, who might have learnt in their journeyings some idea of our religion; the numberless questions we put to natives we met to see whether this was so, proved that the beliefs were universal. We never met with any contradictions. Whence come such beliefs? Formerly some Spanish and Portuguese missionaries were to be found on the coast; is it possible that, although they never penetrated inland, their teaching spread? Or were the principles of Christianity imported by natives who worked occasionally on the boats? These two hypotheses are however hardly admissible, as the different tribes hold absolutely no communication with each other."

Further on he says: "I discovered also a curious belief amongst these people, namely that in telepathy. Not only do they practise incantations—as did almost all ancient races—but they also lay claim to commonly observed phenomena well-known to all spiritualists; such as the apparition of spirits at the moment of the death of the body to friends at a distance. And they described to me many cases absolutely similar to those investigated by the Society for Psychical Research."

A curious legend is told of the mountain Nienokoué, remarkable chiefly for its analogy with many told amongst other aboriginal peoples. Formerly, they say, there was no mountain, and the country was flat and densely inhabited. One day, while all the people were assembled to celebrate the death of an elephant, and a vast feast was in process, an old woman, unknown to all present, suddenly appeared, and demanded a share of the meat. She was rudely refused by the revellers, with the exception of one man, Ouoro by name, who took pity on her, and gave her some. That night, after the feast was over, she drew Ouoro aside, and telling him that she was the mistress of that country, added: "Take all your family with you and escape quickly, for I am going to destroy it." Ouoro did as he was bid; collected all the various members of his family, and left early in the morning. They crossed the Dono River, and ultimately founded the tribe of the

Graoros. As soon as they had safely departed, a rain of stones and rocks fell, and destroyed all the inhabitants of the plain, and these rocks piled together formed the mountain Nienokoué.

As Captain D'Ollone says: "Told according to native fashion, the story recalls the history of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, after hospitality had been refused to the angels, that of the Deluge of Deucalion, the legend of Philemon and Baucis, and countless others. The rain of fire, of water, of stones, the punishment, and the moral deduced from it, are always the same—a fact surely worthy of notice" (p. 75).

Another legend, the leading idea of which is practically the same as that of Cain and Abel, is told; indeed, many Biblical traditions seem to have their counterpart amongst the aboriginal tribes of the Ivory Coast.

Still more extraordinary, however, are the beliefs of the tribe of the Baoulé. They inhabit a large triangular piece of country, the apex of which touches Tiassalé, the base being more or less constituted by the parallel of Satama, and the sides bordered by the rivers Bandama and Nzi.

According to M. Delafosse* the Baoulé believe in One God, unique and immaterial. He is described as "an eternal Being, uncreate, who has made the heaven, the earth, and the intermediary beings between God and man, called genii, or jins."

The supreme God is called "Alouroua," or "Anangaman." He is not worshipped. "He is," say the Baoulé, "too high above us, and too different to us; He would not understand us, and we should not understand Him."

The Genii are intermediary beings between God and man. Above them all, however, is a divine trinity of beings, brought forth by the Supreme God, by the power of His Creative Breath—which is called "Gou" by the Baoulé.

Gou, represented by a mask with a human face, receives from the Creator a part of His power, and brings forth Nyamnéné, the Heaven, and Assyé, the Earth. From the union of the Heaven and the Earth is born Assassi-Oua, who forms the third personage of the trinity, and who is identified with the sun. After them comes

* *Sur des Traces probables de Civilisation égyptienne et d'Hommes de Race blanche à la Côte d'Ivoire.*

Sàra, or Nyamné-Ba, the Moon. Kaka Guié also, who is represented as a bull, with two or three horns, is born of the union of Nyamné with a second wife, Ago, and his principal function is to preside over funerals.

From genii the descent to fetishes is easy, though they also are believed to hold their power direct from God. M. Nébout, in his *Notes sur le Baoulé*, says that : " The fetish draws his power from God, the Master of the World, and of all evil spirits or devils. The fetish worshipper having made his image, invokes the Supreme God to endow it with the desired powers and virtues."

Surely there is a curiously marked similarity between these genii, jins, and even fetishes with the "dæmons" spoken of in Plato. Socrates, in his speech on Love, in "The Banquet," says of them :

" For the dæmonkind is of an intermediate nature, between the divine and the human ; their power and virtue being to transmit and interpret to the gods what comes from men, and to men in like manner what comes from the gods ; from men their petitions and their sacrifices, from the gods in return the revelation of their will. Thus these beings, standing in the middle rank between the divine and human, fill up the vacant space, and link together all intelligent nature. Through their intervention proceeds every kind of divination. . . . For divinity is not mingled with man, but by means of that middle nature is carried on all converse and communication between the gods and mortals, whether in sleeping or waking. . . . These dæmons are many and various."

It is not necessary, however, to go back as far as Plato to prove identical belief in intermediate beings. What are the angels and archangels in our Christian faith, if not a more modern conception of the "dæmon" of the Ancients? Nor can belief in the intermediary and intercessory nature of superior beings be denied to enlightened races, while countless saints are daily invoked for assistance, protection and support, and their favour and intercession with the Supreme Being is eagerly demanded by millions of devout Roman Catholics.

" One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and it

would appear that there are many touches of the same human nature which form links between these "poor unenlightened heathen" and the conquering and highly civilised members of the Aryan race, who are now for the first time, as far as can be told, coming into touch with them.

E. S. THORNTON.

THE DIVINE ECONOMY

THE following paper has arisen out of many thoughts and suggestions helpful to the writer, whether the unconscious outcome of ideas imparted elsewhere or hints gathered up in personal study from the writings of those who teach us here. They are given with the earnest desire that they may be both helpful and suggestive to some who have not perhaps approached the matter on exactly these lines. For those who have, there may be helpfulness, in that an idea gains strength and solidarity when found to be shared with others. A feeling of sympathy and union is thus produced, for the spoken word, to a certain extent, makes manifest the ideas which, though ever so mutual on their own planes, are not so often felt as they will be when that higher speech of mind to mind exists generally among us.

Taking first of all the teaching from known sources regarding this Divine Economy—or the use of *all* things to subserve the world progress, to aid evolution along many lines—there is the use of pain and the use of evil, as dealt with in pamphlets written some years ago by Mrs. Besant. We find in them many scattered allusions to these mysterious factors and their value in human development, with which we are all more or less familiar. Then in other lectures of Mrs. Besant's, given some time back, the use of low aims at a certain stage was dealt with, and we realised how very superficial is often the view taken of people in the world, and how harshly they are condemned, because the critics

feel, we may suppose sincerely, that some valuable energy and time have been wasted in pursuing low ideals.

But in the Divine Economy, a fragment of which is unveiled to us from time to time by those who see further than ourselves, there cannot be any real waste, any ultimate loss. We must believe this, if we believe that One whose nature is Knowledge, Power, and Love, dwells at the heart of all. Each must take the concept in the limits that suit him best, for without limits it is unintelligible to those who are still bound. But even at its best, in its widest sense, it will ever fall short, for a dissipation of energy will always appear to go on as long as *we* cannot account for its distribution. Let us consider what we name the darker side of things first, as being the most difficult to understand, the most heartrending to undergo. Then, threading our way by the light of remembered teaching and personal experience, let us seek to frame, albeit roughly, some consecutive whole, some guiding plan. For the problems which meet us in connection with that darker side of nature are to some most mighty and most fascinating, though when the inquisitive human mind, rash in its speculation, seeks to travel too far into depths for the time best avoided, a merciful hand often raises an iron barrier and we are hurled back as from danger—a danger greater because of the very unconsciousness with which it is approached. Naturally, in a short article like the present only a few aspects can be selected, and these treated superficially, but any who may feel interested can work out others at their leisure. Perhaps it will be as well to note these aspects :

Selfishness.

Cruelty.

Criticism.

Form-worship.

With this darker side we shall find the opposite—the light forces—blended as we proceed in our study. And as we begin by that which has been so aptly defined as the root evil, so we shall end by a few words on the Devotion by which the man who is the seeker after God ends his human evolution. Some may prefer to call it Wisdom, but the name matters not ; since at that height all aspects begin to unite.

Taking then selfishness as evidenced in one of the subtler senses in human nature, that of calculation made by the man for his own ends—which constantly takes on the appearance of solicitude for the welfare of others—we can give as the example from everyday life the attitude of master to servant. A person may treat his or her servants very well, not so much because he recognises his *duty* to them, as because he foresees a great deal of inconvenience threatening him if he neglects to do so. Another person may be naturally of a generous disposition and inclined to give largely to those not so well blessed with this world's goods as himself. Carried to excess this faculty runs into giving because of the *personal* pleasure of doing so, which easily becomes a passion in a nature built of extremes—a very subtle form of self-gratification mixed with much that is good. But it may well be that this is balanced by the fact of the existence of misers, whether of material or other possessions. These last two classes of human beings are used to counteract each other, and so we obtain equilibrium, while the *individual* evolution of each is being simultaneously carried on, “wheels within wheels,” as it were.

Then the conversion into *needs* of what are merely harkings back towards the gratifying of some instinct almost outgrown will cause us perhaps to ignore claims of another nature incurred in the past. 13610

From one side this spells imperfection, weakness we say, and deplore it as such. But the Divine Economists are already busy separating and arranging results. This calculating, foreseeing spirit will be needed for future work which is as impersonal in its degree as the other is personal and self-centred now.

Calculation is balancing and working out the fruits of some projected labour, taking many factors into account, deducing from past experiences; and this means *judgment*—the most valuable of qualities in any movement. A power of organisation is thus slowly built upon in the character, and having evolved the discriminative faculty by this power of calculating the man knows what to select for the purposes in hand. He relates parts, and welds into a *whole*. But the germ of all this lay in the planning for self in the past. It may be asked: What then becomes of the husk, the *selfishness* out of which *this* grows

the forces set in motion which have contributed ever since to the sum total of that element in the world? The man himself has advanced—but what has he left in his track? This too will have been worked up in other ways too numerous to name, even if the knowledge of detail for so doing were available; but one or two may be postulated. In the first place he will have affected *most strongly* those of *his kind* who share his own fundamental nature, and of these many are of very differing degrees of development. From out this group some are drawn to incarnate in a family and so work out kârmic ties. The quality of selfishness will then re-appear.

Now when we live with a selfish person if we are also selfish, one of two things will happen. Either we develop the defensive, antagonistic attitude in our nature, when he seeks to encroach on us for his personal benefit, or else we become imbued with a deep disgust for the attitude, and turn away from it. It is wearying to be always fighting for one's own hand, and that which we fight for does not turn out such as we think it is. I believe the supreme uses of *community* life to be the drawing to the surface of old weaknesses in order to make us *aware* of them, and then the weeding of them out in preparation for the planting of the truer, deeper social instinct, the principle of *union* which is to be born. For have we not been told that in the womb of the fifth race the sixth is even now appearing?

It is very difficult for many people of differing temperaments to live together at this period, because the growth of individuality brings a certain exclusiveness with it, manifesting as much in the members of the race or nation as in the race or nation as a whole. But, like the individual, as the nation develops the sheaths in which it has been evolving are cast aside, and younger nations grow into them or adapt what is useful to them from the common fund, and learn in their turn; for the great tendencies inherent in the different countries must act and react on each other as among individuals, bringing out what is latent in that civilisation and quickening its growth. There is not one of these national jealousies, tribe antagonisms, race hatreds, but has its purpose. Nothing can be destroyed in *essence*, although

the forms, as we are so often told, are broken up. But their materials are used anew.

Who preside over these great operations? Who stand behind the gigantic machinery of things which should not be called machinery, but one great living organism, if we could see it aright?

Who but those Divine Economists of many a grade perpetually performing the office of adjuster? It has been said of Him, the Lord behind These, *Īshvara* as He is named, how marvellous is His patience, the patience, the forbearance of that Mightiness in its perpetual vigil, slowly expanding the fragile forms that could be shivered by His boundless energy were it permitted to flow one iota beyond the restricted limit He has made for the area of His labour. And far beneath Him are His greatest helpers, and beneath these are others again, and still further below are the teachers of mankind. "As above so below," thus runs the old Hermetic axiom, the rule of analogy by which we have been cautiously, and let me hope on my part humbly, threading our way, for there are moments when a possibility presents itself so clearly to a student that it becomes a conviction, and he is apt to state it dogmatically, more dogmatically than he intends or realises.

Let us now pass to *cruelty* as closely allied to selfishness. But, while recognising the relationships of the vices to each other, we must not in such a study as this look too closely into them, for it is sometimes very clearly seen that from another point of view each is contained in the other, and all in one finally. Such reasoning causes a sort of paralysis, for it makes one feel there is nothing more to be said; at least that is my experience. In other words, though the phrase may sound paradoxical, the smaller the area to which we confine ourselves the more we appear to have to say about it. Cruelty is a quality which rouses many people to the extent of throwing them entirely off their balance. This unbalanced emotion brings about in others an opposite attitude—one of indifference. Of course, two such persons glare at each other from the respective spheres of their pet hobbies, but the resultant of these clashing opposites is equilibrium. It does not matter much what are the personal

opinions of either, but what is of real signification is that the force flowing out is driven against some other force, or drawn away from the point where it is not required, and used as a factor in much greater schemes. It is certain that cruelty will never be adequately checked by those under the influence of emotion without the balance and focus which reason gives. Neither on the other hand will reason unaided by the heart-force accomplish the mission.

Here comes in the hand of the Divine Economist who is gradually blending these valuable qualities of keen feeling and wise survey of conditions present, which will be altered only as their purpose is fulfilled, fortunately not an instant before.

Restricting our study to human beings alone we may all of us have known cases in which cruelty has brought out some admirable qualities in human nature. I know of a child who was treated in a way which I can but call cruel though physical violence did not enter into it, and that child is now growing up into a very unselfish, generous character with no trace of resentment. It is true that in that case the evolution does not seem on some lines at all far advanced; nevertheless, the cruelty seems to have been put to use by Those who know more than we do, and it at least seems clear that that particular karma is definitely ended between the aggressor and the victim, for the relations between them appear those of true affection.

In other instances it is possible to conceive of sterner qualities being thus evolved, of a case where suffering—also karma, of course—was wrought into the very fibres in order that the sufferer in later days should stand morally unshaken in some great crisis, steeled to endurance long before. Not, let it be added, that this excuses the cruelty of the perpetrator, *that* is another sphere of action, though temporarily interwoven with this, and made use of.

Consider a further use of cruelty, that cruelty which is a strange combination of weakness and strength, weakness because it is often the result of a fear which is that of a low-developed nature which has by some means gained dominance after a long period of being tyrannised over itself. Now extreme cruelty implies an amount of force in the perpetrator of it—a low mani-

festation of force it is true, but the force is there. In later days, when the man has learnt by repeated infliction of cruelty and by repeated suffering generated through it, not to be cruel, the force *remains*, but it has to be turned to other uses. That man may well become one who has to direct the forces of evolution, according to his capacity, and he will then have to take many courses of action which may seem hard and painful to those who know less and see less than he does. In the far-off days he inflicted pain by brute strength. From that stage, let us suppose, he passed on and inflicted emotional pain—mental torture. Then, when he reached the point where man must choose which side of evolution he will serve, if he pass into the ranks of its helpers, he no longer inflicts pain from ignorance, or for personal revenge, resentment and self-gratification. He becomes the agent of the great cosmic forces, and is used by them to break up forms of evil, or to train individual souls by means which are painful, passing them through the fire, burning away the fetters as the Buddhists books term them. To be able to do this how strong a man must be. He must not shrink from inflicting pain for the sake of the wider good to be reached thereby, just as a father corrects his child. True he may suffer, but Arjuna likewise suffered, and yet he acted. The good and evil must be mixed but the aspect containing the preponderance of good must be striven towards. He must take the larger view, and not be swamped emotionally by the suffering of the one who has become able to be tried by such suffering, able to pay such a debt. Out of the cruelty, the unmeasured blind strength which, rushing out unrestrained in the past, inflicted pain, the true strength has been born. And the man also learns to be hard on himself, though the term "hard" seems scarcely accurate. He becomes courageous enough to put the torch himself to many of his old faults, or to whatever of them remain incongruous with the new life on which he has entered. But there is purpose now in the burning. There is no wild remorse, self-mortification, severe penance; these belong to undisciplined souls. He is not unrestrained, he will not do more than is needed, and thus check progress in the minor sense possible. It must not be forgotten, however, that the tendency to carry asceticism to an extreme

when the necessity has passed exists at a high stage, as may be seen in so many cases of saints and devotees. It is then that we realise the truth, that in a sense we never really change, and the old tendencies keep on re-appearing under subtler and finer forms at every stage of the ascent.

Thus may we not catch a hint, the hint of another great truth—that man himself is that Changeless One in the midst of change. And so the Divine Economist in him works and works, and gathers up the fruits of his long evolution here as elsewhere—the swaying from one extreme to the other being in itself needed to stir him from indifference, and to prevent crystallisation and stagnation, though these in their proper place and right measure are closely related to equilibrium.

Next take criticism in a low aspect, that of the backbiting order, closely related to contempt, as in the higher aspect it is related to judgment, and to the work of the Regenerator.

There is no doubt that it stirs up unlovely qualities and great hostility. It appears to belong to the destructive side, but it must not be forgotten that the old edifices have to be pulled down from time to time by some agency ere the new can be erected; and of the two tasks of destroying and constructing the former is as a rule the more thankless. It forms part of the work of the pioneer, and may easily be performed with an excess of zeal. Against that the hard mould of the dogmatist—the worshipper of form—is brought to bear. Two purposes present themselves to our notice here, and both have to be served.

At certain periods in the world's history truth has to be guarded—kept inviolate during the dark age. Some of us, no doubt, have at different times revolted against dogmas, crude forms in which great truths were hidden that we learn to appreciate when it is seen that form is not all. Now we may suppose that Those who watched over religion when the dark ages were setting in knew well the blind clinging to form that would ensue as the nations plunged deeper and deeper into materialism, the materialism necessary to evolve some latent side of the present humanity. They also knew the active repulsion to form which would be the reaction of the swing downwards. Seeing these two eventualities Their mission was to

steer between them, and They permitted, it would seem, the dogmas to become gradually more unyielding, more and more limiting ; the first in order to preserve the truth enshrined there through the stormy days to come, the second in order that man, restricted to a narrower area, might develop the balance required by the very evolution of the materialistic aspect which will be found to give it, or, at any rate, to contribute towards it.

Looking round us here for a moment, and remembering what we are taught, it seems as if this balance were a most essential factor to be established, and one closely in touch with that union principle which is the keynote of the next race. In our own times what do we find happening among many other signs of the New Era ? We find these adamant forms to which the Churches have clung for so long being attacked on all sides by Criticism and Research, modern weapons which ever increase in keenness with the keenness of the modern mind, the type of mind which characterises the leaders of thought to-day. Criticism is being taken up and used to break down those prisons which once were temples, but which threatened to become prisons when guarded by those who are opponents of the evolution as represented by the White Lodge and its disciples. The duty devolves on some of us, as we become fit for it, of reconstructing the temples so that they may serve as shrines for those who cannot yet bear the light of the Divinity that hath no form. A duty will devolve on some of going forth into a veritable desert, of breaking the clinging to forms which have become fetishes, so that we may behold somewhat of the Glory whose greater temples they may yet be called upon to build. For such temples will be fairer, more splendid, more proportioned to the Mightiness they enshrine, when the vision is fresh in the memory of the builders. Thus we become in our turn the Divine Economists who construct from the old materials the newer shrines—for such materials are enduring with the strength of the old builders of other ages, the Layers of the Foundation itself, the Law-makers of old. By the (to us) crude forms, grotesque as they now seem, how many souls have beheld their God ?

We have studied in the above passages the wider uses of criticism ; we must not leave out the aspect of it to be found in

our everyday lives. To what purpose is the fault-finding element applied in the hands of the Wise who see beyond the "hurt" feeling which is the answer of personality to fault-finding and depreciation. Leave aside the fact of the critic being capable or incapable. That has to do with one line of action—to be worked out also in its due time. Such criticism brings about in the person criticised, the one who is sincere in his endeavour to reform himself, an examination of the points of attack. He asks himself: "Have I done anything to deserve this?" If he be wise he does not become angry, for he knows that means the association of himself with any want of charity that may accompany, and does so often accompany, criticism. Antagonistic relations are set up which will not forward such work, for example, as may be found in our movement.

In other words, the Divine Economists are urging him to discover the use of this disagreeable experience, which, among other things, will bring endurance. For truly if the attack be unjust and the man knows he is not to blame, he need not be affected, and he who realises that the discipline was needed might be honest enough to admit it. It is only fair to say, however, that much of the trouble arises from the incompetence of most critics to decide the question, and their own imperfection into the bargain, which, although purely their own kármic area, is not recognised as such but seen confusedly by the person aggrieved. A man will undergo much from someone who is really superior, and who is realised as such, the one to whom he gives the right to rebuke his methods. Where such rights are claimed but not granted, friction arises, although the criticism is useful in giving an idea of the attitude others take up towards the position adopted, a factor inducing wide-mindedness and just estimate of powers and surrounding circumstances.

It is here when studying human nature that the problems of life become so intricate, and such a veritable labyrinth that the field seems to our purblind vision a hopeless chaos.

Take the earnest but critical nature warring against something repellent to it. Surely devotion is there, surely the deep instinct reaching out to the Formless, the Perfect, is only militating against the forms which must ever spell imperfection because

they imply limitation. But it is easy for such to become blinded by the very forms it fights against and dissects, and to lose sight of that something beyond criticism which is present everywhere, moulding these very forms to lines perfect for the time. And that which is most apparent to us is the past of the person criticised, now worked out in the concrete. How seldom do we see that which he really is. It is not yet form, and thus is not visible to us. The Divine Economy alone blends these multiform factors and brings at last, out of the over-zealous criticism, the wise understanding of complex human nature, out of the resentment of those judged a gratitude towards others who have enabled them to work off the old faults because the attention has been called to their persistence.

Power, Wisdom, and Love—such are the three great treasures into which the fruits of the long evolution are gradually gathered both by these means we have discussed as well as by countless others unknown to us. But as all this forms but second-hand evidence, so to speak, and as the fair sides of human nature at any rate have been so ably sketched over and over again, it is unnecessary to detain the reader with quotations which must be familiar to members of the Theosophical Society. There remains but one final survey to be taken. We have seen the fragmentary glimpse of the conditions around us in the world life through which each soul ever passes and learns. But these souls show us the evolving Godhead, bound and crucified on all sides and in all ways. We do not know the secret of the darkness, the pain, the binding, but we can believe that the Guardians of that Life know one in possession of the knowledge. We can picture them taking the fragments of that Great Web of Shadow and Light, "Mâyâ, mightiest of mysteries," as it has been named, and we can dimly picture them causing the Light to be seen, because of the darkness which by very contrast makes it visible. We cannot answer the question as to why this Web was primordially spun, that is the knowledge of One only who has woven other Webs.

In the silence of reverently brooding over some of the mysteries which encircle us on all hands, it may be that, as time passes and the eyes of the heart open wider, we shall catch a glimpse of that which has been so beautifully imaged

for us in the closing page of *Esoteric Christianity*. We seem indeed to read the record of a vision beheld in the heavenly places, a memory of the things that are, that Divine Child in the arms of the Parent, that Christhood at the heart of the Life around us, the signs of whose glory are waking on many sides to-day. For the Divine Economists have an end to achieve in this age-long balancing of the impulses they guide to a foreseen end. Every teacher is employed by Them to this end. Every such book as the above brings nearer the Birth-hour for which the nations wait and which they prophesy in their sacred books. And we can but repeat the lesson so far taught, of the necessity of those two warring forces in the production of all manifestation and the use of that manifestation for training and perfecting. But the reason for all this, its final solution, this is the Great Secret—answered in part, let us trust, when the Gates of Illumination swing open before the Seeker after God, and the Divine Economists are seen as Those under whom we have served and worked from the dawn of human existence to its close.

EVELINE LAUDER.

QUISQUE SUOS PATIMUR MANES

Of a strange nature is the corse we bear,
Of many lives compact, in wondrous wise
Thro' all experience built. In it we read,
Tho' eyes as yet be dim, the storied page,
And pick the tangled threads from myriad years.
Yet, when these pages be together bound,
What glorious sight shall burst upon our eyes!
The many volumes all etherealised
In one fair series, many and yet one;
The covers golden, holding countless tales
Of rise and fall, blind force and glorious love,
Of ignorance and knowledge, reaching up
To that great "Finis" stamped upon the end,
Itself the mere beginning, sign and token
Of more to be fulfilled—whose virgin page
Lies yet unscored within the Master's hands.

F. L. WOODWARD.

THE SINNER'S SAINT

LAWRENCE—or, as he was commonly called, Larry—Strickland was the son of a country clergyman. His father died when he was a baby, and his mother married again; she married a remarkably prosaic solicitor, who practised in a small country town. The boy was reared in conventional and unintellectual social surroundings. It was a respectable circle; a society of excellent people who knew no excesses either of virtue or of vice. Larry's stepfather was a strict disciplinarian, but the boy gave him little occasion to exercise his powers of repression.

He had the reputation of being a quiet, dull child, rather easily led, and very good tempered. This was partly due to the fact that he was one of those people who mature slowly, partly because little in his surroundings appealed to or interested him, but chiefly because there was much, which he did not understand, working within him. A great mysterious power was pressing slowly outwards; he felt the pressure vaguely, and, puzzled thereby, heeded external matters very little. Later in his career people spoke of the sly secretiveness which must have been his from youth, and asserted that he was a dangerous hypocrite from the cradle.

From his father he inherited a small income, and he went to Oxford with the idea of entering the Church. He had been reared in a narrow school of religious thought; religion was to him rather an inevitable and decent appendage to the life of respectable people, than a vital and compelling force. At college his orthodoxy dropped from him, and he felt no pang; he was glad to find it was not necessary to believe in a form of religion which meant nothing to him save a set of rather wearisome forms.

He experienced his first thrill of religious enthusiasm when he made a friend—an Agnostic—who was going to be a doctor,

urged thereto by a strong desire to alleviate human pain. Larry Strickland, also Agnostic in his views, but for the first time in his life definitely religious in his mental attitude, determined to adopt the same profession. He was swept into the vortex of London life; his moral standards, which till then had been mainly artificial, failed somewhat; and his enthusiasm for his work waned, it ceased to attract him. He had artistic leanings; he felt a desire to create, to express what he felt to be within him. He thought he should do this on the stage.

To the scandal of his mother he left the hospital and went to Paris with the intention of studying, and eventually becoming an actor. He had no genius, but some talent; he had also great physical advantages. He was tall, well-made, fair-haired, grey-eyed, with a good voice, an expressive face, and that invaluable quality which we call "personal magnetism." At this time his sole ideal was to become a great actor; to understand, and portray truly, human emotions and passions. He had an artistic conscience which was most scrupulous; he was in other respects rather lax.

Thus it came about that, chiefly because he was greatly absorbed in something else, and reflecting very little upon questions of right and wrong, he was led into the commission of a great sin, in which were some elements of treachery and cruelty; faults which, had he thought of the matter, he would have pronounced alien to his nature. Through this episode of his life he became directly responsible for two deaths; the one a murder, the other the suicide of the murderer—a man who was his friend, to whom he owed much. There was a legal inquiry into the tragedy; Strickland was a witness, as he left the court he was hooted by the crowd. He went back to England, half mad with shame and remorse. He wandered during a night and a day in the streets, in the evening he entered a Roman Catholic Church to rest there.

Now whether it was a mere hallucination, a delusion bred of weariness and a great shock, or whether it was a true vision, the man, broken-hearted and full of shame as he was, believed that between him and the altar, with its ever-burning lamps, its flowers, and its great crucifix, there stood the living Christ,

pardoning and blessing him. Whether he was right or wrong, he firmly believed it; and it revolutionised his whole nature. He went out of the Church filled with the abiding desire to pour out his life in the service of that Compassionate One, Who, as he thought, had mercy on him in the hour of his deepest shame and penitence.

Some days later fate threw him across the path of Father Grenfell, an energetic Anglican priest. Father Grenfell had organised a Community of laymen in a very poor district; they were called "The Lay-Brothers of Pity," and to this Community Larry Strickland went, and threw himself into the work body and soul. There was a club for young men and boys—"Hooligans" of the most apparently hopeless character. Over these youths Strickland exercised an influence which suggested unholy arts of sorcery. Father Grenfell, who thought very highly of his new worker, spoke of it as a proof of the power of the Spirit, and the effect of the "beauty of holiness." There must have been some part of Larry Strickland's complex soul that was holy, so perhaps Father Grenfell was right.

Strickland showed his spirit of devotion more demonstratively than the other members of the Community, who were, like most young Englishmen, rather shy of proclaiming their religious fervour; the rough lads of the Club regarded this trait in Strickland's character with reverent awe rather than with scoffing. Father Grenfell felt persuaded he harboured a saint in the Community of the "Lay Brothers of Pity."

When Larry Strickland had worked in the Community during four years, and his name was one with which to conjure every boy—respectable or otherwise—in the whole parish, Father Grenfell received a letter which led him to call on his "lay-brother" within an hour of its receipt.

"Larry," he said, "I want to beg your pardon in advance for what I am going to say. Did you ever live in Paris?"

Strickland paused. It was a short dazed pause, as though he was trying to reinstate a mental condition which lay far behind him on the road of life.

"Y—yes," he said slowly, "I did."

"How long ago?"

"Four years. I trained there for the stage. I was going to be an actor. When I left college I thought of being a doctor; before that I intended to be a clergyman. I have been through a good many phases."

Father Grenfell's face grew shocked and stern.

"Again I apologise if I am wrong," he said. "Will you be good enough to read this, and tell me whether it is a true report of one of these phases?"

Larry Strickland read; his eyes looked bewildered and startled. He handed the letter back, sat down, and put his hands confusedly to his temples.

"You are shocked at such a suggestion. There is some mistake. I knew it."

"N—no. It is all right. It is true. I find it hard to realise it, but I know when I think of it, it must be true."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Father Grenfell severely, "that fresh from an episode which would make it difficult, if you were candid, for you to obtain employment from any man of high moral standards, you had the audacity to devote your life publicly to the service of God, and to pose as a guide to the young. I can hardly believe you to be guilty of such hypocrisy."

"I didn't mean to pose," said Larry. "I—I don't think I am a hypocrite really. I—perhaps I am—do you think there is no other conclusion but that I am a hypocrite, adopting a pose? You see, I feel perfectly genuine and honest."

"Genuine! Honest! Can you not see your life here has been a lie?"

Larry knitted his brows, leaned forward and drew vague lines on the table with a trembling hand.

"A liar and a hypocrite," he said in a whisper. "Father Grenfell, I can only say this: There was never a truth that felt more real than my lie to me; there was never an honest man who felt in more deadly earnest than I, in my hypocrisy."

Father Grenfell did not speak for a few minutes, personal affection and righteous wrath did battle within him. At last he said:

"It's really my duty to make this public, Larry; but if you will give up your work here at once, and pledge me your word never to undertake like work in the future, I will—"

"Neglect your duty? I would not let you do that. If it is really your duty to disgrace me publicly, you must do it as completely as possible. Would you like to do it at the Club to-morrow. I shall be there, and everyone else."

Father Grenfell winced.

"*Like* to do it, Larry! I don't think I need do it. I don't want to give you needless pain."

"I think perhaps you had better give me as much pain as possible. It may be better for me in the long run."

"I do not know; and therefore I will spare us both. Don't go to the Club; I will announce your resignation, giving no reason for it."

"Thank you, no. I will come to the Club. You shall read that letter aloud; and I will admit its truth."

"Before the lads! That will never do. We do not want to weaken your influence over them."

"We'd better speak the truth. I shall perhaps serve as a 'warning.'"

"How could you come here, Larry? How could you, with *this* in your memory, work as you have worked?"

"It was not in my memory. It was a ghost. I had to do with life."

"A ghost laid but four years ago."

"And yet a ghost. A phase so utterly done with, that now when it has risen up and is clinging to me, and shaming me in your eyes, I cannot think of it as part of myself. Dick Marsden's sins seem much more mine than this does."

"Larry Strickland, I don't understand you. I see I have never done so. God forgive me, if I'm too hard on you."

"Amen. But I don't suppose you are."

"Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Not yet. I shall be to-morrow at the Club. I can't realise my sins. I shall realise them when you turn me out."

Therein he spoke the truth. Father Grenfell read the letter. Strickland admitted the truth of the accusation, apologised for having given his services to the Community, and asked quietly whether he should resign, or whether the committee would rather

expel him. The accusers felt nearly as guilty as the accused. They asked for his resignation. Strickland wrote it at once, and walked out. He had tears in his eyes, and his face was greyish white.

It was a hot summer night ; in the years to come when Strickland had outgrown his sensations of that moment, the smell of sunbaked streets, and the odour of stale vegetables and naphtha from a street stall, had the power, by association, of reinstating the sense of dreary isolation with which he stood outside the Club that night ; only in the days to come it was felt by him as though it were a purely bodily sensation, whereas now it gripped all that he knew of himself, body, emotions, and mind. Everything that made life tolerable was gone ; he seemed to hang, a point of agony, in the void of space. He walked up the street and mechanically counted the number of steps he took from lamp to lamp ; why he did this, unless it were to keep himself from going mad, he did not know. At the corner of the street was a little group of people, standing round a street preacher ; near the preacher stood a young woman holding a paper lamp, by the light of which she read the hymn-book in her hand ; her eyes were lit by the fire of passionate enthusiasm ; the preacher's face was hot and twisted by the energy with which he proclaimed his faith ; his voice was rough and raucous.

"Gawd is a sperrit," he shouted in stentorian tones. "Them 'as worships 'im must worship 'im in sperrit and in teruth."

Strickland wondered whether his own knowledge of spiritual things was really as blind and inadequate as that of the preacher seemed to be to him ; the whole thing appeared to be a question of degree. He passed the group with a sense of reverence for the man's halting attempt to realise the truth he dimly felt, but could not understand ; after all, was not the philosopher in much the same case ? He heard a rush of feet behind him ; an arm was thrust through his ; a panting voice, expressing the owner's views in an excruciating cockney twang, said :

"Mr. Strickland, you ain't goin' ! Us chaps don't care what you done. If you go, we'll go too—to the devil."

It was one of the Club boys who had followed him.

"If being with me is all that keeps you fellows from going to

the devil, you'd better go. He won't keep you for ever ; and he'll teach you more than I can."

Directly his unguarded tongue had spoken he knew he was wrong ; wrong whether his words were true or false. They were a truth for him ; the only truth which stood just then between him and despair, if not madness. But for the boy they were a lie which tempted and bewildered him. Strickland had reached a point when his only help lay in the thought of a strong Power that fashioned evil as well as good, and was untouched by either ; a Power that lay within his whirling soul, and was at rest, through all the turmoil of pain, confusion and shame. If it were not there—there, and his very self—then he was, as Father Grenfell said, a hypocrite. But to the boy there was no third factor in the moral law.

"I didn't mean to say that, of course," said Strickland. "You musn't go to the devil, Dick, for two common-sense reasons. Firstly, because you'll be a long way more comfortable if you don't. Secondly, because if you do, I shall have to bear part of the blame, and I've enough to answer for already."

He shook hands with the boy, who wept and howled in the public streets till people turned to look at him ; silent suffering was a thing Dick Marsden did not understand ; he was exceedingly noisy both in his woe and his glee. Strickland went to his room half laughing, half touched and comforted. Dick Marsden as a ministering angel in an hour of anguish presented a comical idea to the mind ; yet the boy's distress, and the need of comforting him, called forth a saving instinct in the other whereby he succoured not only Dick, but his own nervous system.

Next morning Father Grenfell sought Strickland with the intention of begging him to remain in touch with him as a friend, if not as a co-worker. He felt not only affection, but an irrational respect for the man whom he had rightly expelled from the Community. When he found the room empty save for the scanty furniture (Strickland's rooms were severely plain as an anchorite's cell), he felt anxious and disturbed. There was no letter, no word of farewell ; but three weeks later Father Grenfell received a letter from a firm of lawyers saying that their client, Mr. Lawrence Strickland, had directed them to pay into Father Grenfell's

account the sum of £6,000 for the use of the Community of the Lay Brothers of Pity, and the maintenance of their work.

Father Grenfell knew this was the whole amount of Larry Strickland's capital ; by his action he had left himself penniless. Father Grenfell tried to trace him, and failed. Larry was tramping towards Hampshire. He was footsore, tired, rather hungry, and possessed of the sum of three shillings, when he reached a little thatched house in the New Forest. Before it lay a stretch of open ground, with here and there a pine tree. To the right could be seen a low line of distant hills, and a little fenced-in field of grass ripe for cutting ; a small garden and an orchard lay at the back.

In the house lived an old man, a keeper of bees and grower of herbs and simples. He was a naturalist, and he wrote pamphlets and articles on matters of moment to lovers of nature, and to people versed in forestry and kindred lore. He was sitting at his gate, smoking, and watching the bees droning in the blossoms of a lime tree that stood like a sentinel by the gateway, when Strickland came by, and asked for some water. The old man gave him the water and also some bread and cheese. Strickland sat down on the bench at the naturalist's invitation, and the couple talked.

The sun was beginning to set ; the shadows lay long and cool on the ripe waving grass, and on the turf roads running through the surrounding forest of pinès and oak trees. The old naturalist observed not only nature and her wild children, but also those of her sons who have wandered from her paths of peace and joyous unreflecting strife into the human habitations of sophisticated warfare and painfully elaborated philanthropy. He saw this young man was tired, lonely, and unhappy. When Strickland rose and thanked him, the naturalist offered him a night's lodging.

"In your barn ? I shall be very grateful, for I think it's going to rain before morning."

"It is, I believe. There's a storm coming up against the wind. I shall be glad to offer you a bed."

"Do you lodge stray tramps in your house, sir ?" said Strickland smiling.

"Not as a rule. I've lodged a good many in the barn. But you are hardly to be classed as a tramp, are you?"

"I don't know what else I am. I have tramped from town, and slept under the sky every night. I possess three shillings, the clothes I wear, a change or so of linen in this knapsack, two books, and a pipe. Shall it not, under these circumstances, be the barn?"

"Not if you will stay in the house."

So Strickland slept in the house, and breakfasted there the next morning; after which he washed up the breakfast things, and set the place in order for the old man, who, when he said good-bye, held his hand and looked at him intently.

"I am an impertinent old fellow," he said, "but I mean kindly, and you will forgive an old man's curiosity. I think you are not of the class from which tramps are generally drawn; I think you are in trouble. If you can tell me anything of your circumstances—I am old enough, I think, to be your father's father—"

"You would help me, if I needed help, whether I deserved it or not, would you?"

"I would, willingly, if I could."

Larry hesitated; then he said with an almost imperceptible quiver of the lip:

"I have sold all that I had and given unto the poor; but I have not kept the commandments from my youth up."

"I question whether anyone has, if one could trace his youth back far enough. One has to learn first what the commandments are. If you have burnt your boats, as I gather you have, what are you looking for?"

"God—if haply a sinner may find Him! That is my first need; to find the root and cause of things. Secondly, I want work whereby I may keep body and soul together, without hurting other people."

"If you will accept such very humble work as I can offer, I can satisfy your second need. I do not think I can direct your quest for the first."

"I don't expect you or any other to do it. I would rather stand alone. What work can you give me?"

Then the old man told him he could sometimes employ him in the felling and barking of trees, and in other labours about the land, digging, planting, cutting grass, and peats; he was a bee-keeper and sold honey, and he had an orchard and a patch of garden ground.

Larry Strickland accepted this work for a slender weekly wage and lodging in a little lonely hut a mile from the old man's house. As the naturalist grew more infirm, Larry came to live beneath his roof, but for the first two years of his service he was alone; he would rise before dawn, and go into the woods before the day's work began, there he would sit on the earth, and think.

During his first year in the Community the man developed certain "psychic gifts," as they are called, of sight and hearing; in his prayer and meditation he heard sweet sounds and saw light and colour that others did not see. They left him after the first year, and he worked on patiently without them. Now a passionate longing for their restoration seized him, but chiefly he craved for the vision he saw in his darkest hour, standing in the dusky Church, between him and the altar. He prayed for this daily; his whole soul cried out for the sight that once blessed his eyes.

One day when he mused in the wood there rose within him a great pity for the boys whom, by reason of his past sin, he could help no more. This pity shaped itself into a definite desire that somehow, somewhere, that better part of him which once had power to help them might help them still, whether he had the satisfaction of knowing it or not. From this desire rose a prayer: namely, that the vision he longed for might be denied him, that the power which once manifested the God-Man to his despairing eyes might rather be spent on helping those on their way, whom he was not fit to help.

Now it came to pass that at this point in his prayer (it was now a definite petition rather than musing), his words and thoughts were struck dead by a force that seemed to fall upon him from without, though he felt it glow in his heart like an actual and living flame; there came to him great peace, and exceeding calmness and steadfastness of mind. Throughout the

day stillness endured about him ; it was an actual, not a metaphorical, stillness, as though it radiated from his heart, and spread about him a circle of serenity. It was as though he walked within a Shrine, wherein was the Hidden God. All sounds, all voices from without, were muffled ; the very air and water, the woods and hills, were strange and half unreal, yet full of life.

The stillness lifted at last, the world became as it had been ; but he thought his prayer was answered, and was at rest. He asked no more for visions ; he grieved 'no longer for his lost work, for his sins, or for those of the lads. He lived for five years doing the work of a farm labourer and gardener, his soul waxed mightily and 'grew steadfast and serene ; he read a little, and thought much ; he faced the problems of his own soul, undismayed. Between him and the old naturalist there grew up a great love. When he saw the old man loved and clung to him as to a son, he told him the tale Father Grenfell knew. He was sick at heart when he told it, lest it should cost him the old man's friendship ; but when the link between them remained unbroken, he rejoiced because he saw there were bonds of the soul which neither death nor sin can break, and he reflected that such a link may bind a sinful soul to God.

At this time there appeared in a London paper some articles not unlike those by which Richard Jefferies charmed town dwellers with the magic of wild nature, the music of the woods and fields ; but they had a characteristic touch of their own, a touch which made them more than a clever copy of another man's methods. Father Grenfell read them to the lads of the Club ; he heard the writer was a wood cutter and farm labourer, and he desired to see him ; therefore when he took his holiday early in October he started in search of him, having obtained from the editor his address and a letter of introduction.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached the house ; it was a stormy showery day, but it was beginning to clear ; great heavy clouds moved slowly across the sky. Father Grenfell saw an old man leaning on the gatepost, watching a herd of pigs rooting in search of acorns.

"I beg your pardon," said Father Grenfell. "Does Mr. Lawrence live here ? "

The old man smiled.

"Fortunately for me—yes. I am not growing younger, and should often be in sad case without him. By the by, Lawrence is a *nom de plume*, his name is Strickland."

"Strickland! Not Larry Strickland?"

"Larry Strickland. Do you know him?"

"I used to do so. My name is Grenfell."

"He told me of you once"—the old man hesitated—"I am very fond of Larry Strickland," he said. "If he were my son I could not love him more. Nor do I respect any man more highly."

Father Grenfell did not reply.

"I see you wonder whether I know all you know about him. I think I do—and more."

"I think you do. I hope you do. I see he has kept nothing from you."

"Because he kept much from you, you thought him a hypocrite. Do you mind my saying I think you were mistaken. I do not think he was; I know he was not. Has it not been said: 'It makes a great difference to a man whether one set of his ideas or another be the centre of his personal energy.' It is a question of 'the hot place' in his consciousness, his 'habitual centre.'"

"You are quoting James, are you not?"

"Yes. You remember that, speaking of rapid changes in the mental attitude of a man, he says: 'Religious ideas, previously peripheral in his unconsciousness, now take a central place.' I sometimes think, with regard to actions like the early behaviour of our friend, that there may be an automatic region even of emotional and mental activity, in which forces, deliberately and wilfully initiated in the past, must run themselves down, so to speak, and finally emerge into the field of wellnigh involuntary action, when the man is 'off guard.' In such a case the action would not be representative of the man, but only of his past."

"I should be glad to think that. I am very glad I know what has become of him. He was doing splendid work; I miss him still."

"Because of his past he has been debarred—I think rightly

debarred—from following his bent. But the checking of that outward zeal has turned its force inwards; to work, who knows in what subtle regions of nature? A weak man would have ‘cursed God and died,’ though he, not God, was to blame. This man, who is strong, accepted the results of his actions, and ceased to identify himself with either actions or results. Therefore he was purged of pride, and uncrushed by shame, therefore he grew to be as willing to see his own sins, and furthermore to have them seen, as he is those of other people; therefore he grew to be what he is—‘the sinner’s saint’; a silent saint who poses not as such; who speaks no precepts, who warns of no dangers, but by the sheer force of steadfast will, by the power of knowing, and living, and possessing his mind and soul in humble peace, and unswerving patience and steadfastness, is able, unknown to himself, to help those who are—what he was. It is the inner attitude that makes the man; it has made this man a warrior of God, though he does not know it, and by his actions he is rightly dishonoured in the eyes of those who know of them.”

“After such praise as *this*, you can say ‘rightly dishonoured’?”

“Rightly. For such actions are shame. How are men to know that, in this case, the man of whom such actions were the fit expression is dead and gone for ever. So long as a healthy moral sense exists, a man will rightly suffer scorn who does as this man did. Such people will be punished by their fellows; if they are wise they will thank God, for the world’s sake, that this is so.”

“There ought to be a period to their punishment, even in this present life.”

“There is such a period. But if it comes in this present life, it is when all who have punished them are dead, and no one remembers their sins save God, Who haply reckons each man’s sin or virtue as His own, since He is Author and Source of all, and yet beyond and above them.”

Father Grenfell looked slightly startled and shocked. While he sought words in which to reply, the man who five years ago had walked silently out of the Community of the Lay Brothers of Pity, came down the road, and saw his visitor. Father Grenfell held out his hand, and Strickland took it.

"You have come to see me," he said. "How did you find me out?"

"To tell the truth, I came to see 'Frank Lawrence.'"

"Are you sorry to see Larry Strickland?"

"No. I am very glad to see him."

The old man turned, and went quietly into the house.

"Is this also hypocrisy, Father Grenfell?" said Strickland.

"I had five years' less experience than I have now, when I said that, Larry. Moreover, why should I assume that evil must be real, and good hypocrisy? Why not say the good is the reality, and the evil phase a false mask?"

"I say neither. Each of my senses, each of my moods, is external to me. If I am ashamed of 'myself,' I must equally be ashamed in every drunkard who reels out of a London gin palace."

"Then you are not ashamed of anything?"

"Yes, I am. But why should my shame oppress me more than that of any other man?"

"It should not oppress you less."

"It does not. But it does not oppress me to the point of humiliation and despair, any more than the sin of the world does you."

"I have faith in Christ."

Larry leaned on the gate. His eyes were brilliant, as though he saw the world of the immortals. It was growing dusk. The sky was gleaming with pale flame and greenish lilac, there were heavy violet clouds lit by the lurid light; against the sky a single dusky green fir tree, wind-twisted, stood out clearly; faint pearl-grey mists drifted about the low far-distant hills; in the foreground, between them and the tree, was a field, so vividly and delicately green in the fading light that it seemed to shine with a light of its own. Strickland looked as though he merely watched the perfection of this picture. At last he spoke.

"Faith in Christ," he said. "So have I. And not in 'this life only' but in all the hidden regions of my being."

"What do you mean by 'this life only'?"

"I mean the narrow selves we know. In the wider life that

exists—*exists*, rather than is to be—that hope is working, that Power shaping and subduing all things to itself. It is not external to us, it is ourselves; we feel it pulse upon the walls of our prison. If in this life only, wherein we know ourselves as fools and knaves, we have hope in Christ, then we have been, and are, most miserable. But the Power seems to be a living force, veiled by our outer selves; behind the veil it works silently till one day it asserts itself as a power shaping externals."

"Larry," said Father Grenfell, abruptly, "will you come back to us?"

Strickland started.

"I was not making a bid for that. I didn't mean to preach and 'talk good.' Those thoughts forced themselves out."

"You will not come then?"

"No."

"I expect you are right. But I am sorry. Good-bye. It is getting dark."

He held out his hand, and the other took it.

"I am glad we have met again," said Father Grenfell slowly. "You have taught me something, I believe. I don't quite know what it is. I am going away to think. Good-bye. God bless you, Larry."

MICHAEL WOOD.

AN EGYPTIAN HYMN TO THE "SUN"

HAIL to thee, Harmachis, Kheper the self-created one!

Twice beautiful art thou when thou arisest on the horizon, and thou makest bright the two lands, with thy rays.

The Gods are in ecstasy when they behold thee in thy heaven.

I am come to look upon thy divine form, which is beautiful.

I am come to thee, for I would be with thee, to gaze upon thy disk each day.

Let me not be repulsed or restrained.

Let my members be renewed at the sight of thy beauties,

For I was one of those who worshipped thee upon earth.

Let it be that I pass to the Land of Eternity and attain to the Home of Everlastingness.

Guide thou me, O Ra, even thou, and give to me the sweet breath of life!

THE TALMUD BEN STADA JESUS STORIES*

As we have seen already from the evidence of the early Church Fathers, one of the most persistent charges of the Jews against Jesus was that he had learned magic in Egypt. In the Toldoth Jeschu, while we still hear of Jeschu's learning magic in Egypt, the main feature in the story of his acquirement of miraculous power is the robbing of the Shem (the Tetragrammaton or Ineffable Name) from the Temple at Jerusalem by a strange device. The Talmud, however, knows nothing of this robbing of the Shem from the Temple; but in recording the tradition of the bringing of magic out of Egypt it adds details of the means whereby this magic is fabled to have been conveyed out of the country, and in the variants of the story we can trace the evolution of the strange device whereby Jeschu is said in the Toldoth to have outwitted the magic guardians of the Shem.

Thus in the Palestinian Gemara we read:

"He who scratches on the skin in the fashion of writing, is guilty; but he who makes marks on the skin in the fashion of writing, is exempt from punishment. Rabbi Eliezer said to them: But has not Ben Stada brought (magic) spells out of Egypt just in this way? They answered him: On account of one fool we do not ruin a multitude of reasonable men."†

The same story is also handed on in the Babylonian Gemara, but with a very striking variant:

"There is a tradition; Rabbi Eliezer said to the wise men, Has not Ben Stada brought magic spells from Egypt in an incision in his body? They answered him, He was a fool, and we do not take proofs from fools."‡

The Tosephta adds yet another variant of the tradition:

* This series of articles began in the June number, 1902.

† *Pal. Shabbath*, 13d.

‡ *Bab. Shabbath*, 104b.

"He who upon the Sabbath cuts letters upon his body, is according to the view of R. Eliezer guilty, according to the view of the wise not guilty. R. Eliezer said to the wise: Ben Stada surely learned sorcery by such writing. They replied to him: Should we in any wise on account of a fool destroy all reasonable men? "*"

The mention of R. Eliezer and the name Ben Stada indicate that we have here to do with a Lud tradition; the story, however, must be regarded as one of the oldest of this tradition, for it cites R. Eliezer ben Hyrcanus, the teacher of Akiba, and the founder of the Lud school. The Palestinian Gemara evidently preserves the oldest and more detailed account. In it the academical discussion has to do with a very nice point of Sabbath breaking. Writing of any kind on the Sabbath was strictly forbidden. The question then arises: But what if it be on one's skin and not on parchment? Further is there not a difference between scratching in the form of writing,[†] and making marks (that is in some way other than scratching) in the form of writing (that is presumably resembling writing in some way)?

R. Eliezer meets the decision of his colleagues with the objection that Ben Stada brought his spells out of Egypt by "marks" on the skin and not by "scratching." These marks on the skin were presumably not letters proper, that is the writing of words in Hebrew, for the discussion is not as to writing, but as to "marks in the fashion of writing." Does it then refer to diagrams, or sigils, or drawings of some kind, or to hieroglyphics?

The Tosephta it will be noticed makes havoc of this elaborate argument of the Palestinian Gemara, and ascribes to the "wise" a judgment the very reverse of what they had given according to the Gemara; moreover the "scratching" has become "cutting letters upon the body."

While as for the Babylonian Gemara the whole account is still further altered; no longer is it a question with Eliezer of refuting the opinion of his colleagues with regard to the main point, "marks on the skin in the fashion of writing," no longer is it a

* *Tosephta Shabbath*, xi. (xii.) towards the end (ed. Zuckermendel, p. 126).

† Laible (*op. cit.*, p. 46), speaks of this "scratching" as tattooing; but there seems no reason why we should give technical precision to such vague indications.

question even of "cutting letters upon the body," but we have a totally new and startling gloss, namely the bringing out of Egypt by Ben Stada of spells (presumably written on parchment) in an incision in his body.

This writing on parchment and hiding the parchment in an incision in the body is precisely the account adopted by the Toldoth Jeschu, and when we come to discuss this second highly complex line of tradition we shall refer again to the subject. All that need be said here is that the Palestinian Gemara seems plainly to have preserved the earlier account, namely the inscribing of some figures, or more probably hieroglyphs, on the skin. The idea in the mind of the Palestinian Rabbis was presumably that the Egyptians were known to be very jealous of their magic lore and did all they could to prevent books of magic being taken out of the country; Jeschu, then, according to the oldest Rabbinic tradition, was said to have circumvented their vigilance by some such subterfuge as that which has been handed on in the story in the Palestinian Gemara.

The rank growth from the original nucleus of the legend is plainly shown in the Talmud and the Tosephta. What the real inwardness or nucleole of the nucleus may have been we shall perhaps never know, but it may possibly have been derived from some such mystical expression as the "circumcision of the heart," or the hiding of wisdom in the heart. Meanwhile the story under discussion provides a text in the Babylonian Gemara for a commentary in the Gemara itself which runs as follows:

"Ben Stada was Ben Pandera. Rab Chisda said: The husband was Stada, the lover Pandera. (Another said): The husband was Paphos ben Jehudah; Stada was his mother; (or) his mother was Miriam the women's hairdresser; as they would say at Pumbeditha, *S'ith da* (i.e., she was unfaithful) to her husband."*

It is exceedingly difficult to make out from the stopping of this translation who said what, but the sentence "(or) his mother was Miriam the women's hairdresser," seems to be a gloss or interpolation, and the words "as they would say" seem to follow naturally after "Stada was his mother." Be this as it may be, this interesting passage makes it quite clear that by this time

* *Bab. Shabbath*, 104b; repeated in almost identical words in *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 67a.

legend had reached so rank a growth that even the Rabbis themselves in many places had lost all trace of its origin, of its earliest authentic form. At any rate they were all at sixes and sevens on the subject in Babylonia. All they were quite certain of was that Ben Stada and Ben Pandera were intended for one and the same person, but as to who Stada or Pandera may have been they had no definite information.

Rab Chisda was one of the most famous Rabbis of the school at Sura (one of the greatest centres of Talmudic activity in Babylonia) and died 309 A.D.; he evidently was greatly puzzled to account for the apparently contradictory *aliases* bestowed on Jeschu by Rabbinical tradition. The Rabbis of Pumbeditha (another of the great centres of Talmudic learning in Eastern Jewry) on the contrary, seem to have preserved a correct tradition of the origin of the nickname Ben Stada, though they appear to have taken Ben Pandera as a proper form. Whether or not the Pumbeditha derivation is correct in the letter, is a question for specialists to decide; it is in my opinion, however, certainly correct in spirit, for, as I have already argued, "Ben Pandera" came into existence as an offset to the "virgin's son" of Christian popular theology, and I am further persuaded that Ben Stada had also a similar genesis, whatever may have been the precise philological details of their birth.

That the later Babylonian Rabbis were puzzled and at loggerheads on the subject is quite evident from the record of their Gemara; but that there was elsewhere a certain tradition of the Ben Perachiah date is shown by the additional information contained in the mediæval Tosaphoth to this passage.

" 'Ben Stada.' Rabbenu Tam says that this is not Jeschu ha-Notzri (Jesus the Nazarene), for as to Ben Stada we say here that he was in the days of Pappos ben Jehudah, who lived in the days of Rabbi Akiba, as is proved in the last chapter of Berachoth [61b], but Jeschu lived in the days of Jehoshua ben Perachiah, as is proved in the last chapter of Sota [47a]: 'And not like Rabbi Jehoshua ben Perachiah who pushed away Jeschu ha-Notzri with both hands,' and Rabbi Jehoshua was long before Rabbi Akiba. 'His mother was Miriam, the women's hair-dresser,' and what is related in the first chapter of Chagiga

[4b]: 'Rab Bibi—the angel of death was found with him, etc., he said to his messenger: Go and fetch me Miriam the women's hair-dresser'—that means that there lived in the days of Rab Bibi a Miriam, a women's hair-dresser. It was another (Miriam), or the angel of death was also relating to Rab Bibi a story which happened a long time before."*

"Our Rabbi Tam" is presumably R. Jacob of Troyes (France), who flourished in the twelfth century,[†] but I cannot discover to what school he belonged, and therefore to whom "we say here" refers. Rab Tam, however, categorically denies that Ben Stada was the Jeschu of history, and that, too, in face of the wide-spread Lud tradition which had so strongly imposed itself upon the Babylonian Rabbis. We have ourselves seen how "Ben Stada" came into existence only somewhere about the end of the first century, when he was born of controversy. Rabbenu Tam, therefore, is quite right when he says that "Ben Stada" lived in the days of Paphos ben Jehuda, who lived in the days of Akiba. The truth of the matter, according to Rab Tam, was that the historical Jeschu lived in the days of Jehoshua ben Perachiah; as to the Rab Bibi story, he adds, it too is a gross anachronism, the Miriam referred to was either some totally different person, or the story has been handed on incorrectly.

Rabbi Tam and his school, therefore, held solely to the Jehoshua ben Perachiah date; and they apparently rejected all the Ben Stada stories, but whether or no they also rejected the Jehoshua ben Perachiah story and simply held to the date, we have no means of ascertaining. If the translation given above is correct, they also held to some ancient categorical statement that Jeschu's mother was a certain Miriam whose occupation was that of hair-dressing; but in doing so we believe they unconsciously became entangled in the meshes of the Ben Stada net.

Miriam "the women's hair-dresser" seems to be simply another name-play of the Ben Stada and Ben Pandera genus. Miriam "the women's hair-dresser" is in the original Miriam

* *Tosaphoth Shabbath*, 104b.

[†] See Krauss (S.), *Das Leben Jesu* (Berlin; 1902), pp. 227, 274. But Tam has all the appearance of being a by-name, and we cannot be certain of the identification.

"*megaddela nesaiia*"; and Miriam Megaddela is the twin of Mary Magdalene for all practical purposes in such word-play. But for a Jew the combination "Miriam of Magdala" was equivalent to saying Miriam the harlot, for Magdala had an unenviable notoriety for the looseness of the lives of its women.* As far as Rabbinical tradition, then, is concerned, it seems exceedingly probable that we have here the origin of the otherwise strange combination Miriam the women's hair-dresser, and we should therefore ascribe the time and place of its birth to the same period as the Ben Stada invention and the same circle which produced the Lud legends.

But the origin of the glyph of the Magdalene, out of whom the Christ cast seven devils in the historicised Christian tradition, is, in my opinion, to be traced to a mystic Gnostic source and not to controversial word-play. In Gnostic tradition we find the Sophia in her various aspects possessed of many names. Among them may be mentioned: the Mother or All-Mother; Mother of the Living, or Shining Mother; the Power Above; the Holy Spirit; again She of the Left-hand, as opposed to Christos, Him of the Right-hand; the Man-woman; Prouneikos or Lustful-one, the Harlot; the Matrix; Eden; Achamōth; the Virgin; Barbēlo; Daughter of Light; Merciful Mother; Consort of the Masculine One; Revelant of the Perfect Mysteries; Perfect Mercy; Revelant of the Mysteries of the whole Magnitude; Hidden Mother; She who knows the Mysteries of the Elect; the Holy Dove which has given birth to Twins; Ennōea; and the Lost or Wandering Sheep, Helena (who the Church Fathers said was a *harlot* whom Simon Magus had picked up at Tyre) and many other names.

All these terms refer to Sophia or the "Soul"—using the term in its most general sense—in her cosmic or individual aspects, according as she is above in her perfect purity; or in the midst, as intermediary, or below as fallen into matter.†

By help of the above apparently unrelated *data* the thoughtful reader may now be able to sift out some of the elements

* *Threni Rabba*, c. 2 f. 106 (ed. Wilna); see Krauss, *op. cit.*, pp. 274, 275, 286, 303; see also Laible, *op. cit.*, 16 and 17.

† See my *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten* (London; 1900), pp. 334, 335.

from the chaos of myth and legend with which we are dealing. Personally we should prefer to continue with the mystical side of early Christianity and take ourselves out of the hurly-burly of vulgar controversy, but the necessities of the task upon which we are engaged compel us to return to the Talmudic stories, and the account they give of the condemnation and death of Jesus. Both Talmuds contain a short statement referring to this, which in both cases is appended to the following passage from the Mishna :

"In the case of all the transgressors indicated in the Torah as deserving of death no witnesses are placed in concealment except in case of the sin of leading astray to idolatry. If the enticer has made his enticing speech to two, these are witnesses against him, and lead him to the court of justice, and he is stoned. But if he have used the expression not before two but before one, *he* shall say to him : 'I have friends, who have a liking for that.' But if he is cunning, and wishes to say nothing before the others, witnesses are placed in concealment behind the wall, and he says himself to the seducer : 'Now tell me once again what thou wast saying to me, for we are alone.' If he now repeats it, the other says to him : 'How should we forsake our heavenly Father, and go and worship wood and stone ?' If then the enticer is converted, well and good ; but if he replies : 'This is our duty ; it is for our good,' then those who are standing behind the wall bring him before the court of justice, and he is stoned."*

The Mishna apparently approves of lying to the enticer to compass his legal condemnation, "For we are alone" says the enticed, when there are others behind the wall. It is also to be noticed that the legal punishment twice referred to for the offence of seducing to idolatry is stoning.

To the above quoted passage from the Mishna the Palestinian Gemara adds :

"The enticer is the idiot, etc.—Lo, is he a wise man ? No : as an enticer he is not a wise man ; as he is enticed he is not a wise man. How do they treat him so as to come upon him by surprise ? Thus ; for the enticer two witnesses are placed in

* *Pal. Sanhedrin*, 25c ; *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 67a.

concealment in the innermost part of the house; but he is made himself to remain in the exterior part of the house, wherein a lamp is lighted over him, in order that the witnesses may see him and distinguish his voice. Thus, for instance, they managed with Ben Sot'da [a variant of Stada or Satda] at Lud. Against him two disciples of learned men were placed in concealment and he was brought before the Court of Justice, and stoned."*

The Babylonian Gemara is somewhat different, and runs as follows:

"'And for all capital criminals who are mentioned in the Torah they do not lay an ambush but (they do) for this criminal.'

"How do they act towards him? They light the lamp for him in the innermost part of the house, and they place witnesses for him in the exterior part of the house, that they may see him and hear his voice, though he cannot see them. And that man says to him: Tell me what you have told me when we were alone. And when he repeats (those words) to him, that man says to him: How can we abandon our God in Heaven and practise idolatry? If he returns it is well; but when he says: Such is our duty, and so we like to have it, then the witnesses who are listening without, bring him to the tribunal and stone him. And thus they have done to Ben Stada at Lud, and they hanged him on the day before Passover."†

Both these accounts are part and parcel of the Lud tradition. The accusation in both cases is the sin of leading away into idolatry; the death in both cases is by stoning, clearly stated in the Palestinian Gemara, and clearly inferred from the Babylonian, which, however, adds that Jeschu was hanged on the day before the Passover, that is to say apparently that after stoning his body was hanged or exposed for a warning; at any rate this would be the only meaning attached to the statement by a Jew who had never heard the Christian tradition (and the Talmud Jews evidently refused to listen to a word of it), for the Jewish custom was to expose the body of an offender who had suffered the penalty of death by stoning, on a post as a warning to all.

* *Pal. Sanhedrin*, vii., 25d; also *Pal. Jabamoth*, xvi., 15d.

† *Sanhedrin*, 67a; the passage is continued in almost the same words as *Bab. Shabbath*, 104b. "Ben Stada was Ben Pandera," etc., on which we have already commented at length.

The name "Lud," however, warns us against seeking for any historical basis in the details of the story, and we should, therefore, dismiss it with the rest of the Lud legends were it not that there exists still another Talmud tradition referring to the subject, and in this the name Lud does not appear. This tradition runs as follows:

"But there is a tradition; On the Sabbath of the Passover festival Jeschu was hung [*sic*, ?hanged]. But the herald went forth before him for the space of forty days, while he cried: 'Jeschu goeth forth to be executed, because he has practised sorcery and seduced Israel and estranged them from God.* Let any one who can bring forward any justifying plea for him come and give information concerning it.' But no justifying plea was found for him, and so he was hung on the Sabbath of the Passover festival. Ulla has said, But dost thou think that he belongs to those for whom a justifying plea is sought? He was a very seducer, and the Allmerciful has said [Deut. xiii. 8]: 'Thou shalt not spare him, nor conceal him.' However, in Jeschu's case it was somewhat different, for his place was near those in power."†

Here there is no mention of Lud, but on the contrary there is no mention of stoning but only of hanging. Laible‡ supposes that *Sanhedrin*, 43a, was originally a continuation of *Sanhedrin*, 67a, and that therefore the omission of "Lud" is quite understandable, seeing that it had occurred immediately before. It is, however, exceedingly difficult to believe in such a slicing up of an originally consecutive account, and therefore I am inclined to think that in the passage just quoted we have, if not the original form of the later Lud legend, at any rate an entirely independent account. The story seems to be in the nature of an apology for the execution of Jeschu. The hanging is admitted, but not the crucifixion (of which both Talmud and Toldoth know nothing), and it is interesting in this connection to remember that "hanging" is also preserved in Christian tradition as an equivalent of

* This formal charge is repeated twice in the Babylonian Gemara, *Sanhedrin*, 107b, and *Sota*, 47a.

† *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 43a.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 85.

crucifixion. Whether or not this "hanging" in the minds of the Rabbis was at this time thought of as the immediate method of death, and they intended further to admit this infringement of the canonical penalty of stoning, is difficult to decide. The formal charge, however, brought against Jeschu is given as that of "having practised sorcery and seduced Israel and estranged them from God." These words can only refer to leading away to "idolatry," and the penalty for this was, as we have seen, stoning.

But Ulla, a Palestinian Rabbi of the beginning of the fourth century, objects: Why all this precaution when Jeschu was plainly guilty of the charge? We have nothing to apologise for. On this the compiler of the Gemara remarks that Ulla is mistaken in taking this old tradition for an apology or a plea that every possible precaution was taken that Jeschu should have the fullest possible chance given him of proving his innocence. The real reason for all those precautions was that Jeschu was a person of great distinction and importance, and "near those in power"* at the time, that is to say presumably, connected by blood with the Jewish rulers—a trait preserved in the Toldoth Jeschu, as we shall see later on. So much, then, for the Lud Jesus stories. We shall next treat of some stories with a name transformation stranger even than Ben Stada.

G. R. S. MEAD.

PROTE, thou hast not died, but thou art fled
 Into some better land of joy and rest;
 Thou dwellest in the islands of the blest,
 Where flowery plains elysian thou dost tread
 In the glad dance; where never tear is shed,
 Nor wintry chill doth strike, nor heat infest,
 Nor pain disturb the quiet of thy breast,
 Nor raging thirst, nor hunger dost thou dread.
 The life of men on earth thou enviest not;
 Thou art supremely happy, nor hast cause
 To blame the pure enjoyment of thy lot:
 Whose life its daily sweet contentment draws
 From the effulgence, uncreate and clear,
 Of heaven's high firmament that shineth near.

AN UNKNOWN POET OF GREECE.

* Laible (*op. cit.*, p. 87) interprets this as referring to the "Roman authorities," and so tries to drag in Pilate by the hair; but in this, as in so much else, Laible seems incapable of taking a purely unbiassed standpoint, for he naively pre-supposes throughout the absolute historicity of every detail found in the canonical Gospel stories.

GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

URANIA speaks with darkened brow :

"Thou pratest here where thou art least ;
This faith has many a purer priest,
And many an abler voice than thou."

TENNYSON, *In Mem.*, xxxvii.

IN complying with the Editor's request that I should give an account of some of my psychical experiences in THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, I feel that I must preface anything I have to say with an apology to those readers whose lives on this plane are passed so closely in touch with other planes of Nature, that the scattered observations here recorded will sound to them like the babblings of a new-born babe. Such persons will, I am sure, after glancing at these pages, feel prompted to cry disdainfully in words the exact source of which I cannot at this moment recall : "You are a beetle, and I am the opposite pole of the Universe!"

But it is not to these great lords in psychical science and practice that I seek to address myself. It is rather to that (at the present day) large class of persons who hover about, in a somewhat tantalised and tantalising fashion, sometimes deeply attracted by the psychical world with which they half believe themselves to be surrounded, more frequently, perhaps, repelled or even disgusted by it, but never, in any case, entirely losing interest in it, though that interest may, for reasons into which I need not at present enter, occasionally descend to a flickering-point, and at other times arise and shine with the dazzling whiteness and radiance of a Southern sun.

In the most crude, ordinary, common-place sense of the word, I think I may say with truth that I have never seen a "ghost," that is to say, I have never at any time, except possibly once, perceived with my physical eyes in my full waking condition what is vulgarly regarded as an intruder from another world

visiting this one under special circumstances. People who are sceptical, therefore, of the reality (whatever they mean by "reality") of any, or all, of the tales here set down, may draw what comfort and support they like from the admission. For my own part, I do not think it will benefit them much.

Accordingly, I have no rumours of a "moated grange" or fearsome hints of the nocturnal habits of a "grey lady," with which to chill the public marrow, on each returning Xmas Eve, when the winter wind is sweeping across the land, and the circle of chairs is drawn ever closer and closer round the ebbing fire. I have never even slept in a "blue chamber" and waked with a start at the stroke of one, to engage in a futile controversy with a headless man standing at the foot of my bed, requesting him rather unreasonably to "Speak! Speak!" Nor when I last stayed with the present tenants of that immortal house in Berkeley Square, did my bedroom door slowly open, far enough to admit of the insertion, one by one, of three long, white, clammy fingers, whose owner (according to the final explanation of the Rationalistic School), was mad, and spent his days on the roof.

I often used to wonder why this was so; why I, of all people in the world, should have been deprived of a privilege which has been accorded so widely, and should have been left to take, on excellent second-hand, or on only moderately good third-hand evidence, those proofs of the existence of conscious life apart from the physical body, which are arbitrarily and spasmodically flung at the head, so to speak, of less curious persons.

Had I known it, the explanation lay, all the time, near to my hand. Let me speak, for a moment, by means of a parable, which, however imperfect, may yet suffice for its purpose. Let us suppose a merchant wishes to have dealings with the inhabitants of a foreign country, with a view, in the first place, to finding out the nature and requirements of that country. Let us suppose, further, that he is unable to go abroad himself, that he is ignorant of the language required and consequently cannot send a letter. Again, he has not been fortunate enough to be put in communication with citizens of that country when they have, very occasionally, paid flying visits to his own. What is he to do? He can, at

least, do one thing. He can send a more or less well-qualified representative to interpret his thoughts and wishes in the strange land.

To avoid carrying the simile further, for the moment, we may ask how it is to be applied. The foreign country is obviously the psychical world around us, or perhaps I should rather say, within us. Then, if the merchant, who cannot travel, is the man in his ordinary waking state in the physical body, who is the more or less well-qualified representative? That is the question we have to answer, and the parable is interpreted.

In the course of reading the works of Homer wholesale some years ago, both as a pleasure and as a duty, I came across, if I remember rightly, a passage in which a psychical hint was dropped, which means a good deal more to me now than it did at the time I read it. I cannot verify the passage off-hand, but I have very little doubt that it is Homeric, and many readers will probably recall it. It was there hinted that every man has a "double," down in Hades, even while he is alive in this world. So if old Homer does not "nod" on this occasion, we have caught our representative without much trouble, and even supposing he is not well-qualified to serve us at present, we may be able in time to make him so; besides, he has the special advantage of being on the spot, so we shall not have to pay his travelling expenses, and all he has to do is to fit himself in course of time for his work.

This representative, this "'double' down in Hades," known to Theosophists by the term "astral body," can doubtless, for aught I know, be trained in different ways. I have only here to recount what my personal experiences in the matter have been. In my own case, in early childhood, the representative in the foreign country, as far as I can now recall, must have been fairly active, and if the merchant's business at that time was not very large, he must have occasionally felt inclined to give up his position at home and join his representative abroad. But the representative informed him that the inhabitants of the foreign country were not very pleasant people to deal with, and were rather erratic and unaccountable, and sometimes even terrifying, in their behaviour, and so he decided to wait awhile. It was a wise

decision. The merchant's business at home grew and flourished, and if he ceased to hear so often, as formerly, from the foreign representative, it perhaps did not much matter, as he had only too much to do at home, and it was very important that the home business should be properly attended to, while it was in the act of expanding.

As time went on, however, he began to receive spasmodic cables from the foreign representative of a very important nature, which not only gave him hope that the representative would again exhibit some of the activity he had shown when the business was first founded, but also spoke of two new lands which the representative had discovered, one of which was inhabited by people of remarkable intelligence, while the other (which he was unable actually to visit himself, but of the existence of which he had been informed by a very successful business friend of his), offered such unheard-of opportunities to the would-be trader as almost to take away his breath. These cables, occasionally, also contained something that astonished the merchant very much, to which, however, he at first paid very little attention, regarding them with some reason, merely as examples of impertinence or uncalled-for interference. In other words, the foreign representative began to offer observations about the conduct of the home business.

On one famous occasion, in particular, the merchant acted flatly in contradiction to his advice, and the result was that he met with misfortune. Then the representative followed this up by casually predicting the rise and fall, but especially the fall, of home prices. Here again, the merchant found himself bound to confess that his representative in the foreign country had shown a greater insight into the secret workings of home affairs than was possessed, in spite of all the apparent advantages of his position, by himself.

While the merchant was casting about for an explanation of the matter, he woke up one morning to find that his business was on the high road to ruin, and that his health, which for a long time had been very precarious, was breaking down entirely. In a few days he became seriously ill, and his life was for a short time despaired of; while months and months passed before he

really recovered. Then came the turn of the foreign representative. All the business that could be conveniently thrown on his shoulders, was thus disposed of. He had to be here, there and everywhere. At first he seems to have been so upset and made so nervous by the merchant's condition, that, in spite of his cleverness, he showed very little tact, sending messages to the merchant, as I shall presently show, which had, perhaps, better been kept from a sick man. But, after a few months of considerable activity, his powers of work not only increased, but he began to evince the utmost judgment in the kind of messages he communicated to the merchant.

As the merchant grew stronger and began to be ready for work again, he found his representative so considerably in possession of the field, with faculties so much developed and strengthened, that he readily listened to the cabled messages of comfort and sometimes of advice, which were from time to time transmitted to him. The merchant himself had to continue, for a long period, the struggle against ill-health and misfortune, and at intervals many cruel blows fell upon him. But whatever happened to him, the messages he continually received from the foreign representative, and the accounts that reached him from the same source of those wonderful lands beyond the sea, were of considerable comfort and help to him, for he felt that he possessed in his representative a right-hand man of remarkable strength and activity, even if this enterprising young adjutant had many lessons of wisdom and self-control left to learn.

And now, often when the merchant is leaving his office for the day, and his thoughts for a moment are at peace, he looks forward with pleasure to the time when he will retire altogether from business, and setting out on his travels to join his representative beyond the sea, live entirely for the future in the company of one who began by being his apprentice and *employé* and has ended by outstripping him in the race, much in the same way as Merlin, in old British legend, outstripped his master Bleys :

The scholar ran
Before the master, and so far, that Bleys
Laid magic by, and sat him down, and wrote
All things and whatsoever Merlin did
In one great annual-book.

Such, depicted in tedious and inadequate allegory, have been my life-relations with my "‘double’ down in Hades." It now behoves me to pass on to the more concrete part of the story, and give a few examples of the sort of experiences I have been "favoured with," as the phrase goes, asking the reader to remember once more that my psychical faculties are still only just in the earliest stage of their development, and are, consequently, sharply limited in every direction.

In a previous article in *THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW* I have described a presumably astral incident which occurred to me in early childhood. I may add to this that a very common feature of the night-life of that period was that I used to find myself "wandering loose" about the house in which we then lived, or rather what I suppose now, in view of my later experiences, to have been the astral counterpart of that house. There I met the various members of my family—grandmother, father, mother, brother, nurse, etc. We always "took sides" about something or other, the chief characteristic of the "dream" being that my relatives ran in or out of the rooms at random, acting to a very irritating extent with great vagueness and an utter lack of responsibility. One or two of them showed some hostility towards me; another, whom I might have succeeded in gaining over to my side, evinced a weakness and a flimsiness of character almost amounting to treachery; and I think there was only one out of them all who appeared at all rational or even quite conscious and capable of assisting me in the Sisyphean labour of trying to reduce the others to sense. After giving them a thorough talking to, coaxing, imploring, threatening, I would sometimes succeed in extracting from them a vague promise of more law-abiding conduct for the future. But directly my will was relaxed, they almost invariably slipped back into a mental condition which resembled primeval chaos, a relapse which reminds one of the well-known simile of the rower who relaxes his arms, when immediately his boat is carried down-stream, or of the famous picture of Eurydice slipping back into Hades—

Ibi omnis

Effusus labor.

Perhaps it will be said that these experiences were merely

dreams. The explanation is, no doubt, possible, if not exactly original, but for two reasons I hardly think it to be the correct one. In the first place, I have, at the present day, quite frequently to do with people, some of whom, at least, are apparently in a similar condition. I have recently "sensed" these vague, wandering, murmuring figures, at the rate of two or three a week, perhaps, when, though physically asleep, I have been, nevertheless, conscious to a greater or less degree, of my room and its contents. On this subject I shall have a word to say later. For the moment, while I do not venture to "suggest," as the lawyers say, that these sleepy, irresponsible, family figures were really the "astral bodies" of my relatives in a more or less somnolent condition, it seems to me that they may very well have been some beings, "elemental" or otherwise constituted, which either assumed of themselves, or received from me, the necessary colouring to make them appear to be my relatives.

And secondly, be it remembered, I was frequently quite aware that I was in the sleep-world, though I knew of no name to give it. It was not an uncommon thing for me, even at that early period, either from disgust at the sickening conduct of these dream-puppets, or for any other reason, to say: "Well, now I am going to wake myself up"—and approaching what, for want of better terms, I will call my astral bed in my astral nursery, to get into it, and plunging my head into my pillow, stick my fingers into my eyes, till sometimes, almost immediately, sometimes with more prolonged and desperate efforts, I woke up, to find myself lying, of course, in my physical bed.

I might add, while speaking of this subject of the night-life of children, that I was very much interested in the remarks of a small sister of mine on one of the few occasions I have ever seen her. We are separated in age by more than twenty years, so that I do not have any opportunity of hearing more. At lunch, one day, she volunteered the observation that she had recently asked her nurse in a dream whether she was asleep or not. This was, of course, a case of that stage of dream-consciousness in which the dreamer does not take things any longer for granted, a stage which marks, needless to state, the true beginnings of self-consciousness and of separate life in the dream-

world; just as the "not taking things for granted" is the beginning of self-consciousness and of philosophy in the physical world. But the argument which she based on this fact was more interesting still. She at once jumped to the conclusion that the physical life might also be a dream, and that, consequently, she was dreaming there while sitting at lunch. Of course, in one sense she was right, she had accidentally hit on the important truth that the physical world is only relatively real. But that is not the most interesting point. The most interesting point is that the dream-world must have been very real to her, that she should have argued from a belief in its *un*reality (a belief which had probably been duly impressed on her in the nursery), to a suggestion of the unreality of the physical world; in fact, it looks as if, in her eyes, both worlds were equally real or unreal, whichever one likes to call it.

I am afraid she was told not to be silly and to go on with her lunch. And her small brother and sister wanted (forsooth!) to pinch her, to prove that the physical world was real, which reminds one of Samuel Johnson's characteristic reply to Bishop Berkeley's idealistic philosophy, a reply which has been the laughing-stock of metaphysicians ever since. The regrettable thing is that her early philosophising may thus be squashed, but I do not think it is very likely to be so, as she was born when the Sun was in the middle of the sign Sagittarius, and, consequently, is an almost too "unsquashable" little person. Perhaps she will some day give *THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW* the benefit of her views on the astral world, and on things in general.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

VERBUM Dei est Christus qui non solum sonis sed etiam factis loquitur hominibus. God's Word is Christ, who speaks to men by deeds not words

AUGUSTINE.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. XXXI., p. 542)

THE SUPER-PHYSICAL CONSCIOUSNESS

WE have already seen that irruptions from what is called the "sub-conscious" may appear in the waking Consciousness, and that these may be caused by impacts on the astral and mental vehicles of forces playing on their respective planes. We have now to consider these manifestations a little more in detail. Any sound psychological system must take these into account, and find a place for them within itself, since they are too numerous and too persistent to be ignored.

In the artificially induced trance state, wherein the brain is cut off from the normal action and reaction between itself and its environment, it becomes an instrument, however inadequate, of the super-physical Consciousness. Isolated from its physical environment, rendered incapable of responding to its accustomed stimuli from outside, cut off from its lower attachments while remaining united to its higher, it continues to answer to the impacts from above, and can do this the more effectively since none of its energies are running outwards. This is the essence of the trance state. In the forcible closure of the avenues of the senses, through which its forces pour out into the external world, these forces remain available as servants of the super-physical Consciousness. In the silence thus imposed on the physical plane, the voices of the other planes can make themselves heard.

In the hypnotic trance, a quickening of the mental faculties is observed: memory is found to embrace a far larger area, for the faint pulsings left by far-off events become audible when the stronger pulsings from the recent are temporarily stilled; people forgotten in the waking state are remembered in the trance; languages known in childhood, but since lost, reappear; trivial events re-arise. Sometimes the perceptive powers range over a

larger area ; distant occurrences are seen, vision pierces through physical barriers, far-off speech becomes audible. Fragments of other planes are also occasionally glimpsed, much mixed up with the thought-forms of waking hours. A whole literature exists on this subject, and can be studied by the investigator.

It has also been found that the results of deeper trance are not identical with those of the more superficial. As the trance deepens, higher strata of the super-physical Consciousness manifest themselves in the brain. The famous case of Léonie I., II. and III. is well-known ; and it should be observed that Léonie I. knew nothing of Léonie II. and III. ; that Léonie II. knew Léonie I. but did not know Léonie III. ; that Léonie III. knew both Léonie I. and II. That is, the higher knows the lower, while the lower does not know the higher—a most pregnant fact.

In the mesmeric trance, the higher phenomena are more easily obtained than in the hypnotic, and in this very clear statements may be had of the phenomena of the astral and even of the mental plane—where the “ subject ” is well-developed—and sometimes glimpses are gained of past lives.

When we see that the exclusion of the physical plane is the condition for these manifestations of the super-physical Consciousness, we begin to understand the rationale of the methods of Yoga, practised in the East. When the methods are physical, as in Hâtha Yoga, the ordinary hypnotic trance is most often obtained, and the subject, on reawakening, remembers nothing of his experiences. The method of the Râja Yoga, in which the Consciousness is withdrawn from the brain by intense concentration, leads the student to continuity of Consciousness on the successive planes, and he remembers his super-physical experiences on his return to the waking state. Both in the West and in the East, the same cessation of waking Consciousness is aimed at, in order to obtain traces of the super-physical Consciousness, or as the western psychologist would say, from the unconscious in man. The eastern method, however, with thousands of years of experience behind it, yields results incomparably greater in the realms of the super-physical Consciousness, and establishes, on the sure basis of reiterated experiences, the independence of Consciousness as regards its physical vehicle.

The ecstasy and the visions of saints, in all ages and in all creeds, afford another example of the irruptions from the "unconscious." In these, prolonged and absorbing prayer, or contemplation, is the means for producing the necessary brain-condition. The avenues of the senses become closed by the intensity of the inner concentration, and the same state is reached spasmodically and involuntarily which the practiser of Rāja Yoga seeks deliberately to attain. Hence we find that devotees of all faiths ascribe their visions to the favour of the Deity worshipped, and not to the fact that they have produced in themselves a passive brain-condition, which enables the super-physical Consciousness to imprint on that brain the sights and sounds of the higher worlds.

Dr. Henry James, in his *Varieties of Religious Experience*, points out that some of the most striking of these irruptions from the "unconscious" are cases of "sudden conversions," in which a sudden thought, or vision, or voice, has changed at once and completely the whole course of a man's waking life. He rightly argues that a force, sufficiently powerful to produce such effects, cannot be lightly waved aside, or contemptuously ignored, by any serious student of human Consciousness. This whole class of psychical phenomena demands careful and scientific study, and promises a rich harvest of results, as to the super-physical Consciousness, to repay the serious investigator.

As against this view, however, it is urged that these facts are observed in connection with morbid nervous states, and that the subjects are hysterical, over-excited persons, whose experiences are vitiated by their condition. In the first place, this is not always true; the eastern Rāja Yogīs are persons distinguished for their calmness and serenity, and some of the cases of conversion have been those of worldly and capable men. Let it be granted, however, that in the majority of cases the nervous condition is morbid, and the brain over-strained, what then? The normal brain is admittedly evolved to the point of responding to the vibrations of the physical world, and of transmitting these upwards, and of transmitting downwards mental and astral vibrations connected with these, from the higher vehicles. It is not yet evolved to the point of receiving without disturbance very

violent vibrations from the higher planes, nor of responding at all to the vibrations set up in the subtler vehicles by the external phenomena of their own planes. Very violent emotions of joy, pain, grief, terror, often prove too much for the normal brain, causing severe headache, hysteria, and even nervous collapse. It is therefore no wonder that the very violent emotion which causes what is called a conversion should often be accompanied by similar nervous distress. The important point is, that when the nervous upset has passed, the effect—the changed attitude towards life—remains. The nervous disturbance is due to the inadequacy of the physical brain to bear the violent and rapid vibrations dashing down upon it; the permanently changed attitude is due to the steady pressure of the super-physical Consciousness, continuously exerted. Where the super-physical Consciousness is not sufficiently developed to exert this pressure, the converted person “falls from grace” as the surge of emotion ebbs away.

In cases of visions, and like phenomena, we have already seen that they may occur when a form of trance has been produced. But without this, such phenomena may occur, in cases where the brain is in a state of tension, either from some temporary cause, or from the fact that its evolution has gone beyond the normal. Strong emotion may increase the nervous tension to the point where response to direct astral vibrations becomes possible, and thus an astral happening becomes visible or audible. The reaction from the strain will probably show itself as nervous disturbance. When the brain is more highly evolved than the ordinary brain, has become more complicated and more sensitive, astral happenings may be felt constantly, and this strain may well be somewhat greater than the nervous system is quite fitted to bear, in addition to bearing the ordinary wear and tear of modern civilisation. Hence, again, hysteria and other forms of nervous distress are likely to accompany the visions.

But these facts do not take away from the importance of the experiences, as facts in Consciousness. Rather, perhaps, do they increase their importance, as showing the way in which evolution works in the action of the environment on an organism. The

reiterated impacts of external forces stimulate the growing organism, and very often temporarily overstrain it; but the very strain forces forward its evolution. The crest of the evolutionary wave must always consist of abnormal organisms; the steady, normal, safe, average organisms follow on behind; they are most respectable, but perhaps not so interesting as the pioneers, and most certainly not so instructive as regards the future. As a matter of fact, the forces of the astral plane are constantly playing vigorously on the human brain, in order that it may develop as a fuller vehicle of Consciousness, and a sensitive brain, in the transitional state, is apt to be thereby thrown a little out of gear with the world of its past. It is probable that a good many activities to which thought is at present directed will, in the future, be carried on automatically, and will gradually sink below the threshold of the waking Consciousness, as have done various functions, once performed purposively.

As these changes go on, the subtler vibrations must inevitably show themselves in an increasing number in the most delicately equilibrated brains, those which are *not* normal, inasmuch as these—on the crest of evolution—will be those most capable of responding. Dr. Maudsley writes: "What right have we to believe Nature under any obligation to do her work by means of complete minds only? She may find an incomplete mind a more suitable instrument for a particular purpose."* And Prof. James himself remarks: "If there were such a thing as inspiration from a higher realm, it might well be that the neurotic temperament would furnish the chief condition of the requisite receptivity."†

When we once recognise that forces subtler than the physical must necessitate for their expression a more refined vehicle than the brain organised for the reception of the physical, we shall cease to be troubled or distressed when we find that the super-physical forces often find their readiest expression through brains that are more or less out of gear with the physical plane. And we shall understand that the abnormal physical symptoms accompanying their manifestations in no way derogate from the value of these energies, nor from the importance of the part they will

* Quoted in Prof. James' book, mentioned above, p. 19.

† *Ibid.*, p. 25.

play in the future of humanity. At the same time the wish must naturally arise to find out some method whereby these forces may be enabled to manifest themselves without risking the destruction of their physical instrument.

This way has been found in the East in the practice of Râja Yoga, whereby the exercise of the higher Consciousness is sought by intense concentration. This concentration, in itself, develops the brain as an instrument for the subtler forces, working on the brain-cells in the manner already described in connection with thought (November, 1902). Moreover, it slowly opens up the set of spirillæ of the atom, next in order to those now in activity, and thus adds a new organ for the higher functioning. This process is necessarily a slow one, but it is the only safe way of development; and, if its slowness be resented, it may be suggested as a reason for patience that the student is endeavouring to antedate the atomic development of the next Round, and he can hardly expect to accomplish this with rapidity. It is, however, this slowness of the Râja Yogic practices which renders them somewhat unacceptable to the hurrying West; and yet, there is no other way to secure a balanced development. The choice lies between this and the morbid nervous disturbances which accompany the irruptions of the super-physical Consciousness into an unprepared vehicle. We cannot transcend the laws of Nature; we can only try to understand, and then utilise them.

THE WORK OF THE MONAD IN BUILDING HIS VEHICLES

Let us now consider the work of the Monad in the shaping of his vehicles, when he has, as his representative—as himself on the fifth, fourth, and third planes—Âtmâ-Buddhi-Manas, with the causal body as the receptacle, the treasure-house, of the experiences of each incarnation.

At the close of each period of life, that is to say at the end of each devachanic existence, he must stimulate into renewed activity the three successive nuclei of the bodies he is to wear during his next life-period. First, he arouses the mental nucleus, and as this vibrates according to the vibratory powers, the results of past experiences, stored up therein, it acts as a magnet, drawing towards and arranging round itself appropriate matter from

the mental plane. Just as a bar of soft iron becomes a magnet when a current is sent through a wire encircling it, and as matter within its magnetic field will at once arrange itself round that magnet, so is it with the permanent mental unit. When the life-current encircles it, it becomes a magnet, and matter within the field of its forces arranges itself round it and forms a new mental body. The matter attracted will be according to the complexity of the permanent unit. Not only will finer or coarser matter be attracted, but the matter must also vary in the development of the atoms which enter into the formation of its aggregations. The molecules attracted will be composed of atoms the vibratory energies of which are identical with, or approach nearly to, those of the attracting unit. Hence, according to the stage of evolution reached by the man, will be the development of the matter of his new mental vehicle. In this way, incarnation after incarnation, a suitable mental body is built up.

Exactly the same process is repeated on the astral plane in the building of the new astral body. The astral nucleus—the astral permanent atom—is similarly vivified, and acts in a similar way.

The man is thus clothed with new mental and astral bodies which express his stage of evolution, and enable whatever powers and faculties he possesses to express themselves duly in their own worlds.

But when we come to the shaping of the body on the physical plane, a new element appears. So far as the Monad is concerned, the work is the same. He vivifies the physical nucleus—the physical permanent atom—and it acts as a magnet like its fellows. But now it is as though a man interfered with the attraction and arrangement of matter within a magnetic field; the Elemental, charged with the duty of shaping the etheric double after the model given by the Lords of Karma, steps in and takes control of the work. The materials, indeed, may be gathered together, as a workman might carry bricks for the building of a house, but the builder takes the bricks, accepts or rejects, and sets them according to the plan of the architect.

The question arises: Why this difference? Why, on reaching the physical plane, where we might expect a repetition of

the previous processes, should an alien power take the control of the building out of the hands of the owner of the house? The answer lies in the working of the law of karma. On the higher planes, the sheaths express as much of the man as is developed, and he is not there working out the results of his past relations with others. Each centre of Consciousness, on those planes, is working within its own circle; its energies are directed towards its own vehicles, and only so much of them as is finally expressed through the physical vehicle acts directly upon others. These relations with others complicate his karma on the physical plane, and the particular physical form that he wears during a particular life-period must be suitable for the working out of this complicated karma. Hence the need for the adjusting interference of the Lords of Karma. Were he at a point of evolution at which he entered into similarly direct relations with others on other planes, similar limitations of his power to shape his vehicles on those planes would appear. In the sphere of his external activities, whatever it may be, these limitations must present themselves.

Hence the shaping of the physical body is done by an authority higher than his own; he must accept the conditions of race, nation, family, circumstances, demanded by his past activities. This limiting action of karma necessitates the building of a vehicle which is but a partial expression of the working Consciousness—partial, not only because of the shutting off of power by the coarseness of the material itself, but also because of the external limitations above referred to. Much of his Consciousness, even though ready for expression on the physical plane, may thus be excluded, and only a small part of it may appear on the physical plane as “waking Consciousness.”

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

An idea, like a ghost (according to the common notion of ghosts), must be spoken to a little before it will explain itself.—DICKENS.

THE RECORD OF THE YEAR

THE Theosophical Society is before all else an international movement, and any tendency to parochialism in a section or a branch means that that section or branch is shutting itself off from sharing in the life of greater things which the privilege of belonging to our world-wise organisation offers it. We often hear of the difficulties of branches with regard to filling their lecture lists, we hear of many suggestions for furthering the "work of a lodge," for increasing its utility and adding to its experience, but we have never seen it suggested that one of the best means of making the members realise their corporate unity with the greater movement, and of developing their interest in the work of their colleagues throughout the world, is that one meeting a year should be devoted to reading and discussing our President-Founder's General Report on the doings of the past twelve months; and if in addition to this an occasional evening were given to the reports of the several sections as well, we doubt not that the time would often be more profitably employed than is now the case.

Many members do not know so much even as that there is a General Report; they have never seen a list of the branches of the Society throughout the world; they take no interest in anything but their own local branch and its activities, and often not even in that; in this section many do not so much as glance at their own sectional journal, and as for the many journals and periodicals of the movement they do not even know their covers by sight. We suggest to our venerable President that perhaps he might think out some plan for a better distribution of his yearly bird's-eye view of the movement; doubtless the General Secretaries would be only too pleased to carry out any feasible method of assuring him a wider hearing than the present limited audience who listen to his words.

What then has Colonel Olcott to tell us of special interest in his recent yearly survey, which was read at Benares last Christmas Day? The Theosophical Society completed the first twenty-seven years of its existence in November last, and among those who listened to the reports of the sections and the President's general address, there was but one opinion, namely, that the Society had not lived

in vain, and that "the wave of prosperity is still bearing our movement on its crest"; we hope that wave will never cease until it reaches the further shore of our endeavour, the universal recognition of the Wisdom of the ages and the assurance of its continued realisability in our own day.

Some three years ago our President chartered a branch at Boden in the far north of Sweden, within the Arctic Circle, this year he reports the chartering of another branch still nearer the Pole, at a mining camp called Kiruna. "Can you," he says, "members of the Society who inhabit tropical or temperate countries, figure to yourselves those Swedish miners sitting in their snow-proof huts, begrimed with the stains of toil, and gathered together about a lamp to listen . . . while, outside, Nature is hidden by the black veil of a night six months long? Did any pandit, even of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, even *dream* that this Society . . . would ever carry the golden teachings of the Sages, not only to that North Polar region, but also to Dunedin, at the southern end of New Zealand?"

The past twelve months have witnessed the formation of a new section in Italy, which has now twelve branches; the movement in that fair and famous land is full of vigour and promise. The German branches also have at last formed themselves into a section under the secretaryship of a scholar of high literary abilities and deep philosophical convictions; this section now has ten branches. The old European Section, having finished the term of its usefulness under that form of organisation, and given birth to the Scandinavian, Netherlands, French, Italian and German Sections, has now resumed its ancient title of the British Section. Our President's most immediate hope is that a South American Section will be chartered within the coming year, as there are already six branches in existence, and the new branch in Cuba is to be added to them.

In India, we read that 194 branches have been visited, 23 new branches and 3 new centres formed, 522 new members have joined; some branches have acquired land and erected buildings for themselves. "At the Sectional headquarters extensive building operations have been carried on for the Section and the Central Hindu College, which seems to have entered upon a full tide of prosperity and usefulness. Very rapidly Benares is becoming the centre of Indian religious activity on progressive lines, and, possibly, will become what it was in the past, a centre of spiritual illumination for the world"—where we suppose "the world" must be taken in a Patristic sense.

In the United States of America 11 new branches have been

added, and it is reported that the last sectional gathering "was remarkable for its number of delegates, for the far-distant points represented, and for the peculiar harmony, geniality and earnestness which pervaded all present." The American Section is slowly recovering from the effects of the Judge secession and its subsequent follies, and no praise is too great for the brave and devoted workers who have never ceased in their endeavours to rebuild from the ruins, and who are now, with the steady help of our colleague, C. W. Leadbeater, putting the finishing touches on their reconstruction. They have had far greater difficulties to contend with than any other section, and have indeed borne the burden and heat of the day.

As for the reports of the other sections, our President does not summarise them, but a glance at them will show that there is activity everywhere, and not the least important in the British Section, which is still the main centre for the production of general theosophical literature, and the sending out of helpers to other sections.

It has always been a matter of difficulty to form any precise idea of the statistics of membership in the Society; but lately an endeavour has been made at Adyar, under the supervision of Miss Weeks, to bring some order into the chaos of the records; a new register is being compiled from a careful inspection of the application forms, old address books, diaries, letter-files, etc., and a comparison of them with the old registers; so far the new register has been brought up to 1885. Colonel Olcott calculates that up to 1901 some 20,000 names have to be dealt with, and that we now increase at the rate of some 2,000 a year. But the records are very imperfect, some of the most important members of the Society cannot be traced at all in the pages, and many, like ourselves, are without any record of our original membership.

The buildings of the Society at Adyar are still growing. A new building has been added which will serve ultimately as an extension of the Adyar Library. Part of the terrace of the main building, which is over the Western Library, has been converted into an additional spacious hall, which can be used as a reception room. The Colonel's office has also been enlarged on the plan originally designed by Madame Blavatsky.

During the year 58 branch charters have been issued, bringing the total of the charters issued from the beginning of the year 1878 until the present time up to 714. Besides the additions to the sections already mentioned, the British has added 14, Australia 3, Italy 4, Sweden 1, Holland 1, France 3 branches.

With regard to the Adyar Library it is pleasant to learn that our

valuable collection of palm-leaf MSS. and Oriental printed books is growing apace, and that preparations are being made for a new classified catalogue. A number of rare and valuable works have been acquired during the past year. But above all we are glad to see that at last there are definite hopes of utilising this in some respects unique collection, for Colonel Olcott tells us: "I have begun a correspondence with Europe with a view to finding, if possible, a young and competent Sanskrit scholar who may be ultimately employed for the responsible office of Director. We have, as you know, a good prospect of realising in the near future a large sum bequeathed to us in the will of the late Mr. White, of Seattle, and other funds are coming in."

There are now 3,219 MSS. and 4,209 printed books in the Eastern Section, and 6,124 printed works in the Western Section of the Library. The head Paṇḍit, Mr. T. Krishna Shastri, writes "We can say without any fear of contradiction that our Library is [of its kind] already one of the best in the world. Our collection of Buddhist literature is one of the richest. We have already many MSS. that are not found in the 'Catalogus Catalogorum.'"

The yearly record of new literature shows the addition of some thirty works in English, some twenty original works and translations in Danish, Swedish, Spanish, French, German, Italian and Dutch, and some ten translations into the Indian vernaculars. There are also no less than thirty magazines and periodicals, most of which appear monthly, but there is one weekly and one quarterly.

Our venerable President concludes his report with the following affectionate and courageous words:

"A very pleasant incident of my twenty-seventh official year was the notice taken of my seventieth birthday, on the 2nd of August last. The letters and telegrams which came to me from all parts of the world were full of expressions of confidence and brotherly love, together with the hope that I might be spared many many years more to continue the labour of love to which I have devoted myself since the year 1875. I enjoy the too rare privilege of witnessing the complete success of the movement which I helped to inaugurate, together with that great soul, H. P. Blavatsky, and a few others; I have seen it extend itself to forty-two countries and take into its membership some twenty-five thousand men and women of many races and nearly all the great religions; I have seen them working along with me in perfect love and sympathy on the broad platform of eclectic reciprocity, each drawing out of the well of Theosophy the

pure waters of truth to quench their spiritual thirst ; I am enabled to look forward to the future of the movement from the vantage-ground of the present, with the conviction that success, full, complete and triumphant, will crown our labours, I have a deep sense of the obligation under which I have been placed by the loyal ungrudging help and sympathy given me by colleagues whose number is too great for me to specify their names without seeming to make invidious comparisons. Feeling my strength undiminished and my vitality as exuberant as it was when I first enlisted in the ranks of this altruistic army, and realising, as no one can better than myself, the unspeakable honour which it is to serve those Masters whom I know to be overlooking and helping on this movement, I leave behind me the Past, with its record of struggles and triumphs, of failures and successes, and, holding out my hands to all those who will gather around and help me, I face the Future without dismay and without the shadow of a fear or doubt."

But the power of the movement is not to be measured by the fact that twenty-five thousand men and women have come into the ranks of the Society, it is rather to be estimated by the fact of their eclectic and independent nature in that they are found scattered throughout the world among all races and creeds ; nay, of these twenty-five thousand but twenty-five hundred at best have ever been more than passive spectators, and of these twenty-five hundred not more than two hundred and fifty have really given themselves entirely to it. If then the devotion of even so few can bring it about that the thought of the great things which we love is permeating the thinking world of to-day, and often more deeply the minds of those without our organisation than of those within it, how marvellous must be the conscious knowledge of the Source from which this power is outpoured, and how joyous will be the state in which we can work entirely with this Wisdom instead of as now so often delaying its perfect ministry.

G. R. S. M.

THE wise man is but a clever infant spelling letters from a hieroglyphical prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in eternity.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

ANCIENT FOOTPRINTS OF THE WISDOM

The Temples of the Orient and their Message in the Light of Holy Scripture, Dante's Vision, and Bunyan's Allegory. By the author of "Clear Round." (London: Kegan Paul; 1902. Price 15s.)

CONCERNING this volume a reviewer in *The Christian World* writes: "This is a very remarkable book—one which should appeal with equal force to widely separated minds. The author, whose name is not on the title-page, but is well known as the Hon. Mrs. Gordon, takes the position substantially of Mr. Andrew Lang, that the ancient religions, investigated up to their source, reveal a common origin in a primitive revelation of the highest spiritual truth, from which, as their after history shows, there has been a general degeneration. Her special fields of illustration are the latest discoveries in Egyptian and Sumerian antiquity."

This is of course our own position, and accordingly when the book itself came in for review we opened it with great expectations, for the warm praises of the review above referred to culminated in the following sentences: "It should also be an excellent book for doubters, for it shows that in the acceptance of religion's main thesis we are following that safe rule of reasoning, *securus judicat orbis terrarum*. Christianity can never henceforth be studied or proclaimed as an isolated faith."

It must, however, be confessed that our expectations have not been realised by a perusal of Mrs. Gordon's book. It shows, it is true, great industry, but from the first to the last page it is little else than a string of quotations, often indeed very interesting, but the substance of which has not been digested, or any attempt made by the writer to show what she definitely intends to prove in each chapter. There is, moreover, no introduction or conclusion.

In her preface, however, Mrs. Gordon writes: "It is felt that, in face of the facts now disclosed, it should be impossible to make the unblushing mis-statement still alas! to be found in certain 'missionary'

magazines, *viz.* : that non-Christians 'pray to a God who never heard or answered a single prayer that was offered to Him.'"

If anything helps to make it clear that such a conception of God appears to the intelligent among mankind as a very fair representation of the Devil, we wish it every success. Mrs. Gordon then goes on to say :

"To the intending Missionary, therefore, these pages are affectionately inscribed with the reminder that Our Lord interpreted to His Friends, 'in *all* the Scriptures the Things concerning Himself.' He probably took from the Teachings of Egypt under the shadow of whose pyramids, as 'the Young Child,' He spent His most tender and impressionable years, as well as from the Hebrew Scriptures which, as 'the Boy Jesus,' He learned from the Doctors in His Father's House through 'hearing them and asking *them* questions,' when, 'according to the Custom,' He became 'a Son of the Law'; and also, from the wisdom of the sages of Persia and the initiates of India with whom (in accordance with a not disproved tradition) He passed the silent years of His early manhood.

"Certain it is that the writings of His most beloved Apostle (to whose authorship the Church ascribes the Fourth Gospel) are steeped in allusions to and breathe the spirit of Divine Wisdom as set forth in the Temple-lore of Egypt, Sumèr and Israel."

These are very bold statements, and though we may quite well believe that intimate connections existed *subjectively* between the teaching of the Christ and the various traditions of the ancient wisdom doctrines, the points of external contact in the person of the historic Jesus require a far more delicate treatment. For instance, the "not disproved tradition" can only refer to the notorious Notovich legend of the Pali text of an Arabic tradition said to have been verbally translated to that sensational journalist at the Himis monastery! There is not an atom of truth in this, as one of our colleagues discovered for himself on a recent visit to Himis.

But what surprises us most, or rather delights us, is that the reviewer in *The Christian World* should have spoken so highly of a book with such a Preface. That is indeed a vast step forwards, and we hope that many other Church and Chapel papers will be bold enough to stride forward into line with their liberal-minded colleague.

G. R. S. M.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, January. In "Old Diary Leaves" the Colonel continues his account of his lecturing tour with Mrs. Besant in the year 1894. This forms interesting reading, but does not lend itself to abbreviation for our purposes. Mr. Stuart concludes his paper on the "Forces of Nature, Manifest and Occult," after speaking of H. P. B.'s wonders, with these wise words: "No one is bound to accept any of the instances here referred to without personal experience and observation; but, nevertheless, upon occult hypotheses, they are just what ought to occur. Whether they may be thought of any value or of no value, credible witnesses and eminent men have staked their reputations upon their veracity; and if those witnesses have met with little else but insult and contumely in return, the future will amply justify their impartiality. As more becomes known about the obscure side of things we are now dealing with, the shams and imitations of such phenomena will all gradually be eliminated, the genuine instances will all be confirmed, and will themselves become the proof of the existence of what are yet to figure amongst the greatest powers, formerly known and manifested, but which are now only to be called the Occult Forces of Nature." W. G. John gives a thoughtful paper on the "Control of the Emotions," the main thought of which is the very useful lesson that "there is no environment of life, however easy and full of mere personal pleasure, which does not produce *some* harvest of effort in wrestling with the lower inclinations," and that we have no right to look down from our heights of Pharisaism even upon "people of fashion and pleasure" as if they were learning nothing from lives often truer to *their* ideals than our own have been to ours. The articles on "Siva, His Names and Emblems," and "Why should a Vedantin join the T.S." are concluded, and one of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago lectures on "The Gospel of Wisdom" is reproduced. The Report of the Twenty-seventh Anniversary Meeting is treated or elsewhere.

Central Hindu College Magazine, for January, comes out in much improved form, of quarto size, and with a very pretty picture of the College on its cover, in which the handsome palace which was the original groundwork is made the most of, with its pavilions, colonnade and broad stone terrace, and the new buildings judiciously disposed with the art of Longfellow's lady who "knew how much it was best to show!" The contents are also above the old average; and the magazine, on the whole, one which no College need be ashamed of.

There is an interesting account of the S. Bernard dog, illustrated by a separate plate not sewn in. The Hospice is thus explained for the Hindu benefit : " A Monastery is a house in which monks live ; and monks are Sannyâsis, men who have given up the world, and who live hard simple lives, and pray and meditate and work." Miss Edith Ward commences a series of descriptive articles upon London, also illustrated. M. S. Shama Sundara Das laments that the art workmen of India are being steadily driven to agricultural labour for want of employment. It is sorrowful enough, but we fear the lament is useless ; all over the world, as the tyrannous Teutonic " civilisation " touches an older nation, its arts, its religion, its self-respect, all that makes it a nation, are poisoned at the root. The destruction is no less complete for being unintentional, or even (as in India) against every wish and desire of the conquering race. Our London lecturer, Mr. George Dyne, puts his talent of clear exposition at the service of the College in a very lucid exposition of the Röntgen rays ; and Mrs. Lloyd's " Science Jottings " are eminently readable.

Theosophic Gleaner, December, 1902, opens with a good summary of Zoroastrianism from a new contributor, J. Bowlker, Christchurch, New Zealand. Next we have a paper by A. Fullerton, from the *Theosophist*, and (from the same source) G. Krishna Shastri's criticism on Max Müller's denial of Esotericism in the Eastern Religions ; and a curious " Open Letter to Christian Ministers, by one of them," pleading eloquently for a spiritual life ; which, however, he seems in the latter part of his letter to identify with Vegetarianism, as is the manner of the sect.

The Dawn, November, 1902. What is, to us, a very curious characteristic of the Indian mind is well illustrated by the first paper in this clever magazine, wherein Brajendra Nath Seal, M.A., Principal Victoria College, Cooch Behar, lays down in impassioned language that the secret of the resurrection of India is to be found in the worship of the late Raja Rammohun Roy. There is to be set up a Rammohun Mela, an Indian Fair, with *tableaux vivants*. Busts, statues, and portraits of the Raja are to be multiplied. A Bengali epic already commemorates him as its hero. " No future Indian artist in colours or marble, but will dedicate his talent to the historic or emblematical representation of the scenes and labours of the Raja's earthly life." Nor are relics wanting for veneration. " Many of us have had the privilege of seeing and touching the Raja's *pugree* and *upabita*. We have casts of the Raja's skull, with measurements and a phrenological chart. There are several of his personal effects

. . . human exhibits with talismanic power—charged with human magnetism." Finally, "and we Hindus, in our national way—could we not set up a new Tirtha, a new Pithasthana, a new Maha-mela in the name of our patriarch and lawgiver, the Manu or Prajapati of our Modern Manvantara?"

It would be a serious mistake to make this a matter of vulgar jest. The point is that here you have a Hindu who has passed through the complete course of English education and taken his degree—you have done all that can be done to make an Englishman of him,—and the result of the whole is simply to add a cast and a phrenological chart of his chosen god's skull to his other relics. And then our good Indian friends wonder—and our better friends of our Indian friends wonder—why the English don't take more pains to understand the workings of the Hindu mind! It cannot be; do what we will their answer can only be that of Miss Steel's Tara: "Of a truth I shall be glad to go back. The life of the *Huzaors* is not my life, their death not my death."

Siddhanta Deepika has a good paper on the story of Adam and Eve. Our Indian brother says: "God permitted them to be tempted. Nay, He willed them to taste the fruit, as a father would let a child touch lightly the candle flame. The misery and suffering that flow from our tasting of the fruit of good and evil acts is merely for our chastening and purification; and this can only be done in this existence and no other; and the whole purpose and scheme of creation becomes there evident." What improvement can the missionaries make on that?

Yathartha Bhaskaran is a Tamil magazine from Madras, which has nothing of English but the title-page.

Indian Review, December, 1902. In an interesting account of Delhi a curious misprint raises the well-known Iron Pillar from 22 to 422 feet high, so that the remark that *the* question is: How are there no signs of rust on it? becomes a decided bathos. The papers of interest to us are a very good criticism of a missionary's account of Islam by S. Khuda Bukoh and a solemn denunciation of Mr. Benjamin Kidd's fall from the orthodox materialism of Darwin and Haeckel by G. Venkata Ranga Rao, M.A., who has not found out that the world has moved since he took his degree.

East and West, January, has a valuable paper on Universities in India, by Sir William Ramsay. It is an indictment against our Universities at home also. He says: "It is difficult to get a German, a Swiss, a Russian, or an American, to realise that there is a country

where the teacher cannot be trusted to gauge the capacity—I do not say the knowledge, for that is not the function of any real University—of candidates for degrees. The question with which I have been met has always been :—‘ How is it possible for one who has not been the teacher of the student to find out *what his powers are.*’ . . . ‘ It is of indifference to us *what* a man knows, provided he is able to think, and *make use* of what he knows.’ ” And Sir William adds : “ In all our dealings of commerce we pay a price for what a thing will *do* ; not for its size or weight, but for its *energy.* ” The papers are all of more or less interest. Professor Ross is instructive, though decidedly unsympathetic, upon Persian Mysticism.

The Vâhan, February. The “ Enquirer ” has not much of general interest this month ; a series of answers by some of our best writers to the question “ Ought not an Ego awaiting reincarnation on the astral plane to be visible to the ordinary clairvoyant, and, if so, why do not all clairvoyants teach reincarnation ? ” has best claim on the ordinary reader.

In the *Bulletin Théosophique*, February, Dr. Pascal makes an eloquent appeal to the unattached members to assist the work of the Society by joining a Lodge ; an appeal which might well be addressed to our British members also.

Revue Théosophique Française, January, besides translations, contains an important answer by Dr. Pascal to questions by the Director of the *Independent Catholic Review*, as to whether Theosophists agree with him in denouncing an eternal hell and advocating the final happiness of all mankind.

Théosophie, February. The *pièce de résistance* in this little periodical is an answer from *The Vâhan* as to the value of “ Confession and Absolution.” There is also one by G. R. S. M., on Revelation.

Theosophia, for January. Our Dutch friends have apparently been too much overcome by Mme. Meuleman’s death to think of literature ; and there is nothing original in this number but a short New Year’s Editorial.

Der Vâhan, January, gives a long and appreciative notice of Mr. Leadbeater’s *Outline of Theosophy*. After the summary of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, the Editor gives a selection from old numbers of *The Vâhan*, “ finding nothing suitable to his readers in the January number ” ; then Miss Edger’s *Theosophical Christianity*, and further extracts from Mrs. Besant’s *Dharma* and Mr. Leadbeater’s *Clairvoyance*. The “ Activities ” announce a new magazine to be edited by the General Secretary, Dr. Steiner, under the familiar title *Lucifer*.

Teosofia, for January, after a brief New Year's sermonette by the Editor, gives one of Mrs. Besant's Roman Conferences entitled "Theosophy and some Problems of Modern Life." In addition to other original matter we have a few carefully selected questions and answers, which will probably add to the interest of its readers.

Sophia, January, continues Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, and her lecture *Theosophy and Imperialism*, as also one of Mr. Mead's papers on the Talmud from our own pages.

Theosophy in Australasia, December. More interesting to us than all the original matter (good though that is) is the notice in the "Outlook" of the steady decadence of the Maori people. It quotes a passage which corresponds to what I was saying a page or so back about the Indian art workers; "As old Tikitu of Ngati-Awa left me yesterday he said—Friend, I see before me the day when the Maori shall be no more. And it is because we, the Maori people of New Zealand, have lost the *mana* of our ancestors that we are disappearing so fast. There is no hope for us now, for that *mana* has gone from us for ever, and we shall pass away like the *moa*." That is it,—we bring the "blessings of civilisation," but our breath poisons the *mana*, the soul of the people, and nothing—I repeat it, nothing—can bring it back.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, January. This hitherto lively little magazine has suffered a sea-change, and now comes out in the most intense respectability as the Official Organ of the New Zealand Theosophical Society; all such frivolities as stories, poetry, and children's talk, being strictly excluded. Well, our New Zealand friends know best what they like in a magazine; but for our own part, we shall miss the relief we felt when we had worked our way down to it through the pile of issues estimable in every respect, only (as a rule) *not* lively. Taking it according to its new ideal, however, we may fairly congratulate the Editors on the result. S. Studd gives a serious study entitled "Chance or Accident"; M. Judson, "Notes on Atlantis." There is also a paper on Karma, and a short essay on the Passions signed with a Hindoo name, which has an amusing but most natural misapprehension of terms. He speaks of "Cupidity, or carnal appetite." How could a foreigner imagine that cupidity had nothing to do with Cupid?

Also received: *Theosophic Messenger*, for December, 1902; *Revista Teosofica*, November, 1902; a second *Sophia*, the neatly and prettily got up magazine of our Santiago friends; *Teosofisk Tidskrift*; *Theosofisch Maandblad*; *Light of Reason*; *Logos Magazine*; *La Nuova Parola*,

this number containing a translation of the well-known dialogue "What is Theosophy?" *Modern Astrology*, with a defence by Mrs. Leo of the Wisdom Religion; *Mind*; *Metaphysical Magazine*, containing a characteristic paper by Alex. Wilder on "Philosophic Morality"; *Dharma*; *Light*; *New York Magazine of Mysteries*; *Philistine*; *Theosophischer Wegweiser*; and the *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*.

A.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

THOSE of our readers who are not of a scientific turn of mind have doubtless been somewhat confused by the very frequent references to the latest views on the nature of

The Ultra-atomic matter which have appeared in our pages. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we append the clearest summary of the present state of affairs with which we have yet met, and again we have to thank Sir Oliver Lodge for a brilliantly lucid exposition of which even the most profane in the outermost court will be able to comprehend the far-reaching import. In a recent lecture on "Electricity and Matter," reported in *The Times* of February 6th, the President of Birmingham University, referring to the three fundamental properties of matter—gravitation, cohesion and inertia—said:

That as to the first we still remained very much in the dark; as to the second the same might have been said ten years ago, but now there were signs that its secret was being given up; while inertia we were beginning to understand. In self-inductance electricity had a property resembling inertia. Twenty-five years ago he would have called it a mechanical analogue; to-day he would say that electricity had real inertia—indeed, that there was no inertia except electrical. In other words, we were now arriving at an electrical theory of matter and explaining it in terms of electrical action, of which, in fact, we knew far more than of matter. A body charged with electricity, if at rest, presented the phenomena of electrostatics; if in motion, those of electricity and magnetism; if in acceleration or change of motion, those of light and radiation generally. Inertia existed all the time. The idea of inertia as due to a moving charge took form in 1881 in a

paper read by Professor J. J. Thomson, of Cambridge, in which he showed that a charge sphere possessed inertia by virtue of the fact of being charged. No great attention was paid to this statement at the time because of the difficulty of detecting any change of inertia due to the electric charge in the case of a sphere of appreciable size. The smaller the radius, the bigger the inertia due to the charge, but no one then thought of anything smaller than the atom. Yet in 1870 Sir William Crookes had suggested that in highly exhausted vacuum tubes, through which an electric discharge was being passed, matter existed in a "fourth state"—neither gas, liquid, nor solid. This idea was rather jeered at at the time, but it had since been shown that Crookes was perfectly right; the cathode rays did not consist of atoms propelled along the tube, but of something much smaller than atoms—ultra-atomic corpuscles that appeared to be the foundation-stones of atoms. It had also been found that, no matter what gas was contained in the tube, it was broken up into particles which were identical; this suggested the hypothesis that matter was composed of these corpuscles, or electrons, as Dr. Johnstone Stoney had called them. In the case of a liquid, the electron charge and the substance were combined and travelled together; in a gas it was as if the charges were dissociated from matter and became disembodied charges or electric ghosts. The speed with which these travelled was comparable to that of light, and hence, small as was their mass, they had a great amount of energy. That they were charged bodies was shown by the fact that they were affected by a magnet, behaving like electric currents. In what they saw going on in a vacuum tube they had the nearest approach to seeing electricity that was likely to be attained.

* * *

ALL electric phenomena seemed to depend on electrons. Conduction, for example, took place through substances in three ways, according as the substance was solid, liquid, or gas. In the last the electron played the part of a particle flying free; it might be called the bullet method. Conduction through liquids was the slow travelling of charges loaded with atoms of matter; it might be called the bird-seed method, since the electron was dropped at the electrode, as a bird dropped a seed. In metallic conduction, since the atoms could only vibrate, not move along, the electrons were handed on from one to another. This he called the fire-bucket method. Radiation again till recently was a puzzle. It consisted of waves in the ether, hence it was supposed that a vibrating atom generated waves in the ether, as a bell did sound-waves in air. But after he himself had shown the disconnection of ether and matter, it became necessary to suppose that radiation was caused not by the atom as a whole, but by the electrons it carried, and that only during the period of acceleration. The electrons might not merely be vibrating, but might be revolving round the atom; in that case this orbital motion of a charged body would act as an electric

current and be affected by a magnet. On this assumption Lorentz predicted the influence of magnetism on light which was sought by Faraday as the magnetisation of light and found by Zeeman recently. The electrons had to travel at an enormous speed round the atom, and in consequence some of them were occasionally thrown off tangentially—a process which was facilitated by ultra-violet light. Some substances emitted these particles without stimulus—e.g., uranium, polonium, and radium. The last gave very intense and penetrating rays, and appeared to give rise to a kind of electrical evaporation; the emanation included masses of matter which, as Rutherford had just shown, were moving with a speed of the same order as that of light. This property of radio-activity was found in numbers of bodies, even in the leaves of trees and in newly fallen raindrops, and soon the difficulty would be to find something that did not possess it in some degree. On the hypothesis that matter was composed of electrons, their size was known—they were about the one hundred-thousandth part of the diameter of the atom. If the electrons were magnified up to something like the size of a full stop, an atom would be a church 200ft. long, 80ft. broad, and 40ft. high. In an atom of hydrogen there were nearly 1,000 electrons; that number would occupy the church in the same way that soldiers occupied a country, they would keep everything else out. The atom was thus a scene of great activity. In the mercury atom there were 1,000,000 electrons; still, these did not fill all the space, and if the distances between them were calculated, they seemed to be about as far apart in proportion to their size as the planets in the solar system. By their force the atoms came to be impenetrable; chemical affinity also appeared to be electrical in nature, cohesion was turning out to be the same, while, as already said, there was good reason to believe that electric inertia was the only inertia in existence.

THE FUTURE

THE future—the last evangel, which has included all others. *Its Cathedral* the dome of immensity—hast thou seen it? Coped with the star-galaxies; paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean; and for altar, verily, the star-throne of the Eternal! Its litany and psalmody the noble arts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterance of all the valiant of the sons of men. Its choir-music, the ancient winds and oceans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of destiny and history, supernal ever as of old, between two great Silences:

"Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent."

CARLYLE.

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE publication of the late Mr. Frederick W. H. Myers' posthumous work, *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, which will shortly be reviewed in our pages, marks a distinct moment in the evolution of "modern science," inasmuch as it registers the capitulation of the self-constituted guardians of scientific "respectability." It is instructive to notice how the most conservative organs of public opinion, which have previously been the most inimical critics of psychic research, and have from their lofty seats of assumed authority lectured the students of this science as though they were unbalanced disturbers of the scientific peace, have at last recognised them as workers for the public good, nay, as the true imperialists of science. At last the opponents of progress have been forced to bow to the inevitable; this we suppose must be taken as a tardy sign of grace, but it is difficult to forget that the workers in this most important field of human endeavour—the science of the soul—had to labour for

so many years in the chilling atmosphere of the severest disapprobation of their so-called "scientific" critics. It is true that this great change would never have been brought about by the mere fact that the data of psychic science have always existed and exist to-day in countless multitude; the facts had to be presented to the formalists in a certain dress. Mr. Myers and his colleagues have been for years busy in this tailoring department; and their aprons have at last been accepted by the philosophers of clothes as decent garments for the nakedness of things psychic. So far, so good; ghosts and hallucinations and souls have at last been admitted into the halls of modern science, if not exactly as they are, still alive, and not merely as corpses for contemptuous dissection. In brief, modern science has at last discovered a soul; she has been a mighty long time about it, but now she has at last woke up to this (to her) astonishing fact, we hope for great things, and most of all that she has learned the useful lesson of tolerance.

* * *

THE attention which Mr. Myers' work has received at the hands of the Reviewers has also not been altogether lacking in certain elements, which appeal to the humorous side of an interested but dispassionate observer. Naturally the humour is largely unintentional; but none the less, anyone blessed with that most precious of gifts, who will take the trouble to read half a dozen of the more weighty and careful notices of the book, will find his labour well repaid. But he will glean his richest harvest from the long and lofty columns in which the *Spectator's* reviewer, from the exalted heights of his own sublime self-sufficiency, looks down upon the outcome of many years' most strenuous labour in a field wherein he himself seems to find it easier to rest content with the dicta of faith in preference to that definite and precise knowledge, however small that knowledge may at present be, which can only be obtained through hard work and rigid intellectual honesty.

One supposes that these reviews represent each some phase or trend, at least, in the general thought stream of our time. But were the judgment of history upon our present to be based upon the way in which the critics in general have handled this book, it is to be feared that the future student of the dawn of the

twentieth century would be led to form a very strange, nay almost an incoherent picture of its life and attitude to the deeper problems of man and nature. It seems, indeed, equally difficult for the materialist and for his antithesis, philosophically speaking, the modern neo-Hegelian, to assimilate the work and conclusions of an investigator like Mr. Myers. It is really hard to say which of the two finds the fact of man's having a soul which survives the body the more difficult to digest, a circumstance that might give rise to some curious Hegelian speculations upon the surface of contact between two so widely contrasted spheres of thought.

* * *

IN *The Daily Telegraph* of March 4th there is an instructive article on the very serious question : " Why Men avoid Church ? "

Among other prominent men, Dr. W. F. Cobb,
 " Why Men avoid the liberal-minded rector of St. Ethelburga's,
 Church " Bishopsgate, is cited as expressing himself on

the subject as follows :

Dr. Cobb expressed himself as not despondent with regard to winning back the adherence of men to the Church when it was more fully recognised by the clergy that the present age is one of great transition, to which, so far, there had been little sign of adaptation. The formularies of theology were outworn, and men wanted some new inspirations and fresh light upon the constantly recurring problems. As far as the average City man was concerned, he was simply a Pagan, but he had the virtues of Paganism more strongly in him than its vices, as he was keenly alive to justice, fair dealing, generosity and courage. Yet there was never so much genuine faith as at the present time, or so deep a desire for true insight, and one fact which showed this was the constant inquiry he met, or interest that he found, in Theosophy. Indifference there was, of course, but there was less of this than at one time, and the decline of church-going was rather due to the insufficiency that men found in the services, as too often offered them. A very great change had come over society generally in regard to its views on church-going, and it was no longer a matter affecting respectability or position as of yore. Children were brought up under far less rigorous discipline as to Sunday observance, which was now being generally felt in the manner in which the day was spent.

As this is evidence from an entirely outside source, it strengthens our conviction that Theosophy, and of course in Europe and America. Christian Theosophy, is the crying need of the Churches. Theosophy fears no Higher Criticism ; Theosophy

welcomes the mystic as an experiencer of things more precious than history ; Theosophy looks up to a wisdom that can combine the rigid results of historical research and the right valuation of mystic experience into a true spiritualism and a true humanism that will convince men of the Divine on the ground of knowledge and not of faith only.

* * *

ON February 15th the world was somewhat astonished to find an Emperor entering the lists to do battle for theology, in a lengthy letter on the Higher Criticism, a spectacle which had not been vouchsafed it perhaps since the far-off days of Julian. To students of Theosophy such a spectacle is of special interest, for not only have we in William II. of Germany a king who believes in his kingship, but when he enters the domain of Theologies he does so as one who views the matter from the standpoint of a ruler seeking what is the best for his people, what is the safest and wisest plan to adopt in the face of the inroads made by science on theology, of knowledge on faith. His views of policy then are of peculiar interest to us as students of human nature, and of the way of the King in things religious. As to the Emperor's private views of revelation they do not concern us, what does concern us is the view he takes of the legitimate sphere of science in religion, the limitations he would lay down. As the leader writer of *The Times* (February 23rd), however, points out, the counsel of the Emperor is not novel :

Discoveries are made by men of science or scholars. Preconceptions which had been taught as sacred are shaken or shattered. He who would adhere to the letter becomes perplexed and embarrassed. There is the struggle between intellectual honesty and reverence for things most prized ; between the convictions of the savant and scholar and the fear that he may be sapping that which is the bed-rock of the lives of many. It was a problem present to many past ages—notably to the authors of the Renaissance ; and a favourite answer was " Do not cause scandal ; keep to Latin treatises your doubts or discoveries ; do not perplex with them children and simple souls." That is the Emperor's chief injunction to Professor Delitzsch, who is recommended to confine to theological treatises matter which it is not for edification to introduce into a popular lecture or book.

The " children and simple souls " are always invoked to

relieve the pressure of "things as they are" on the "things we have grown used to," as we saw in the recent Ripon Episode. But this timorous solution of the difficulty can no longer suffice, for in this age it is not given to anyone, bishop or emperor, to set bounds to enquiry and prescribe for it its proper methods. The decision on such matters is taken out of our hands, and we are being gradually forced to face the problem openly and in fullest publicity by a wise necessity that knows when the time is full.

* * *

AND that this necessity is upon us may be seen from the reply of Professor Harnack to the Emperor in the March number of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, when it must be remembered that Harnack is not only now regarded as a "moderate" in criticism, but he is also a personal friend who is held in high honour by the Emperor and his consort. The following summary is taken from *The Times*, of February 26th :

Harnack
on the Kaiser's
Manifesto

Professor Harnack begins by reminding his readers that the Babylonian origin of many of the "myths and legends of the Old Testament" has long been recognised. He adds that in the general opinion of scholars "this fact has been recognised as fatal to the popular conception of the inspiration of the Old Testament." He complains that "Church and school, in alliance with one another, have suppressed the knowledge of these facts by banishing them from their domain." But he thinks that Church and school are not alone to blame, since "indolence and alarm met them half-way." The service rendered by Professor Delitzsch's lectures, is, according to Professor Harnack, the public proclamation of facts which have hitherto failed to reach the general ear, so that more accurate views regarding the Old Testament have now been made familiar to large classes of the people. On the other hand, Professor Harnack would emphatically reject the assertion that the Old Testament "has now become worthless."

Dealing more particularly with the Emperor's manifesto, Professor Harnack recognises that his Majesty had no intention of imposing his opinions upon others; "for he knows very well that on these delicate and sacred subjects no word of command can be issued, and he knows that theology cannot slur over these questions, which, on the contrary, must be treated in the most earnest fashion and with courage and freedom." The article continues :

"What the Imperial declaration professes to be is a personal confession of faith, and, as such, it is our duty to respect it. But it would certainly not be in accordance with the wishes of the Imperial author if our only reply

were to be silence. In the Evangelical (that is, Protestant) Church questions of ultimate and supreme importance are always up for discussion, and every generation must anew find its own answers to them. The spiritual, like other elements in our life, depends upon the bracing influence of strain, and only under these conditions is its vitality preserved. How are we to be silent when the most profound and solemn questions present themselves to us in this shape? "

Professor Harnack agrees with the Emperor in believing that religion requires to be expressed in forms, but that these forms cannot be unchangeable. He thinks that Professor Delitzsch has achieved his main object when it is acknowledged that the traditional forms in which the Old Testament has been authoritatively handed down are urgently in need of alteration.

* * *

HE then proceeds to deal with what the Emperor said regarding the revelation of religion and the Divinity of Christ. He observes:

Harnack on Revelation	"When the word 'revelation' is employed the distinction between faith and science in their bearings upon religion at once becomes manifest. Science, strictly speaking, cannot admit the conception of revelation at
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all; it regards that conception as transcendental. Conversely, faith cannot give up revelation. Nevertheless, as things have developed a *rapprochement* has taken place. The Evangelical Protestant faith nowadays recognises revelation—apart from the reverent contemplation of the universe—only in persons. The whole subordinate range of alleged revelations has been abandoned. There is no revelation through the instrumentality of things. The letter of the Emperor also takes up this position; it says that the revelations of God in mankind are persons and, above all, great men. Now inasmuch as the individuality and power of great men constitute their secret, the formula for the reconciliation of faith and knowledge is, so far as may be, established. Yet when I and others feel that these personages are revelations of God this is an act of inward experience, which science is not able to produce or to prohibit.

"But the Emperor's letter, starting from this common basis, distinguishes two kinds of revelation—one which is general, and another which is rather of a religious character. This distinction has one very strong feature, since it gives great prominence to the fact that there is no subject which for man is of graver importance than his relation to God and that everything depends upon this relation. Yet, on the other hand, the thinking mind cannot possibly acquiesce in the assumption that there are two parallel revelations, and the Emperor's letter explicitly recognises this by placing Abraham in the one as well as in the other category. There can, therefore, be no question of two (separate) revelations, for surely religion, moral power, and intellectual knowledge are most closely connected. There is, on the contrary, only one

revelation, the instruments of which doubtless differed from each other and continue to differ altogether in respect of their character and their greatness, their calling, and their mission. If Jesus Christ loses nothing of His peculiar character and His unique position when He is placed in the line of Moses, Isaiah, and the Psalmists, He likewise suffers no loss when we regard Him in the line of Socrates, of Plato, and of those others who are mentioned in the Emperor's letter. The religious contemplation of history can only, in fine, attain unity when it delivers and raises to the position of children of God mankind, whom God leads forth out of the state of nature and emancipates from error and from sin. This is without prejudice to the view that the history of God in Israel represents the specific line in ancient times.

* * *

"THE Christian community must reject every estimate of Christ which obliterates the distinction between Him and the other masters. He Himself, His disciples, and the history of the world have

Harnack on Christianity spoken in such clear terms on this point that there ought to be no room for doubt; and in His word He still speaks to us as clearly as in the days of old He

spoke to His disciples. Yet the question may and must be raised whether the rigid formula, 'The Divinity of Christ,' is the right one. He Himself did not employ it; He selected other designations; and whether it was ever adopted by any of His disciples is, to say the least, very doubtful. Nay, the early Church itself did not speak of the 'Divinity of Christ' without qualification; it always spoke of His 'Divinity and humanity.' 'Godmanhood' is, therefore, the only correct formula, even in the sense of the ancient dogma. This formula implies the almost complete restoration of the 'mystery' which, in accordance with the will of Christ Himself, was meant to be preserved in this question. Of the truth that He is the Lord and the Saviour He made no secret; and that He is so was to be experienced and realised by His disciples in His word and His works. But how His relationship to His Father arose, this He kept to Himself and has hidden it from us.

"According to my reading of history and my own feeling, even the formula 'Man and God' (Godmanhood) is not absolutely unexceptionable, for even this formula trespasses upon a mystery into which we are not allowed to look. Nevertheless, this formula may well remain, since it really does not profess to explain anything, but only protects what is extraordinary from profanation. The Pauline phrase, 'God was in Christ,' appears to me to be the last word which we can utter on this subject after having slowly and painfully emancipated ourselves from the delusion of ancient philosophers that we could penetrate the mysteries of God and the nature of humanity and history.

"'If ye love Me keep My commandments'; 'thereby shall everyone know that ye are My disciples if ye love one another'—it is more important

to meditate on these words and to live in accordance with them than to put into formulæ what is incomprehensible and venerable. And, moreover, the time will come and is already approaching when Evangelical Christians will join hands in all sincerity in confessing Jesus Christ as their Lord and in the determination to follow His words; and our Catholic brethren will then have to do likewise. The burden of a long history, full of misunderstandings and replete with formulæ which are as rigid as swords, the burden of tears and of blood weighs upon us; yet in that burden there is vouchsafed us a sacred inheritance. The burden and the inheritance seem to be inextricably linked together, but they are gradually being severed, although the final 'let there be' (*sic*) has not yet been uttered over this chaos. Straight-forwardness and courage, sincerity towards oneself, freedom and love—these are the levers which will remove the burden. In the service of this exalted mission the Emperor's letter is also enlisted."

* * *

WITH most of this we agree, but when Harnack says "the Christian community must reject every estimate of Christ which

What is
Christianity?

obliterates the distinction between Him and the other masters," we recognise the wall of separation, the something that isolates, in

brief, Christianity and not the Wisdom of the Christ. It is a rejection of the true worship of Christship in humanity, of masterhood as masterhood; it is natural enough, but it is just here where we part company with Harnack; as he parts company with the views of the "ecclesiastical layman," his sovereign, at a certain point of exclusiveness, so do we part company with the view of the great historian and theologian of Christianity when he refuses to admit the study of other religions as being on an equality with his own. It is the best for him, it needs must naturally be the best for all Christians; but to assert that it is absolutely the best *in traditional historical terms*, instead of proclaiming that the Christ-wisdom, as set forth in many forms by the Christ of humanity, is the life and light of men, and that, too, in terms such as all men who are seeking the Self within can accept without feeling disloyalty to their own beloved teachers, is, in our opinion, a falling short of already realised possibilities.

A MODERN MYSTIC: GEORGE MACDONALD

IN spite of its mystical character Plato's method is rationalistic in the extreme sense of the term. There is no contradiction between the terms mystical and rationalistic. Rationalism and mysticism are extremes that meet. In fact, idealistic rationalism, and the deductive method peculiar to it, invariably pre-suppose as their starting-point the immediate and *à priori* perception of an absolute Principle, a perception which we call mystical, precisely because it is immediate and unanalysable. Platonic idealism, like its offshoots the systems of Plotinus, Spinoza, and Schelling, begins with a mystical act, and culminates in a religion. . . . God who *has* absolute Truth, because He *is* absolute Truth, and the uncultured man, who does not even suspect its existence, do not search for truth; the love of truth is peculiar to the man who is filled with light from on high.—WEBER, *History of Philosophy*.

IF there is anything in religion at all it must rest on an actual individual communication between God and the creature He has made.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

“HE that hath ears to hear let him hear!”

This well-nigh despairing exclamation rings through the teachings of the Masters everywhere; in Judæa, in India, and wherever else one Messenger whose heart and voice were thrilling with the carrying of Divine Truth, walked among a people slow to understand, quick to misjudge, keenly responsive to low ideals, aims and motives, indifferent to, or contemptuous of, all that was lofty, pure, and disinterested, deaf indeed to all but the coarsest vibrations of their age.

How his isolation amongst the world of men weighed on the sensitive, loving spirit of the Master of Nazareth may be clearly discerned in the lines of the Gospel stories. When everywhere, alike among friends and foes, his words fell upon ears incapable of perceiving anything but the most material signification, he was goaded at last to an almost bitter energy of expression in warning his followers against casting their pearls before swine.

“And he raised his voice and cried, ‘He that hath ears to hear let him hear.’”

The deacons of a certain Congregational Church in London, who, in the year of grace 1853, requested the resignation of their young pastor, in order that his place might be supplied by one more orthodox in the letter of their creed, manifested thereby the fact that, so far as spiritual things were concerned, they having ears heard not. Incidentally they also helped to demonstrate a truth which Dr. Macdonald himself expressed in later years in a simple phrase of singular beauty: “All doors open out, but when you go out you go in”;* for going out of the ministry of the Congregational Church, he went in to minister to the world.

We cannot doubt that, even in those early days, this true disciple lived near enough to the heart of the Master whom he idolised, to accept this crisis in his life—which might have seemed, and no doubt did seem to many, an evidence of complete failure in his life-work—in the spirit of the absolutely free man, the man whom the Truth has made free, for it is written of him that “the mystical silence of the Divine Life dwelt with him from the first;” and in one of his books, which appears to hold most of his own personality, this is the summary which he gives of the teachings of Jesus: “First, that a man’s business is to do the will of God. Second, that God takes upon himself the care of every man. Third, therefore, that a man must never be afraid of anything. And so—Fourth, be left free to love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself.”†

Dr. Macdonald has written many books since *Within and Without* was published in 1856. Usually they are the stories of people in very humble walks of life, in what would be considered as ignoble, and even desperate circumstances. “We owe to Genius,” says Emerson, “always the same debt, of lifting the Curtain from the common, and showing us that Divinities are sitting disguised in the seeming of gypsies and pedlars”—and, indeed, of stonemasons, fishermen, poverty-stricken Scotch lairds, and cobblers, as truly to be called “God-intoxicated” as Spinoza, or as the Saxon cobbler and mystic, Jakob Boehme. Whilst recognising the signification of the affirmation that “everywhere

* *Lilith*.

† *Robert Falconer*.

hath He hands and feet," yet it is plain that Donal Grant voices the feeling of his Creator when he confesses that "he never loved Wisdom so much as when she appeared in her peasant garb."

Far indeed, far as Goethe, is Dr. Macdonald from believing that it is of little consequence by what door we come into life; but the door which he honours, and entrance by which he deems a happy beginning for earth experience, is not the door revered by the mass of men, the door identified with the results of industrial success, or dignified by a name called "great" because its owners in times past have climbed the social tree over the bones of fellow men. In the world of *this* thought, as in that of the Kingdom of Heaven, the first is made last and the last becomes first. Janet Grant, the old cotter's wife, passing her eventless days in the bosom of the hills, with her Bible and porridge pot, is pictured as the true aristocrat, "the best and noblest," instead of giddy, shallow Lady Florimel, the daughter of the Marquis, or of graceful Christina Palmer, the thoughtless society girl. With Tennyson Macdonald would surely say:

Ploughmen, shepherds have I found, and more than once, and still could find,
Sons of God, and kings of men, in utter nobleness of mind.

It is on his native Scotch heath (he was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire) that Dr. Macdonald seems to find his greatest inspiration, and happiest expression. About most of his English stories there hang a certain stiffness and awkwardness that tend to repel; the artist is dealing in an unsympathetic material, and the *naïveté* and childlikeness of the plots and *dénouements* seem to display themselves in a manner that almost offends amidst the stolidity and practical triviality of the conventional Anglo-Saxon. The innate mysticism of the Kelt, the wild love for, and companionship with, Nature, the high poetic strain of thought, which rebels against being tied down to rules of rhythm and metre, these, which are his birthright, mixed with a great simplicity, and a passionate repulsion from all things in the least degree base, unclean or untrue, these—measured not in the least by conventional standards, but always by the laws of the Kingdom—are the qualities that most distinguish the writings of George Macdonald.

In picturing baseness he draws the lines with a touch free from the faintest suggestion of politic hesitation or compromise, and he is quite merciless to all kinds of pretence, to self-interested virtue, and the kind of goodness which is merely a tribute to respectability, and not the spontaneous aspiration of the heart towards the loveliness of the Christ ideal. Nor, in spite of his gentleness, is he at all without the power of a righteous indignation, he offers no "mush of concession" to the god of small things. Realising as he does the wonderful opportunities, the glory of the service, set before the pastor of souls, he has much ado to control his amazed indignation alike at the coldness of a commercial clergy, and the lifelessness of churches whose one vigorous idea is the clinging to fossilised forms. A strong light is cast on the history of priesthood in all ages by a casual observation in a book which tells the story of a clergyman of the English Church.

"Nothing," he observes, "is so deadening to the Divine as an habitual dealing with the *outsides* of holy things."*

"It is plain," he says elsewhere, "that whatever may have been the case once, nowadays the imposition of hands confers neither love nor common sense."†

Several of his books contain strong pictures of the mental effect and results of churchgoing of the ordinary kind, whether the church be one belonging to the establishment of England or of Scotland, or to some one of the Independent bodies.

Religion in its true meaning, the relation of the soul with God, is so much—is everything—to this writer, while its conventional expressions and rigid forms are so little, that he is perplexed to understand how "anyone who has been educated in Christianity, yet has not become the disciple of Jesus Christ, avoids becoming an atheist."‡

Stones offered in the place of bread could never either satisfy or deceive so sensitive a spiritual nature, and in more than one of his books we find pictured the sufferings of a religious soul bidden by the voice of authority to worship that lower than itself, that "God," who is the product of a fevered imagination energised by fear; so that, "the more the devout nature longed

* *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 487. † *Robert Falconer*, p. 206. ‡ *Paul Faber*, p. 216.

to worship the more she felt it impossible to worship that which was presented for her love and adoration."*

In the same book he is moved to express himself as follows :
 "I suspect that worse dishonesty, and greater injustice, are to be found amongst the champions, lay and cleric, of religious opinions than in any other class. If God were such an one as many of those who would fancy themselves His apostles the world would be but a huge hell."†

One of these self-chosen apostles is thus described in words which must surely have awakened familiar recollections in the heart of many a reader, for, "in religion he regarded everything not only as settled, but as understood : he seemed aware of no call in relation to truth, but to bark at anyone who showed the least anxiety to discover it."‡

"When one thinks," he writes, "of the appalling amount of rage exhausted by poor humans upon wrong, the energy of indignation, whether issued or suppressed, and how little it has done to right wrong, to draw acknowledgment or amends from self-satisfied insolence, he naturally asks what becomes of so much vital force. Can it fare differently from other forces and be lost ? The energy of evil is turned into the mill-race of good, but the wrath of man, even his righteous wrath, worketh not the righteousness of God. What becomes of it ? If it be not lost, and have but changed its form, in what shape shall we look for it ?"§

In this place the question remains unanswered, but elsewhere we find the energy of indignation in the face of hypocrisy and wrong quite naturally transmuted into the spirit of prayer :
 "Lord Christ, not alone from the pains of hell and of conscience, not alone from the outer darkness of self, and of all that is mean and poor and low, do we fly to Thee, but from the anger that arises in us at the wretched words spoken in Thy name, at the degradation of Thee and Thine, in the mouths of those who claim especially to have found Thee, do we seek Thy feet. Pray Thou for them also, for they know not what they do."||

To Dr. Macdonald, as to the loveliest of his brain children,

* *Paul Faber*, p. 171.

† *Ibid.*, p. 146.

‡ *Sir Gibbie*, p. 106.

§ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 433.

|| *Robert Falconer*, p. 107.

little Sir Gibbie, "there is no being in the sky so righteous as to be more displeased than pitiful over the wrongness of the children whom he has not yet taught their childhood."*

It is often observed even by those who carry most diligently in their hearts the ideal of human brotherhood, how much easier it is to love humanity than people, particularly persons. There is the touch of nature in this mention of a preacher who "dwelt particularly on the love of the brethren. Though how some of them were to be loved except with the love of compassionate indignation, even his most rapt listener could not have supposed himself capable of explaining."†

In general Dr. Macdonald's criticisms of the Church north of the Tweed are in a lighter vein than those quoted, yet never less sincere or to the point, even when barbed with humour. So in one of his earlier works he mentions a sermon which "happened to have no relation to the light around or within them, but only to the covenant made with Abraham, such a legal document constituting the only reliable protection against the character, inclinations, and duties of the Almighty, whose uncovenanted mercies are of a very doubtful nature."‡

"The crater was preachin' to his ain shadow," remarks Tammis, the austere, godly, sorely-tempted stone-mason, to Alec, among the whin bushes, when the kirk was out.

"If there be a God," says one of his characters frankly, "do you think he would choose any strait sect under the sun to be His interpreters?"§

And again, "Son of man, the word of God liveth and abideth for ever, not in the volume of the book, but in the heart of the man that in love obeyeth Him."||

This may sound to some trite, but let us hear our author's own definition of a truism, and then question whether to our individual consciousness this truism is yet the "strength and loveliness" it might be. A truism Dr. Macdonald defines as "a truth that ought to have been buried long ago in the lives of men, to send up for ever the corn of true deeds, and the wine of loving-kindness, but which, instead of being buried in friendly soil, is

* *Sir Gibbie*, p. 76.

† *Alec Forbes*, p. 378.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 162.

§ *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 476.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 257.

allowed to lie about, kicked hither and thither in the dry empty garret of their brains, till they are sick of the sight and sound of it, and, to be rid of the thought of it, declare it to be no living truth, but only a lifeless truism. Yet in their brains that truism must rattle until they shift it to its rightful quarters in their hearts, where it will rattle no longer, but take root and be a strength and loveliness.”*

What the real Church is is shown in a few words in the book from which these last quotations are taken, where the building in which the curate ministers is described as “rising from the churchyard like a rock from the Dead Sea, a type of the true Church, around whose walls lie the dead bodies of the old selves left behind by those who enter.”†

But though Dr. Macdonald sees with wide-open eyes the falsity ingrained in the easy optimism of the indolently untrue; sees that “the mind of the many is not the mind of God,” recognises with anguish which only faith prevents from being despair, the great gulf between the Christ in us, “God’s idea of us when He devised us,” and the “false greedy whining self, of which most of us are so fond and proud,” yet he has the most unbounded charity and hope for the sinner; no Jeremiads are his, no Carlylean invectives for any culprit, no hopeless word, save perhaps for those who reached also the limit of the forbearance of his Master, for the deliberate, wilful hypocrites. Deeply as he abhors the crime of drunkenness, and unshrinkingly as he pictures its effects, he yet has a divine pity for the drunkard, and believes that he must still be easier to save, though far degraded and almost dehumanised, than the man whose position, business, money, social aims, engross all of himself, whose hands, heart and head are alike given up to self-idolatry.

“The Spirit of God,” he says, “lies all about the spirit of man like a mighty sea, ready to rush in at the smallest chinks in the walls that shut him out from his own.”‡

“Ambition is but the evil spirit of aspiration, and no man ever followed the truth which is the one path of aspiration, and in the end complained that he had been made this way or that. Man is made to be that which he is most capable of desiring, but it

* *Ibid.*, p. 257. † *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 349. ‡ *Robert Falconer*, p. 209.

goes without saying that he must desire the thing itself, and not its shadow."*

And speaking of the ideal he says: "Whether it may be reached in this world is a matter of *no* consequence; whether a man has begun to reach out after it is a matter of the utmost awfulness of import."

"To the true heart every doubt is a door," for, "to throw away what is not true because it is not true will always help the heart to be truer."†

And the same assertion, with its qualification, is illustrated elsewhere as follows: "There are some who would blame him for not being sure, and bring text after text to prove that he ought to have been sure. But, oh, those text-people! They look to me, not like the clay sparrows that Jesus let fly, but like bird-skins in a glass case stuffed with texts. The doubt of a man like my uncle must be a better thing than their assurance."‡

"Right is the deepest satisfaction of every creature," he says in the same book.

And of repentance, that much misunderstood quality, of which so much that is unprofitable and unwise is spoken, he has this beautiful thing to say: "The true idea of repentance is the shining of light in the heart—the conscious light of life—despite even of shame and self-reproach."§

And again: "How little the Father whose judgment is the truth of things cares what any one of His children may at any time have been or done the moment that child gives himself up to be made what He would have him to be."||

And so: "At the root of all true human bliss lies repentance."¶

But that this does not mean that a repentant and forgiven man escapes the results of his sins on the material plane, according to the vulgar interpretation of the word forgiveness, is abundantly clear, not only through the personal teaching of the books, but also in the lives and fates of their characters. "No man can order his life, for it comes flowing over him from behind," is said in one place.

* *Sir Gibbie*, p. 139. † *The Vicar's Daughter*. ‡ *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 234.
§ *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 299. || *Salted with Fire*, p. 160. ¶ *Thomas Wingfold*.

"Ye dinna surely think," asks Janet Grant, "that the Lord's forgiveness is to let folks off without repentin'? That would be a strange fawvor to grant them. He will not hurt more than He can help, but the grue maun come before the grace."*

And where is better expressed the idea of kârmic ties than in this passage: "The relations on the surface of life are but the symbols of far deeper ties which may exist without the corresponding external ones."† And so, "Love unpaid is the worst possible debt, and to make it impossible to pay it is the worst of wrongs."‡ "What we can neither prove nor comprehend forms the infinitely larger part of our being."§ This thought comes home with singular force to the Theosophist.

And because these things are so it comes that: "We must be constantly giving ourselves away, we must dwell in houses of infinite dependence, or sit alone in the waste of a godless universe."||

A popular misconception of some of the most often quoted and familiar, as they are some of the most majestic words, connected with the laying-off of the physical body, is corrected as follows. Speaking of "the idea that the living man is the seed sown, and that when the body of this seed dies then the new body with the new man in it springs alive out of the old one—that the death of the one is the birth of the other," our mystic writes: "Far more enlightened people than Duncan never imagine, and would find it hard to believe, that the sowing of the seed spoken of might mean something else than the burying of the body; not perceiving what is surely plain enough, that that would be the sowing of a seed already dead, and incapable of giving birth to anything whatever."¶

When godly dogmatic Tammas Haggart and George McWha, who is considered to take life with unbecoming lightness, fall into an argument concerning the practicability of the complete resurrection of a one-legged individual, the following suggestive conversation takes place: "'George! George!' said Tammas, with great solemnity, 'luik ye efter yer sowl, an' the Lord'll luik efter yer body, legs an' a'. Man, ye're no' convertit,

* *Sir Gibbie*, p. 185. † *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 43. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 240.
§ *Wilfrid Cumbermede*, p. 57. || *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 239. ¶ *Malcolm*, p. 184.

an' hoo can ye unnerstan' the things o' the speerit? Aye jeerin' an' jeerin'.' 'Weel, weel, Tammas,' rejoined McWha, 'I wad only tak the leeberty of thinkin' that, when He was aboot it, the Almichty micht as weel mak a new body a' the hither, as gang patchin' up an auld ane'."*

Elsewhere of death he says: "On either side we behold a birth, of which, as of the moon, we see but half. We are outside the one, waiting for a life from the unknown: we are inside the other, watching the departure of a spirit from the womb of the world into the unknown. . . . The couch of the dying as we call them may be surrounded by the birth-watchers of the other world, waiting like anxious servants to open the door to which this world is but the wind-blown porch."

This recalls a passage in the Bṛihad Âranyaka Upaniṣhad, the Drama of the Mysteries, where it is said of the embodied soul that: "When he falls into weakness, whether it be through old age or sickness, then like as a mango, or the fruit of the wave-leaved fig, or of the holy fig-tree, is loosened from its stem, so the spirit of man is loosed from these bodily members, and returns again by the same pathway to its former dwelling-place in the Life. Then, like as when the King is coming forth, the nobles, the officers, charioteers, and magistrates, make ready to serve him with food and drink and shelter, saying: The King is coming forth, the King is at hand; so all the powers make ready to wait on the Soul, saying: The Soul is coming forth, the Soul is at hand. And like as when the King will go forth, the nobles, officers, charioteers, and magistrates gather about him; so verily at the time of the end all the life-powers gather round the Soul, when it has gone so far that a man is giving up the ghost."†

"What better way," muses Ian Macruadh, "is there of going out of the world than by the door of help? No man cares much about what the people of the world call life. What is it whether we live in this room or another. The same who sends us here sends for us out of here. . . . I know many men who would no more cleave to this life than a butterfly would fold his wings, and creep into his deserted chrysalis case. I do care to live—

* *Alg. Forbes.*

† Charles Johnston's Translation.

tremendously, but I don't mind where. He who made this room worth living in may be trusted with the next."*

The next thought follows naturally: "How little are we our own! Existence is decreed us; love and suffering are appointed us. We may resist, we may modify; but we cannot help loving, and we cannot help dying. We need God to keep us from hating. Great in goodness, yea, absolutely good God must be, to have a right to make us—to compel our existence, and decree its laws."†

KATHERINE WELLER.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A MYSTERY

THE old man was strangely wearied. He saw the door close behind his last pupil with a sigh of relief that afternoon. Even the piano had no more attraction for him. The sheets of his beloved oratorio lay in the walnut desk at his elbow. He left them there. The apathy and listlessness that lay upon him could not be overcome even by the music of his own creation.

"Why are you sitting in the dark, and all alone, grandfather?" said a cheerful voice.

Nettice, his pretty grand-daughter, stood at his side, arousing him from his deep reverie. Nettice was rather surprised. It was so unlike old Mr. Fortescue to let any precious moments pass which he could make available for his great musical work. Yet the piano had been silent ever since the exercises and scale-playing of little Eddie Green had ceased.

"I am rather tired now, child," the old man answered. "I shall be able to work a little after tea, I think."

"Tea is ready now," said Nettice. "I came to fetch you. We have some new honey, grand-dad, your favourite kind."

But even honey did not tempt Mr. Fortescue that day. The dainty tea spread out on snowy napery did not give him his

* *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 316.

† *Ibid.*, p. 366.

usual pleasure. He enjoyed nothing, though, heroically, he tried to do justice to Nettice's delicacies.

He went, later, to sit by his ailing wife. Mrs. Fortescue had been an invalid for many years, ever since she had fallen downstairs in the early years of her married life. Her spine was injured, and she had to lie down always. This had fretted her nerves greatly and made her somewhat captious at times. Through all the long years of her semi-captivity, however, she had been cheered and encouraged by the unfailing fund of spirits in her husband. To-night she felt instinctively that, at last, the patient spirit had given way; the seemingly exhaustless fund of cheerfulness had failed; the old man's listlessness frightened her.

"Something has happened, James," she said. "What is it? You are not at all yourself."

"Nothing has happened, Jennie dear," he answered gently, aroused by her anxious tone. "I am simply a little tired, that is all. And discouraged too," he added, after a slight struggle to keep the dreary words back.

"But you needn't be," she cried, gaining energy curiously as he lost it. "Why, James, you received five pounds only yesterday for those two songs, and you have earned nearly sixty pounds this year by your compositions."

"What is that?" he said gloomily. "After devoting a whole life-time to the work, my beloved work, it would be strange indeed if I could not earn a few pounds by my labour."

"You are likely to earn more than a few pounds, dear, when the oratorio comes out," said the old lady, brightly. "Come, James, you are not yourself at all to-night. I thought something was wrong with you when you did not begin upon the oratorio directly that tiresome boy had gone. Nettice told me you were so tired when she brought me my cup of tea. She said you wanted cheering up. That is so strange, is it not, James, when you are the cheerful spirit in this house?"

Mr. Fortescue laughed and, with an effort, regained a semblance of his old spirit.

"I am a grumpy old thing," he said. "A bit out of sorts, Jen, probably a little out of order as regards digestion. But, seriously, I don't think I shall touch the oratorio to-night. I

seem to have come to a full stop somehow. Ideas won't flow when I reach a certain point, and then my enthusiasm oozes away strangely. I have a presentiment that I shall never finish it."

"Oh! nonsense," said his wife briskly. "You've never talked like this before, James. Oh! for my sake, try and finish it. You know the famous holiday on the continent you used to promise me. I was to have a couple of nurses, you know, to take care of me. Don't you remember, James?"

She was white-haired and old, but her heart was still young. Colour flushed into her withered cheeks and her eyes grew bright with shining hope as she uttered her child-like speech. The old man's voice was husky as he bent and kissed her.

"I remember it all," he said. "We were both young when we planned it all at first, and we would not modify our great schemes even after you met with your accident. But, Jennie, you are more than three-score years old now, and I am nearly four-score. We have lived our allotted time, my dear, and our call hence cannot be long delayed."

His wife was now thoroughly alarmed. The brightness of her eyes faded as their shining was dimmed with the gathering tears. Her voice trembled when she spoke again.

"I suppose you are right," she said. But a choking disappointment thickened her tones. "Oh! James, I have been a burden on you. I have handicapped you all our married life. You had talent and genius, but our poverty cursed you. Doctors took all our substance, and to eke out a respectable living you had to teach the elements of the art that you had conquered in all its higher branches."

"Instead of a burden, you have been my solace, Jen," he said. "I won't have you speak like this. At the beginning I laboured at my art for you. Was it your fault that I caught the cold which spoilt my voice, so that my hopes of being a great singer failed? Of course not. And if I had to work at music teaching for the support of my family, who ought to have done it, pray, if not I?"

"You did it bravely," she said. "All our children are well placed in life in their own trades. All are comfortably married

and their children are growing up around them. It is your own pride, James, that will not let them combine to help you to publish your works. Of all they would do for you, you would accept nothing but the loan of little Nettice to live with us and look after me."

The independent old man smiled. His listlessness departed as a glow of pride shone in his eyes.

"If I have genius, it must out some day," he said. "If not, then it is just and right that I should fail. My compositions used to be my pride, but they have brought me little more than daily bread hitherto. For that, nevertheless, we should be thankful. I trust we are."

"Daily bread is not fame and wealth," objected his wife. "Oh! James, go and play your oratorio, I want to hear it. It will cheer you up and cheer me too. Nettice is going to her mother this evening. The baby is expected every day. I wonder whether it will come to-night?"

"I wonder whether it will," said Mr. Fortescue, as he went out to fetch the sheets of his beloved composition. In his wife's room was a second piano, the gift of Nettice's father. On this the oratorio had been mainly composed. The silver-haired old lady loved nothing better than to see her husband busy over his beloved work, the labour of his leisure, and the hope of his life.

It was a long drama, the theme of which was weird and wonderful. The old man was never satisfied with the composition, lovely as it seemed. He was for ever altering, changing, readjusting parts of it; always re-writing and improving. To Nettice and her grandmother no improvements seemed possible in the lovely renderings he gave. But to Mr. Fortescue's ear something was always imperfect, something was continually unfinished.

He brought it up and was soon wrapt in his performance. His wife listened, entranced as usual and satisfied. She knew much of it by heart. To her it was a marvel that James, with his exquisite skill, had succeeded so badly in life. He sold his worst songs for fair sums at times, but his best compositions never went off. His desk was full of most lovely things that had been offered again and again to music publishers and rejected

until their author was sick of seeing them back on his hands. He could have succeeded far more, he knew and his wife knew, could he but have degraded his loved art so far as to write trash. But this he could not do.

Meanwhile he obtained his living by means of teaching. He had a fair *clientèle*, and, years ago, had schooled himself to be content with what the fates had vouchsafed.

And very grudging had the donations of fate to James Fortescue been. A bitter smile would curl his lips when he reflected on what *was*, and what he hoped might have been.

At the selfsame place, where, of late, he had stopped, he ceased his playing that night.

"It is strange, Jen, very strange," he said, "that I have no inspiration beyond this point. My brain seems blank and barren. It will yield no more ideas. Oh! for a new, fresh brain! Oh! for the vim, the vitality, the energy I had once. The experiences of life are with me. I have the ripeness that the fulness of time has given. With these I can imbue my creations, but with the needed freshness I cannot, Ah! wife, that it were possible to renew our youth! I have spent mine and all the strength of manhood in perfecting my music, and now that I am old and must leave it, I find I am but at the threshold of its marvels. That is why I have not succeeded better. I had but the body of music, its outward form, and not its spirit."

"I am sure you had its spirit, too," said the wife with energy. "Now you are tired. That is why you speak so strangely. Perhaps, who knows? in the next world it may be given you to perfect your music so as even to satisfy yourself."

In the old man's ears her words sounded like a subtle prophecy, glowing with hope, ringing with triumph. Yet she had spoken but quietly. He sprang up with a glad cry.

"You have given me the lacking idea," he cried. "Now I can finish my oratorio. I had come to the part where hope failed Dagmar, now I shall restore his hope to him. Inspiration is with me again, Jen, and you have given it me, dearie."

"I am so glad," she breathed. Then he went from the room to break the rough ground of his new idea upon the other piano. She knew that, as soon as he had given the idea fair

shape, he would return and play the bars over to her, altering and changing portions as fresh things suggested themselves. She listened to the wild, glad notes that sounded for some time in the room below, and she was glad that her chance words had so inspired the old musician. Hope, triumph, conquest after valiant strife, spoke in his music, then he was suddenly silent.

"He is writing it down," she thought with a placid smile. "I wish he would come up and cheer me, though. I am getting dreary without Nettice and without him. I should like to hear those last few bars again."

She fell to humming soft strains from the score, which she almost knew by heart. She was certain, as all James' children were, that the oratorio would be an enormous musical success. But there was also a doubt. Nettice's father was a man of the world, and he half fancied that old Mr. Fortescue was in advance of his time. He had not heard all the oratorio himself, but its theme seemed to him to be as yet above the heads of all but a select few of the people. This would not spell great success.

"I wish Nettice would come," said the old lady again, almost an hour later. "I wonder how her mother is, and whether the new baby is born yet. I hope it will be a boy. Nettice would be so pleased to have a little brother. I shall ask them to call him James if they have a boy. Five girls and no boys would be too bad. If a boy comes this time, how fussy his four sisters will be!"

She grew restless. It was so unusual for her to be left alone like this. Their funds did not permit of maids. Nettice was aided by a charwoman in the mornings. Then, for the rest of the day, she and her grandfather tended the invalid grandmother. Now, nobody was with her. It was strange James did not come. Nettice's absence was to be accounted for.

Ah! a step at last, Nettice's foot. The girl entered briskly. "Grannie, are you quite alone?" she said, kneeling down by the couch. "I have such good news. All has gone well. You have another grandson, and I have a little brother."

"I am so glad," uttered the invalid. "Find your grandfather, Nettice, and tell him. He has been in the music room such a long time, now. I cannot understand it. I have not

heard a sound from him since eight o'clock, when there was a really terrifying crash of discords as if he had struck his hand upon the keys."

"Eight o'clock!" said Nettice. "That was the exact minute that baby was born. And have you been alone all this while?" she said, glancing at the clock, which showed half-past nine.

She sped downstairs. The exultation which had filled her heart over the birth of her little brother suddenly faded from her queerly. A presentiment as of something weird and strange hanging over her, crept into her heart, chilling her curiously. At the door she stopped with a feeling of awe as if she were in the presence of something terrible. She felt as though she were in church or by a tomb. Impatiently, she tried to shake off the oppression that held her as she opened the door.

The room was brightly lighted and her grandfather was there. But he had fallen asleep. His head lay upon his arm, which was stretched out over his beloved piano-keys.

"Grandfather!" began Nettice, stepping forward. But she stopped with a cry. The old man neither moved, nor spoke, nor heard her. A glance showed Nettice what had happened. Mr. Fortescue was dead. At the moment his wife had heard the crash which had blended into an unearthly cry of triumph in her strained ears, his soul had passed from its fleshly temple. And this, too, at the exact moment that another little soul had arrived to take up its dwelling in an earthly tabernacle—a body fashioned of his own race. He would never see his grandson—the baby so anxiously expected.

How Nettice broke the news to her grandmother she did not know. It was done somehow, and the terrible time of the next few days lived through. At the inquest, heart-failure was certified to be the cause of death, and the old man's strange presentiments were commented upon.

He would not finish his beloved oratorio after all. His widow, certain she could not long survive her sorrow, grew resigned in the comforting thought that she should soon join him. She took the unfinished oratorio and sealed it up.

"I will keep it always," she said. "It shall never be given to the world now. When I am dead and you are burying me

in James' grave, this oratorio must be buried with us. And all his other music ! He was too good for this world. How he used to long once for success and fame ! I hope his heart's desire will be given him in heaven."

"I hope so, too," said Nettice, who, with her grandmother, had gone home. The old home was broken up after the death of the grandfather. What Mrs. Fortescue wished to keep she kept ; the rest was sold. She went to live with her son, Nettice's father. He was a draper. His father had, out of his slender resources, set him up in a modest business, and every year now that business was increasing. It was not art, it was a sordid sort of profession, his mother thought with a touch of scorn. But it was solid. It spelt money, comfort, prosperity. Gradually her exaggerated ideas took better proportions. The baby, too, became her one delight.

They called him James at her desire. She had him always with her as he grew. She could not bear the baby away from her.

"He has a trick of his grandfather's eyes," she declared. "His eyes are like his grandfather's in colour and in expression. His smile is like his grandfather's, too."

In fact, she was always finding likenesses in the baby to her dead husband. The others could not see the similarities so often as she could, but they always humoured her fancies.

For months after the grandmother came to live with them music was a thing unheard of in the Fortescue's house. The sound of a piano awoke all her memories and sent the silver-haired invalid into tremors of grief, from which she did not easily recover. Little James was two years old before he heard the sound of music.

Nettice was playing softly one day, at her grandmother's own request. The old lady had taken a sudden fancy to hear some of her husband's songs. And the little boy sitting with her, lifted his head with a start and listened intently to his sister's playing. His intentness was so marked that all laughed at him. He had the exact air of one suddenly recalling a lost memory.

"More, more, pitty, pitty," he said, tugging at Nettice's skirt when she ceased. He displayed extraordinary eagerness. His fingers touched the keys as if they knew them well. He

actually, whether by accident or not, played a chord correctly in the key of D.

"He is musical!" cried his grandmother. "He has inherited his grandfather's talent! Oh! how glad I am. He must be trained to music."

But the little one needed no training seemingly. From that day he was always at the keyboard. At three years old, before he could read or knew his letters, he could play difficult music.

His father tried to shut the piano away from him, but in vain. The boy was an enthusiast, a musical prodigy, an infant phenomenon. Nothing in the musical line was too hard for him. Everyone wondered at the marvel.

None wondered more than his grandmother. One day the old lady had a shock. James was nearly five years old that time.

"Play to me," she said to him. "Improvise, James."

And James did. No sooner had he played the first few bars than the old lady screamed out :

"What are you playing to me, James? Where did you get the oratorio, your grandfather's last work?"

The little boy stopped.

"Granny, don't 'terrapt," he said, vexedly, "I was playing out of the beautiful music in my head."

He played on. His thread of half-forgotten melody had been broken. He regained it. His grandfather's oratorio it was. He played it through with feeling, expression, all the delicacy of touch, the grandmother so well remembered. Nettice stole in silently and listened.

The music ceased abruptly with the same wild crash of chords that had ended its last time of playing.

The grandmother clasped her hands nervously. She looked at Nettice with frightened eyes.

"Did you give him the oratorio, grannie?" asked the latter in astonishment. "How well he played it! I could have fancied it was grandfather returned."

"I 'member no more," said the little boy, with a puzzled frown on his fair, chubby face. "There is more, but me 'member nothing more."

"Nettice, Nettice," whispered the grandmother. "What

does this mean? I never gave him the oratorio, but someone must have done so. See whether the seal has been broken, dearie. It was in my little desk with your grandfather's letters to me before we were married."

Nettice looked. The oratorio was there, with its seals unbroken. It had never been touched. Little James, too, declared he had not learnt his pretty music from any paper. He knew it, he said.

"It is the most mysterious case I ever heard of," commented his father, when the wonderful thing was told him. "This is heredity with a vengeance, and no mistake. But fancy inheriting the oratorio!"

And there the mystery stayed. No one ever solved it. How the child had learnt that oratorio without ever seeing its score is, to this day, a marvel in that family.

He justified the promise of his youth. His father gave him a first-class musical education and he rose to the first rank. His oratorio was published, for he finished the score later. It brought fame and success to the youthful musician even while he was in his first youth. For it was, undoubtedly, his own, as well as his grandfather's.

But to the end of her long life, the old grandmother wondered and mused and marvelled. The mystery fascinated her continually. She circled round and round it in her mind but never solved it.

"He is so like my James," she said continually. "As he grows up, I see my husband again in him. But he is his grandson, so this is to be accounted for. But how did he learn the oratorio? Perhaps his grandfather's spirit released at the minute of his birth came to him and taught it to him, so that unconsciously he learnt it."

And once the weird fancy took her that young James might be old James indeed returned. If so, indeed, he had his heart's desire, for the vitality and energy of youth were once more restored to him, and he had the new fresh brain she heard him yearn for. But she was wandering in her dotage when she fancied this, and no one thought she meant it seriously.

KYTHE WYLWYNNE.

THE TALMUD BALAAM JESUS STORIES*

THAT the identification of Balaam with Jeschu† in a number of the Talmud stories we are considering cannot possibly be held in doubt, will be amply seen from the passages which we are now about to bring forward. The precise way in which the identification was arrived at, is, however, somewhat difficult to discover. It may be that we have the starting-point of this curious name-transmutation still preserved in a Midrash on the famous Balaam story in Numbers; on the other hand, the origin of this strange name-change may be found in the domain of name-caricature and word-play. Let us first consider the extraordinary Midrash connected with the Numbers' Balaam story.

“ ‘He that blesseth his friend with a loud voice’ [Prov. xxvii. 14]. How strong was the voice of Balaam? Rabbi Jochanan said: (It was heard) sixty miles. Rabbi Jehoshua ben Levi said: Seventy nations heard the voice of Balaam. Rabbi Eleazar ha-Gappar says: God gave strength to his voice, and he went up from one end of the world to the other because he was looking about and seeing the nations adoring the sun and the moon and the stars and wood and stone. And he looked about and saw that a man, son of a woman, will arise, who seeks to make himself God and to seduce all the world without exception. Therefore, he gave strength to his voice, that all nations of the world might hear (it), and thus he spake: Take heed that you go not astray after that man, as it is written [Num. xxiii. 19], ‘God is not a man, that he should lie,’—and if he says that he is God, he is a liar; and he will fall into error and say that he is going away and will come (again) at certain spaces of time, (then) he hath said and will not do it. Look what is written [Num. xxiv. 23] ‘And he took up his parable and said, Alas, who shall live when he makes himself God!’ Balaam intended to say: Alas, who

* This series of articles began in the June number, 1902

† For the literature see Krauss, *Leben Jesu*, pp. 267, 268.

shall live from that nation which gives ear to that man who makes himself God ? ”*

R. Jochanan (bar Nappacha) was a distinguished ornament of the Talmud schools at Scpphoris and Tiberias, and died in 279 A.D. at the age of eighty. Jehoshua ben Levi was one of the Rabbis of the Lud school and flourished in the first half of the third century ; while R. Eleazar ha-Gappar (the Pitch-seller) was a contemporary of the famous “ Rabbi,” R. Jehuda ha-Nasi (Jehuda the Prince), or Jehuda the Holy, who was the final redactor of the Mishna ; he flourished somewhere about 200-220 A.D. This story then is presumably to be placed somewhere about the beginning of the third century.

The story is in the form of a naïve prophecy after the event (of which we have thousands of examples in allied Hebrew literature) and makes Balaam quote his own words (Num. xxxiii. 19) as holy scripture. But immediately afterwards R. Eleazar is made to drop the prophetic form of the argument against Christian dogmatics and frankly to tell us what Balaam “ intended to say.”

The quotation, from Num. xxiv. 23, “ Alas, who shall live when he makes himself God ! ”—is remarkable, for our Authorised Version gives an absolutely different rendering : “ Alas, who shall live when God doeth this ! ” And that the Rabbinical exegesis of this passage differed entirely from the received interpretation of the English Authorised Version may be seen from the following glosses as found in the Babylonian Gemara.

“ ‘ Woe to him who lives because he takes [*sic*] God.’ Resh Lakish said : Woe to him, who vivifies himself (or who saves his life) by the name of God.”†

Resh Lakish (R. Simeon ben Lakish) was a Palestinian Rabbi who flourished about 250-275 A.D. ; he is clearly interpreting this passage in connection with the Jesus stories, for it is precisely by the “ name of God,” the Shem, that Jeschu vivifies himself, and vivifies others, in the Toldoth Jeschu.

Rashi (*ob.* 1105 A.D.) commenting on this passage, says :

“ ‘ Balaam who vivifies himself by the name of God,’ making himself God. Another reading has it, ‘ who vivifies himself as to

* *Jalkut Shimoni* on Num. xxiii. 7, under the name of Midrash Jelammedenu.

† *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 106a.

the name of God,' that is, Woe to those men that vivify and amuse themselves in this world and tear the yoke of the Law from their necks and make themselves fat."

Here Rashi not only makes what was given as said by Balaam about another act committed by Balaam himself, but further adds that the act committed by Balaam was in reality no other than his making himself God. The only doubt apparently which Rashi had in his mind was whether the prophecy referred to Balaam (*i.e.*, Jeschu) only, or whether it might also be considered as embracing the Christians as well, for presumably they alone can be meant by those who "tear the yoke of the Law from their necks."

Moreover in the Palestinian Gemara in expansion of the same famous verse in Numbers which contains the most important pronouncement of the traditional Balaam ben Beor,* and which constituted the main argument of the Rabbis against Christian dogmatic claims, we read :

"R. Abbahu has said : If a man says to thee 'I am God,' he lies ; 'I am Son of Man,' he shall rue it ; 'I ascend to heaven,' this holds good of him, 'He has said it and will not effect it.' "

R. Abbahu of Cæsarea was the pupil of R. Jochanan, who died in 279 A.D. The argument put in his mouth is clearly meant as a complete refutation of Christian dogmatic claims by the quotation of one of the most solemn pronouncements of the Torah.

And if such inconvenient quotations from the Torah were met by the more enlightened of the Christian name, as we know they were by the Gnostics, by the argument that the inspiration of the Torah was of very variable quantity and quality, that it came sometimes from a good, sometimes from a mixed, and sometimes from an evil source, the Rabbis replied with still further quotations from the same Torah. Thus we read :

"R. Chia bar Abba said : 'If the son of the whore saith to thee, There be two Gods, answer him, I am He of the Sea, I am He of Sinai.' [That is to say, at the Red Sea God appeared to Israel as a youthful warrior, upon Sinai as an old man, as

* Num. xxxii. 19, A.V. : "God is not a man, that he should lie ; neither the son of man, that he should repent ; hath he said, and shall he not do it ? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good ? "

beseems a lawgiver; but both are one.] R. Chia bar Abba said: 'If the son of the whore say to thee, There be two Gods, answer him, It is here [Deut. v. 4] written not *Gods* but *the Lord* hath spoken with thee face to face.'

R. Chia, or more fully Chia Rabbah, was son of Abba Sela, and flourished about 216 A.D.; he was a pupil of "Rabbi" (= Jehuda ben Simeon III.) to whom the final redaction of the Mishna is attributed.

It is now evident that the main claims of dogmatic Christianity, that Jesus was God, that he was Son of Man,* and that he had ascended to Heaven physically in a miraculous manner, and would return again, were met on the side of the Rabbis with quotations from the Torah, which they considered to be the infallible word of God, and that the main passage on which they relied was the prophetic declaration of Balaam, made, as they believed, under the direct inspiration of Yahweh.

But if we are asked to believe that here we have a sufficient basis to account for the astounding identification of the subject of subsequent haggadic prophecy with the prophet himself, we can hardly be persuaded that this is the case. Such a topsy-turvy transformation is a *tour de force* beyond even the capability of the legerdemain of Talmudic legend-making.

The only thing that could have given the smallest justification for such an identification would have been some striking similarity between the doings of Balaam and of Jeschu; whereas the very opposite is found to be the case, as we have already seen, and as we are expressly told in the Babylonian Gemara.

" 'And Balaam, son of Beor, the soothsayer' [Josh. xiii. 22]. Soothsayer? he was a prophet. Rabbi Jochanan said: At first a prophet, at last a soothsayer. Rab Papa said: This is what people say: She was of prominent men and princes (and then) she prostituted herself for mere carpenters.'"+

* This title, as used in Christian tradition, seems to me to be entirely shorn of all its characteristic meaning if taken, as modern scholarship takes it, to be simply a Greek literal translation of an Aramaic idiom which was in common use as a synonym of "man" pure and simple, thus signifying that Jesus was *the man par excellence*. I am, therefore, inclined to think that the Greek term was of "Gnostic" origin. We know that in Gnostic tradition "The Man," or "Man," was a title of the Logos; "Son of Man" was therefore a very appropriate designation for one who was "kin to Him," that is, one in whom the "Light-spark" was bursting into a "Flame."

† Bab. Sanhedrin, 106a

According to the tradition of ancient Israel Balaam ben Beor was a soothsayer who was on one famous occasion compelled to prophesy truth by the power of Yahweh. Balaam-Jeschu, on the contrary, was a prophet ; so at any rate the apparently oldest tradition of the Talmud period had it. In the third century R. Jochanan still admitted that Jeschu was "at first " a prophet, but contended that afterwards he fell away and was no longer inspired by the Spirit of God. This we see is the exact reverse of the ancient Balaam's case. Could anything, then, be more puzzling than the name-identification Jesus-Balaam in spite of this?

And here the saying attributed to Rab Papa, the founder of the Talmud school at Neresch, near Sura in Babylonia, who died 375 A.D., must delay us for a moment. This saying is universally regarded as referring to Mary, in which case it would confirm the tradition quoted above in a previous paper, that Jesus was "near those in power." But does this saying really refer to Mary? Rab Papa is apparently quoted as further explaining the statement of R. Jochanan as to the prophetic status of "Balaam." When then he says "she was first of high estate and then she prostituted herself for carpenters," can "she," by any possibility, refer to the teaching of Jesus and not to Mary, who is nowhere mentioned, and who in any case would come in most awkwardly? If this hypothesis can in any way be entertained, R. Papa's saying would then mean that the teaching of Jesus formed first of all part of a true prophetic movement, but afterwards it got tangled up with the carpenter story of popular propaganda and, all those other dogmas which the Rabbis so strenuously opposed.

Be this as it may, if there were not some hidden link in the chain of transformation which eventuates in the Balaam-Jeschu identification, it is almost inconceivable that it could ever have held together for a moment. Let us now see whether this hidden link is after all so difficult to discover. We have already seen that the main charge of the Rabbis against Jesus was that he had corrupted and ruined Israel. In Hebrew the name Balaam means precisely destroyer or corrupter of the people.* Have we not

* See article "Balaam" in *The Jewish Encyclopedia*. "The Rabbis, playing on the name Balaam, call him 'Belo 'Am' (without people; that is, without a share with the people in the world to come), or 'Billa 'Am' (one that ruined a people)."

here then the missing link, and a most natural explanation of this otherwise incomprehensible name-change.

And if this be so, it is interesting to call to mind the clever conjecture that Nicolaos (νικᾶν and λάος) in Greek is the exact equivalent of Balaam in Hebrew. And with Nicolaos before us we are at once reminded of certain Nicolaitans who came under the severe displeasure of the Jewish Christian circle to whom the over-writer of the canonical Apocalypse belonged (Rev. ii. 6 and 15). These Nicolaitans have been a great puzzle to the commentators, but many scholars are of opinion that under this name the Pauline Churches are aimed at.* Can it, then, be possible that the Nicolaitans were for the Jewish Christians the Balaamites, the innovators who were throwing off the yoke of the Law and introducing new ideas contrary to the orthodoxy of Jewry? If this be so, the identification Jeschu-Balaam may be conjectured to have been one of the immediate outcomes of Pauline propaganda, and we have again found the origin of yet another Rabbinical nickname of Jeschu in doctrinal controversy.

But the "leading astray" presumably went back even further than the days of Pauline propaganda; and we believe that the original charge against Jesus is to be found in the following passage preserved in the Babylonian Gemara.

"'There shall no evil befall thee' [Ps. xci. 10]. (That means) that evil dreams and bad phantasies shall not vex thee. 'Neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent'; (that means) that thou shalt not have a son or disciple who burns his food publicly, like Jeschu ha-Notzri."†

What is the meaning of this strange phrase, "to burn one's food publicly"? Dalman‡ says that this means "to renounce openly what one has learned." Laible§ is of opinion that "public burning of food is a contemptuous expression for the public offering of sacrifice to idols. That the Christians in their assem-

* See Van Manen's article "Nicolaitans" in the *Encyclopædia Biblica*; in which, however, the Leyden professor, while stigmatising Balaam=Nicolas as a mere guess, does not in any way refer to the Talmud problem we are discussing. That the Nicolaitans=the Balaamites, however, is strongly supported by Kohler in his article in *The Jewish Encyclopædia*, to which we have just referred.

† *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 103a.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 34*.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 52.

blies offered sacrifice to idols was as firmly the opinion of the Jews of old time, as it is that of many at the present day [!]. Naturally, therefore, it was concluded that Jesus must have commenced it."

In this connection we are further reminded that the charge brought against the Nicolaitans by the final redactor of the Apocalypse is "eating things sacrificed to idols and committing fornication"; upon which Van Manen comments: "not because they made a mock of all that is holy and trampled honour underfoot, but because they, like 'Paul,' had set aside the Jewish laws regarding foods and marriage, freely using food that had been set before heathen deities, and contracting marriages within the prohibited degrees, which in the eyes of the author of the Apocalypse were unchaste unions, just as in the eyes of the writer of I. Cor. v. 1 the marriage of the Christian who had freed himself from scruples with his deceased father's wife (not his own mother) was so, or as in the eyes of so many Englishmen the marriage with a deceased wife's sister is at the present day."

There is, however, no consensus of opinion with regard to the meaning of the phrase "burning one's food publicly." The Rabbis, we must remember, applied the term "idolatry" in the loosest fashion to everything that was not a strict Jewish custom or belief; and it is hardly to be believed that the early Christians, least of all Jesus himself, could have been accused of "idolatry," in the literal meaning of the word, even by their most bitter opponents. I am, therefore, inclined to think that there may be some other meaning of this "burning of one's food publicly."

The main point of the accusation is evidently contained in the word "publicly." It was the doing of something or other "publicly," which apparently might not only have been tolerated privately, but which was presumably the natural thing to do in private. Now the main burden of Christian tradition is that Jesus went and taught the people publicly—the poor, the outcast, the oppressed, the sinners, to all of whom according to Rabbinical law the mysteries of the Torah were not to be expounded unless they had first of all purified themselves. These ignorant and unclean livers were '*Amme ha-aretz*' (men of the earth) and the Torah was not for them. And if it was that no '*Am ha-aretz*' was

admitted to the schoolhouse, much more strictly were guarded the approaches to those more select communities where the mysteries of the "Creation" and of the "Chariot," the theosophy of Judaism, were studied. To some such community of this kind we believe Jeschu originally belonged; and from it he was expelled because he "burnt his food publicly," that is to say, taught the wisdom to the unpurified people and so violated the ancient rule of the order.

In connection with this there is a remarkable passage, preserved in the Babylonian Gemara, which demands our closest attention. It runs as follows:

"When our wise men left the house of Rab Chisda or, as others say, the house of Rab Shemuel bar Nachmani, they said of him: 'Thus our learned men are laden' [Ps. cxliv. 14]. Rab and Shemuel or, as others say, Rabbi Jochanan and Rabbi Eleazar (were of a different opinion). One said: 'our learned' in the Law, and 'are laden' with commandments [*i.e.*, good works], and the other said: 'our learned in the Law and in the commandments,' and 'are laden' with sufferings. 'There is no breaking in,' that our company shall not be like the company of Saul, from whom Doeg, the Edomite, has gone out, and 'no going forth,' that our company shall not be like the company of David, from whom Ahithophel has gone out, and 'no outcry,' that our company shall not be like the company of Elisha, from whom Gehazi has gone out, 'in our streets,' that we shall not have a son or a disciple who burns his food publicly like Jeschu ha-Notzri."*

Rab Chisda was one of the Rabbis of the Talmud school of Sura in Babylonia and died 309 A.D. R. Shemuel bar Nachman (or Nachmani) was a teacher in the Palestinian school at Tiberias, but twice went to Babylonia. He was a pupil of R. Jonathan ben Eleazar, who was a pupil of R. Chanina, who was a pupil of "Rabbi." R. Shemuel was, then, presumably a contemporary of R. Chisda.

Rab or Abba was the founder of the school at Sura on the Euphrates, and died 247 A.D.; Mar Shemuel was head of the Babylonian school at Nehardea, and died 254 A.D.

* *Bab. Berachoth*, 17a ff.

R. Jochanan was a Palestinian Rabbi who flourished 130-160 A.D.; R. Eleazar flourished 90-130 A.D.

The words of the text taken from the Psalms runs as follows in the Authorised Version: "That our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in or going out; that there be no complaining in our streets."

Doeg, says Cheyne,* "had been detained (so one tradition tells us) 'before Yahwè'—*i.e.*, by some obscure religious prescription, and had cunningly watched David in his intercourse with the priest Ahimelech. Soon after, he denounced the latter to the suspicious Saul, and when the king commanded his 'runners' to put Ahimelech and the other priests to death, and they refused, it was this foreigner who lifted up his hand against them."

Doeg is called by the strange title "the mightiest of the shepherds."

Ahithophel, the Gilonite, was a councillor of David and was much esteemed for his unerring insight; he, however, revolted against David and cast in his lot with Absalom's rebellion. He met his death by hanging (II. Sam. xvii. 23)

Gehazi (= Valley of vision) was cast out by Elisha and smitten with leprosy for fraudulently obtaining money from Namaan at the time of the latter's miraculous cure by the prophet.

With these *data* before us let us return to our Talmud passage. It is very evident that the whole point of the story has to do with heresy, with "going forth," or with some scandal or breaking of the established rule or order of things, or with paying the way for so doing. We have seen that in the Talmud stories Balaam is a substitute for Jeschu; can it, then, be possible that in Doeg, Ahithophel and Gehazi we have also to do with name-substitutions?

The answer to this question will perhaps be made clearer by quoting the following passages from the Mishna.

"R. Akiba says: He also has no part in the world to come who reads foreign books, and who whispers over a wound and says: 'I will lay upon thee no sickness, which I have laid upon Egypt, for I am the Lord, thy physician.'"

* See article "Doeg," *Enc. Bib.*

This interesting passage is followed by one of even greater interest.

"Three kings and four private persons have no portion in the world to come. Three kings, namely, Jeroboam, Ahab and Manassch. R. Jehudah says: 'Manassch has a portion therein, for it is said [II. Chron. xxxiii. 13], "and he prayed unto him; and he was entreated of him, and heard his supplication, and brought him again to Jerusalem into his kingdom."' It was objected to him, He brought him again into his kingdom, but he did not bring him again into the life of the future world. Four private persons, namely, Balaam, Doeg, Ahithophel, and Gehazi."*

These passages are old, for they are found in the Mishna. To take the saying ascribed to R. Akiba (fl. 100-135 A.D.) first. The Gemara† says that by "foreign books" are meant *Siphre Minim*. The term Minim was for long taken to refer exclusively to Jewish Christians or Christians generally; but this has been hotly disputed of late years by many. It seems certain that though Jewish Christians may be sometimes included in this term, Minim does not mean them exclusively. Nor does Minim always mean "heretics" in a bad sense, it sometimes means "heretics" in its original signification, that is to say simply the members of some particular school. That, however, most of the Rabbis considered these *Siphre Minim*, in a bad sense, to include the Gospel, is evident from a gloss in the Munich MS.‡ where the word *Evangelium* is caricatured as follows:

"Rabbi Meir calls it, '*Awēn gillājōn* [blank paper, lit. margin, of evil], Rabbi Jochanan calls it, '*Awōn gillājōn* [blank paper of sin]."

R. Meir was one of the great redactors of the Mishna and flourished about 130-160 A.D.; R. Jochanan was his contemporary. *Gillājōn* means literally a "margin," that is a paper which is left unwritten upon, and is therefore blank.§ It must be confessed, however, that such apparently meaningless jesting is quite below the level of Rabbinical caricaturing with which we are acquainted, and I am inclined to think that Dalman has not

* *Sanhedrin*, xi. 90a; *Mishna*, x. 1, 2.

† *Sanhedrin*, 100b.

‡ *Shabbath*, 116a.

§ Dalman, *op. cit.*, p. 30.*

got to the bottom of the matter. I can, however, offer no better conjecture myself.

The formula of healing is an interesting one. Whether or not we are to take "Egypt" literally, or as a substitute for the "body" as it was among certain of the Gnostic schools, must be left to the fancy and taste of the reader; the phrase "I am the Lord, thy physician," however, reminds us strongly of the "Healers," and the "Servants" of the Great Healer, and suggests memories of some of the derivations conjectured for the names Therapeut and Essene.

We may pass over the three kings in our second Mishna passage, but we cannot pass by the four private persons, Balaam, Doeg, Ahithophel and Gehazi, for the combination is so extraordinary that even the most careless reader must be struck by it. What has Balaam ben Beor to do *dans cette galère*? Whose "company" did he leave? Balaam ben Beor may be said rather to have joined forces with the Israelites; he certainly did not leave them. Balaam came in, he did not "go out."

The point of the story is that there are certain persons who have no part in the world to come. R. Akiba has just told us of what kind the orthodox Jew considered these to be; they were heretics who looked to other Scriptures as well as the Torah, as we know the Gnostics did most freely, and the general Christians as far as the Gospel Scripture was concerned; they were further healers and wonder-makers, which indeed many of the Essenes, Therapists and Gnostics set themselves to be, and which general Christian tradition asserts Jesus and the "Apostles" were.

But why should Balaam head the list of the condemned when it is precisely the prophetic pronouncement of Ben Beor that the Rabbis were using for all it was worth against Christian dogmatic claims? Balaam here clearly stands for Jeschu; and if this be so, then it is reasonable to suppose that Doeg, Ahithophel and Gehazi stand for the names of some other teachers who had fallen under severe Rabbinical displeasure. Who they were precisely we have now no means of discovering, and the supposition that they refer to Peter, James and John* is con-

* See Streane, *op. cit.*, p. 57.

siderably discounted by the following strange passage from the Babylonian Gemara :

"Elisha went to Damascus—for what did he go? R. Jochanan has said, that he went for the conversion of Gehazi. But he was not converted. Elisha said to him: Be converted! He answered him: Is it thus that I am converted by thee? For him that sinneth and maketh the people to sin the possibility of repentance is taken away."*

Rabbi Jochanan flourished 130-160 A.D. It will at once strike the attentive reader that the words put into the mouth of Gehazi are identical with those of the answer of Jeschu to Joshua ben Perachiah as found in the famous twice-told story of Jeschu's excommunication.†

The answer is an extraordinary one, and may be taken to mean that the evil (from the point of view of the Rabbis) was irremediable. The thing had spread too far; even if the leaders were now to return to the strict fold of Jewry, the people would still continue to hold the new views which abrogated their servitude to the galling yoke of the Law.

The mention of the name Damascus, moreover, in connection with Gehazi, at once brings Paul to mind, and disturbs the balance of the Peter and James and John supposition as the under-names of Doeg, Ahithophel and Gehazi.

If by any means, then, Gehazi may be held to be a "blind" for Paul, we have to ask ourselves what has Elisha to do in this connection? Does "Elisha" represent some chief of the Sanhedrin? It may be so, but we should also recollect that the Essene communities and similar mystic associations were always looking for the return of Elisha. They were in connection with the line of descent from the "Schools of the Prophets" and expected their great prophet to return again in power to announce the advent of the Messiah. It is hardly necessary in this connection to recall to the reader's recollection the John-Elias of the Gospel story or to refer the student to the elaborate Gnostic tradition of the incarnation of the soul of Elisha in the body of John under the direct supervision of the Master, as found in the *Pistis Sophia*—later accommodations to the necessities of a his-

* *Bab. Sanh. urin*, 107b.

† *Sanhedrin*, 107b, and *Sota*, 47a.

toricising evolution. The recollection, however, of these and similar ideas and facts makes us hazard the conjecture that "Elisha" in our Mishna passage may be a "blind" for the official head of the chief Essene community, or at any rate of that "company" who looked to Elisha as its spiritual head. It was from this company that "Gehazi" had "gone out." Whether or not the other "companies" of Saul and David may refer to associations of a somewhat similar nature, I must leave for the consideration of those who are fully persuaded that the literal meaning of our Talmud passage, as far as the four private persons are concerned, was the one furthest from the intention of its Rabbinical authors.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A VISION OF THE ASTRAL PLANE

ON the evening of January 4th, 1903, I had been discussing the "astral plane" with my boy Paul, after dinner. I then read some light magazine stories till I went to bed, shortly after ten o'clock. It was the night of the floods, and the atmosphere seemed strangely sultry and oppressive for the time of year. I was kept awake for some time by the wind, and I felt unaccountably nervous. My last waking impression was of hearing the church clock striking eleven.

* * * *

It seemed that I had been dead about two days, having spent the interval in oblivion. When I woke I could recall the circumstances of my death, which seemed a thing of the past, not worth troubling about. I felt a vague pity for my wife and family, and some surprise that death was so easy, as I had hardly appeared conscious of it. It was merely something I was glad to have got safely over, and my whole faculties seemed concentrated in curiosity as to my new surroundings, as I knew instinc-

tively that I was on the "astral plane," and felt a great eagerness to verify what I had read of it in Theosophical literature.

I immediately found myself in a large room crowded with well-dressed people, where a sort of conversazione appeared to be going on. All was life and movement, and everybody appeared cheerful. Presently a lady came up to me and asked me whether I was not a Theosophist. I replied that I was, on which she welcomed me, saying: "There are a good many of us here." Several people then came up and shook hands. I had seen some of them at Theosophical meetings, but had not known them personally, except perhaps in the case of one lady who seemed familiar to me but whom I cannot now recall. We all talked together, and I said: "Since you are Theosophists you will be able to tell me exactly where I am. As everything seems so pleasant I suppose this is one of the higher sub-planes." I had, in fact, made up my mind it must be the third sub-plane (see *The Astral Plane*, p. 43). To my surprise they said "Oh dear, no. This is only the sixth sub-plane." At this I was greatly disappointed, as I had imagined I should have found myself somewhat higher. At this point I am under the impression that Mr. — came up. I said: "Well, anyhow this is not the lowest plane, is it?" He replied: "No, there is a lower plane—elsewhere." I had asked them whether all present were Theosophists, and was told that this was not the case.

After this I think that some of my new friends offered to show me round, for I found myself in a kind of market-place where people were bargaining over goods of all sorts. It was pointed out to me that these people were acting most foolishly, as they could become possessed of anything they wanted, including money, by simply desiring it, although money was of no use to them when they had it. Yet in spite of this they were still haggling and chaffering as they did when on the physical plane. A man offered to sell me a brace of pheasants and I jokingly said I would take them, putting my hand into my pocket for the money, on which I found my pocket full of gold coins. I was, however, led away by one of my guides.

We then walked along what looked like a road in a fine residential town. The others were in front, walking rather

quickly, and I was following at some distance behind with a lady. I remarked that it seemed curious that one should walk exactly as on earth, for I had always imagined that on the astral plane one would rather float.

It also struck me as remarkable that I had seen nothing of the queer astral forms I had read of—nothing startling or alarming, and I began to look carefully towards the gardens and houses at the sides of the road and along the road itself. Directly I did so I perceived the oddest little figure approaching down the centre of the road. It was like a diminutive thin monkey about ten inches high. Its face was covered with red hair, with longer red hair projecting from the sides of the head, and it was dressed in a jacket, trousers, and a tall hat. It strutted along like a little man, and its appearance was so irresistibly comic that I stopped and went into convulsions of laughter. The lady seemed much surprised and asked me what I was laughing at. I said "I am laughing at that funny little elemental. Don't you see it?" I pointed to the creature, which had just passed us without taking the slightest notice of us. "No," she said, "I can't see it. Your sight must be more developed than mine. I have been here some time and have never seen anything of the kind."

I next found myself in a large building. Through circular arches supported by high columns I could see a landscape outside. Many persons were present, including Mr. —. I was asking every question I could think of concerning the astral condition. As everything seemed to be going on exactly as on earth I asked whether one's astral body could be hurt accidentally. For instance, could one's arm be broken?

"No."

"What would happen if you were thrown off a horse?"

"You would feel humiliation."

I asked many other questions, the answers to which I cannot recall. I then heard a chant from outside, and Mr. — came over to me and said: "Come and look at one of the funniest sights to be seen here." I went with him to one of the arches and looked out. A funeral procession was passing. First came mutes in deepest mourning, then a coffin, I think in a hearse, followed by a number of mourners in black. They were all

chanting a hymn which seemed familiar. It should have begun "There is no death," but they were singing "There is death."

I turned to Mr. — and asked him the meaning of it. "How could there be a funeral here?" I said. He laughed and told me that the whole thing was a mockery and that there was no real body in the coffin. He said: "You would never think that people who have themselves had practical experience of what they call death could behave in this way, but anything is possible here."

After this I seemed to pass through many pleasing and exciting experiences, of which I remember nothing except that I speculated as to the period of earth time they occupied. Then the thought came to me how much I should like to relate them to my wife.

* * * *

Suddenly I found myself awake in bed. It seemed some time before I could realise that I was again forced back into physical life, and then I was overcome by the sense of regret at being compelled to return to it.

When I looked at the clock it was 3.55 a.m.

In some manner this appeared quite unlike an ordinary dream. The impressions were more vivid, and I seemed in full control of my thoughts and actions all the time. I never for a moment lost the conviction that the experiences were purely astral. The following morning I wrote down the above account while the incidents were fresh in my mind.

LEONARD MONTAGUE.

LITTLE, indeed, does it concern us in this our mortal stage, to inquire whence the spirit hath come; but of what infinite concern is the consideration whither it is going. Surely such consideration demands the study of a life.—SOUTHEY.

THE GLAMOUR-LAND

He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son.

IN the late autumn snow had fallen; it lay unmelted on the highest of the hills; it often lay there when on lower ground not even a light frost crisped the earth. But now it was very cold, and the trees were glittering with hoar frost and delicate spikes of ice. The sea ran far inland and made a salt-water lake, almost land-locked. Blue was the key colour of the place. The sky glowed blue and cloudless; the smooth water was gentian blue; seawards there was a huge bar of sand and shingle, heaped high, and running almost the whole way across the arm of the inrushing sea; therefore whether the tide was high or low the waves broke and leaped and swirled on it, so that the sea looked like a great lake, land-locked on three sides, and bounded on the fourth by a tossing, spouting, milk-white cataract of foam, as the great breakers raged and tumbled over the bar of sand. There were no vague tones nor shadowy outlines; the blue and white were vivid, brilliant. Blue sea—blue sky—blue shadows on the white hills; white snow, white frost on leafless boughs, white foam a-glitter in the sun. Blue—blue—blue—and unspeakably blue the shining wells of the sky, into which one might send one's thought forth in quest of Truth, and return anon bewildered and without booty, for the whole Truth was never yet gleaned from without nor yet from another man. White were the seagulls feeding on the fore-shore; only a little seaweed-plastered jetty was rich brown and amber-yellow; crouched at the foot of the jetty, sheltered from the keen wind, were some children who added a touch or two of red to the picture, for one of the girls wore a crimson coat, and one of the boys a scarlet woollen cap.

These children were "telling stories," and it was the red-

capped boy's turn. He was not a very popular teller of tales; yet he gripped his hearers because he wove his stories of the things which he knew in his heart, and not of the things he had heard. Now the other boys told of pirates and brigands, whether they had practical experience of them or not; for which reason one only of their number knew what he was talking about; he afterwards became a great writer, for he drew upon the bank of knowledge, though how he came by his knowledge he could not tell. His swashbucklers and sea-wolves breathed the breath of life; and people who spent their time in wearily wrestling with office work and household accounts found them very refreshing company.

Redcap stood in the middle of the circle; the frosty wind fluttered his flaxen curls beneath his scarlet headgear. He was telling tales of Glamour-Land, the customs of which country he knew well; the group listened. The boys were not wholly absorbed; the girls, who are generally quick to hear the Songs of the Glamour, were the more interested. When the speaker ended his tale the girl in the crimson coat drew a long breath and gave her verdict: "Lovely!" The tale-teller did not heed her; he was one of those people who care nothing for the breath of fame and praise. He who understood pirates so well, nodded approvingly. Throughout his life this boy knew good work when he saw it, because his own was so good. One of the boys offered criticism.

"It's all beastly rot," he said, with the simple directness of boyhood. "There isn't any such place."

Redcap crushed him with swift scorn.

"That's all *you* know about it," he said. "That place I tell you about is *real*, and this place isn't; this place"—he waved his arms patronisingly at the sea and sky—"is an e—vil—en—chantment—of the Black Witch; one of these days the Wise Queen will snuff her and her enchantment out—puff! like that!"

He snapped his fingers; the listeners looked uneasy and momentarily doubted the stability of the earth.

The boy who had criticised repeated his former remark: "It's all rot." Inwardly he hoped the Wise Queen would not snuff out the enchantment before tea time; for he knew there were hot cakes, and he could not honestly view them as

evil enchantments. But where did the red-capped boy get his ideas about the relative reality of the seen and unseen?

Eight years later that boy's father died; his mother married again, and thereafter great trouble and poverty fell upon a family that hitherto had been happy and prosperous. This boy, then a lad of eighteen, given to great dreams and visions of the Glamour-Land, was torn away from all he loved, and hoped for, and dreamed of; he was sent to work at dull drudgery for a weekly pittance in a house of business in London. There, sick for the sights and sounds of Glamour-Land, he nearly broke down both mentally and physically. He was poor, friendless, proud and unsociable; but that was nothing. If he could have had one daily glimpse of the Glamour Country, one note of its songs, he could have borne the rest. He fenced himself about with a wall of practical cheeriness and hard-headed common-sense, and lived inside it, in a hell of his own. In a narrow, black street the child of the blue land of sea and wide distances lived and suffered for five dreadful years; then he chanced to find a room over some offices which looked upon the river, and suffered a little less. He began to earn more money; he was promoted. He did his work very well; he was to be depended upon; he was steady, alert, and "on the spot," said his employers. He was thoroughly practical. Once some reference was made to his prospects by a man who was his superior in the business house where he was employed; this man told him he was "bound to get on," it was "rare to see a young fellow so steady, and with his heart in his business." The young man (he was then twenty-three) laughed, a little laugh that was as chill and dreary as the wuther of the north wind in frozen rushes by a bleak ice-coated mountain tarn.

"When you don't care for anything you have to do, one thing comes as easy as another," he said. "Besides you can 'give your mind' to heaps of things. If you like a piece of work it is hard to pull away from it to something else; but if one is much like another to you, and all equally dull, then, if you've a decent amount of self-control, you can do them all fairly effectively."

While his superior was trying to understand his extraordinary

sentiments, he said: "Good-night, sir," and went out. He walked back to his room.

This befell just before he found the room overlooking the river; it was a sultry, ill-smelling summer night; the straight line of the houses rose before him in their terrible hideousness. There was a little church in the street, in which they sang anthems. A choir practice was going on. He could hear the voices plainly:

"By the rivers of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered Zion. If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

The man hid his face in his hands and sighed; his heart was sick with great longing and intolerable weariness.

"God!" he said. "Let me go mad with memory rather than forget."

Yet after all it seemed undesirable to go mad, therefore he rose and went to a little cheap Club; the members were many of them "thoughtful people" with "views"; most of their views were theoretically partly true, and practically partly false and wholly impossible to carry out; it was not always possible to put one's finger on the flaw in them. The members of that Club talked a great deal; a man was talking very earnestly, as he who desired to remember entered there. He was a reformer, and willing to make any personal sacrifice to further his regenerative views. He said:

"A wider charity is what men need. That is the root of the matter."

"Nothing has been so fruitful a cause of pauperisation," said a red-haired man who was listening for the sole purpose of disagreeing with him. This man was the type of person who can never extend his views beyond the meaning which he has decided to apply to a word.

"I do not mean Charity in that sense. I mean rather Love, which I have heard is Wisdom in activity, that which perceives a common basis of life. This is Wisdom, this is Love, this is Charity."

"Statistics prove—" began the man, who while the other spoke had been thinking of his own views as to the meaning of charity.

"Statistics have no more to do with Charity than they have with Truth. They are the worst form of lying extant. Charity, in my sense, is the deepest of all wisdom. Faith, Hope, Charity, these three—and the greatest of these is Charity."

Then another voice uplifted itself.

"I think St. Paul was wrong there," it said. "The greatest of these is Faith."

It was the young man from the north.

"Faith! What do you mean by faith?"

"The sense of the unseen, and the trust in it," said he who used to tell the stories of Glamour-Land. "The man who never loses the sense of that which he does not see, can move the world. All the force side of nature is allied with him. It is the unseen that is the motive power everywhere. The man who, in an east-end slum, a city office, a factory, a gambling hell, a music hall, or in the 'trivial round' of society, can realise that, has allied himself with the sun and the sea, with the wind and the light, with the powers that lie behind them all, and cause the whole to be."

Having thus spoken he wandered out, as he had wandered in.

"That's a queer young fellow," said the red-haired man, "I think he's cracked."

"No," said one of the listeners, "I think not. He's a practical chap; quiet, solid, steady-going fellow, and no fool. A good man of business too. I've never seen him taken like that before."

He spoke as though he was the victim of some malady. If this was the case it did not assert itself again. The man worked on steadily, and rose in the estimation of his employers, who were very sober, business-like people. When he had been nearly twenty years in London he met the boy who told the pirate stories by the blue sea. The boy was now a man, and he told his tales to a wider public; he was married to the girl who wore the crimson coat. He recognised his former brother of the craft, and was very kind and glad to see him; he asked him to his house, and insisted on his coming there. He saw, what no one in his guest's world saw, that such prosperity as was his, was

not the full measure of that which the promise of his youth once seemed to deserve. He asked him why he had toiled in a London office ; why he had ceased to tell the tales of Glamour-Land of the Wise Queen, and the Black Witch. The other was silent awhile. At last he said : " I couldn't. That part of me is dead, and buried by the sea up yonder."

His host said no more at the time ; he referred to it once again, very carefully and tactfully.

" No," said his guest. " I told you I couldn't. Firstly, because my mind is like a hollow pipe, for other people's thoughts to blow through. I can't think in this place ; I can only long and do my work. Secondly, because I don't properly know any of the things I used to know when I was young."

He talked awhile longer ; then he rose, said good-bye, and never returned to that house again. He went back to the room which overlooked the river ; for fifteen years he had lived therein. He sat by the window, and muttered to himself :

" They that wasted us, required of us mirth ; saying : Sing us one of the songs of Zion."

It was the hour between light and darkness ; the river was clear silvery greyish-blue, and the lights struck down into it like daggers of quivering pallid fire ; the bridge showed thread-like arches of vague darkness through the blue mist ; little busy tugs sped up the water-way, dragging long, thin, black barges ; a big waggon piled high with gleaming yellow straw creaked along the bank, coming townwards from the country. There was the half light that brings out a thousand shifting tints ; lights began to dot the shore and the boats lying at anchor.

On a sudden the scent of wild thyme smote through the room ; there was a hill near his old home that was carpeted with it in summer time ; and behold ! the Glamour-Land he had not seen for twenty years lay below him, in the very heart of the city. It was perhaps the shadowy silver-blue that opened the way ; faint vague blue unlike the gentian glow of the sea-lake, yet reminiscent of it. The room was palpably full of the perfume of wild thyme. The man rose. For ten years he had hungered for the beauty of his old home, and there had been no money to take him there, nor welcome for him had he journeyed thither.

For ten years the money had been there, and a temperate welcome to boot, but the desire lay half dead, numbed with over-long thwarting, weariness and pain. Now he suddenly realised he could go back if he would. The next day he asked for and obtained a holiday, and started northwards.

It was evening when he arrived ; he went to a little inn, and after dinner he walked to the jetty and stood upon it looking at the water leaping on the bar, and the glowing line of the sun-touched hills. He looked and he looked and he looked, and behold ! there was nothing there which he desired. The hunger of twenty years was for something which this beauty recalled to him—nothing more. The Glamour-Land was not here. The purple of the darkening sea, the tossing of the water, foaming ghost-white on the great bar, the clear, golden line of the hills, woke in him only a great hunger for that of which they made him think ; for which they caused him to long ; and of what he thought, for what he longed he did not know. It eluded him ; it fled before him like a flickering elf-flame, never to be grasped or known.

“ How can we sing the Lord's Song in a strange land ? ”

He said the words aloud ; as a stranger in that country, the place in which he was born and reared. The next day he went back to London, to the room that overlooked the river. He sat alone ; he was alone in the house ; the offices below were closed ; the place was quiet ; the roar of London sounded distant, it was like the far-off breaking of the waves on the bar ; the river water was lapping against the walls that pent it in. As he walked homewards he had crossed the bridge, and stopped to buy watercress of an old man. This old man was one who, through the ignorance which is the heritage of every man, had, in an hour of that folly which we call sin, become outcast from the rank wherein he was born ; now, ill, old, and very poor, he sold watercress, groundsel and lead-pencils on the bridge by day, and slept in a common lodging-house by night. This man was the one soul on earth to whom he who once told the tales of Glamour-Land ever spoke of the longing that consumed him. The old man also had a hopeless longing of his own ; he desired one hour back of the seventy years that lay behind him ; one hour to fashion as he

chose ; one hour which had darkened and made a hell of forty years. The man from the north stopped and bought cress of him. As he took the cress he spoke :

" I used to think I longed for my old home," he said. " I went back there yesterday after twenty years."

" What did you find ? "

" The country I seek is not there," answered the other ; his voice sounded tired as though with much journeying of soul and body.

" Ah ! you'd better not have gone. It is better to believe there is something which would make you content if you had it."

" I'd rather know the truth."

" You are young still," said the pencil-seller. " If I believed I were young and strong, loved and honoured, I should believe a lie. But I should prefer to believe it."

" It is probably just as true as your present beliefs about yourself, whatever they may be. Don't you think so ? "

He walked on. Now the cress lay on the table and withered ; he sat by the window and listened to the lapping of the tide. For twenty years he believed he knew what he desired, if he had been free to seek it ; now he knew otherwise. He did not know where Glamour-Land was, and yet—" If I forget thee, O Jerusalem," he murmured, " may my right hand forget her cunning."

Into the silence of his soul there broke many voices speaking as one voice ; and they spoke after this manner :

" When we, who guard the Songs of the Glamour, will that they shall be sung, they are sung. They ring through the world, though none know whence they sound, nor the manner of their sounding. Some say they come from here, and some from there. And it is nothing to us whether our singers be kings or slaves, saints or sinners, fools or sages, men or women, for it is we who sing through their lips, and it is the world that hears when the time is ripe. We have before this day caused those who were blind, and dumb, and deaf, to sing the Songs of the Glamour, and some of these never knew they sang. Moreover, you have sung them here in the city's heart for twenty years and more, while you thought your lips were mute and your heart hungry with

desire of Glamour-Land. And because you had, nothing for which you longed, you learned to look for nothing your hands could grasp, but to hold all things readily and loose them easily at the appointed hour. Wherefore we, who know how it is with a man's soul, drew from you the common desires of men as pith is drawn by a shepherd boy from a reed when he would pipe therewith; thereafter we fashioned these your body and soul into a pipe whereon we might pipe the Songs of the Glamour, and the world has heard them. You felt their notes ring throughout your soul, while your ears were deaf, strain them as you would."

"And I?" he asked, "am I then nothing?"

"Nothing," they made answer, "nothing—or all that is."

Whereat he fell to musing on their words, until the lapping water, the roaring city, and the beating of the heart within his body, seemed alike to be but the pulsing of a life that swept outward from the Unknown God of the Worlds.

MICHAEL WOOD.

GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 73)

BUT I must hurry on. From early childhood to the age of about eighteen, a period which I may call my "Dark Ages," very little worth recording, so far as I can now remember, occurred. The merchant was growing and attending to his home business, and that is the end of the matter. I only recollect passing one literally infernal night, when I was about nine years old, at the private school of which I was then a weekly boarder—a night

In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost —

and one which I am never likely to forget, though it would be quite impossible for me to describe it. The utter blackness and misery of the thing would require a more realistic pen than mine to bring it home to the reader. I was very conscious the whole

time and seemingly aawke, though I doubt if I really can have been so. But the minutes went so slowly that that single night seemed almost a life-long affair, and I clearly remember the horror of it still. It made a fearful impression on me for some days, and I was always afraid of its recurrence. But it never did recur. Naturally enough, in accordance with my bringing up, I "fell to prayer," which was perhaps about the best thing I could do, and I remember that I finally derived some considerable benefit from the repetition of the words: "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

The only recognition of a condition of this sort which I have ever seen explicitly made (there are of course plenty of allegories of it from Aristophanes to Bunyan), is to be found, curiously enough, in Mr. Leadbeater's *Astral Plane*, where the author quotes the following words from an Egyptian papyrus of considerable antiquity: "What manner of place is this unto which I have come? It hath no water, it hath no air; it is deep, unfathomable; it is black as the blackest night, and men wander helplessly about therein; in it a man may not live in quietness of heart."

If I found myself there now-a-days, I should certainly try to return to the physical plane for a moment, and take advantage of my return to rouse myself, and get up, and have a cold bath, and dress, and do one or two other little things. But that sort of conduct is not allowed at a private school. The School Rules know nothing about the astral plane, and the Matron cares less about the seventh sphere. So if small boys do accidentally find their way on to it, they must tread the winepress alone.

While I was at Oxford, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three, the Secretary of the Psychical Research Society paid our College a visit, and gave a lecture, with the result that a lot of us joined some rather mythical country branch of the Society. I say "mythical," because although we gave in our names, I do not remember that we heard any more of it. We took freely to table-turning, obtaining a hotch-potch of somewhat interesting results, which I have no intention of describing here, and which it would be rather difficult to weave into an artistic whole. The general impression I obtained of the "spirits," who

seemed for the most part to be denizens of a sphere which I have already touched upon, and shall presently mention again, was by no means favourable. They appeared to me largely to belong to the canting, professionally immoral, or yokel class, though I must admit that I occasionally struck on something higher, and, not infrequently, on something humorous, which, in the novelty of those earlier days, naturally possessed more interest for me than it does at present.

Towards the end of my time at Oxford, and during the two or three succeeding years, I began to become very slightly clairvoyant and clairaudient, when the body was either drowsy or more than half asleep, even succeeding, on one or two rare occasions, in "intelligently anticipating events" in this manner. My "'double' down in Hades" seems to have become jealous of the occasionally correct predictions which I obtained from the "spooks," and so he started making a prediction or so of his own. For instance, he informed me beforehand (either by shouting in my ear as I awoke in the morning, or by showing me clairvoyantly a slip of newspaper, I forget which*) the rather unfavourable results of at least one, and, I believe, of two examinations for which I entered, two or three days before those results were published; though he had never taken the trouble to inform me, as he might have done, when the result was about to be extremely favourable; except, perhaps, in one case, when I was thirteen, and then only by means of an overpowering presentiment.

Before one of these later examinations, he asked me in pathetic tones, just after I had got into bed one night, why I did not "put away those horrid books," an incident which reminds one of the story told of Wilkie Collins. It is said, though of course I cannot vouch for the truth of the account, that one night, when the novelist was sitting up very late, engaged in working at one of his books, his "double" appeared to him and, solemnly entering a protest against the late hours he kept, urged

* As I have kept no record of any kind, and consequently am compelled to trust to memory all through for my facts, one or two slight errors of detail may creep into the story. But I have taken some pains to reduce these errors to a minimum. More than this cannot justly, I think, be expected; and would not be expected, were the subject a materialistic one.—R. C.

him to go to bed. This excellent piece of advice was met with a point-blank refusal, when a struggle ensued, in which the "double" succeeded, most craftily, in upsetting the inkpot and in thereby gaining his object. Perhaps if I had obeyed the advice of my "double," he might have had a more favourable result to shout in my ear a few weeks later. My heart was a little irregular at the time, and it was sometimes during an extra-special kick given by that organ that he managed to wedge in his remarks. (I make this admission specially for the benefit of those who take a materialistic view of clairaudience and similar phenomena.) The fact is, however, that I was simply not a normal clairaudient, but required some momentary physical upset to hear the sentence, or the *tag-end* of the sentence, which must have been uttered, as a whole, on another plane.* As Shakespeare says so finely, or rather, makes Lorenzo say, in "The Merchant of Venice":

Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly hedge us in, we cannot hear it.

I think, however, it was not till about three years ago, when I was "working up" for the long and serious illness mentioned allegorically in the earlier part of this narration, that my dreams began to take upon them that peculiarly vivid, and (to me) interesting, character, which has marked them, in a more or less steadily increasing degree, ever since; culminating in moments of the completest and fullest consciousness, in which I certainly seem to have dealings with beings who are either permanently, or temporarily like myself, inhabiting other planes than the physical. But, before I give any examples of the glimpses of night-life I have obtained during this period, I may just give one instance of the faculty I must have possessed, even as early as my nineteenth year, for doing what a well-known American

* If it is true, as the materialists would doubtless maintain, that the irregularity of my heart was the cause, and not, as I should say, merely the condition, of these phenomena, the question arises why I so often heard only the tag-ends of sentences, the beginnings of which had obviously been uttered out of my hearing. I very seldom heard complete sentences, but very frequently caught the closing words of some remark. This is no difficulty for those who hold that the sentences heard by the clairaudient are really uttered on another plane, and a considerable difficulty for those who abide by the opposing view.

psychologist has called, if I am not mistaken, "tapping the Zeitgeist."

During the two or three months which elapsed between my leaving school and going up to Oxford, my father took me for a short trip to Switzerland. We went straight up to Mürren in the Bernese Oberland, and our bedroom windows looked out more or less in the direction of those "three silent pinnacles of agéd snow," the Jungfrau, the Mönch, and the Eiger. Though possessed, in a general way, of a good constitution, I was in a perfectly miserable state of health from a special cause, and I think I would gladly have exchanged, at that period, this "tun of flesh" for a few hours on any part of the astral plane, except perhaps the seventh sphere. Be that as it may, that first night at Mürren, I dreamt that I was curling up inside the Jungfrau in a railway train.

The next morning, though (knowing nothing about the possibilities of engineering) I never for a moment believed that such a thing as a railway up the Jungfrau was really possible, I told my father the dream, when he informed me, in reply, of a fact that I did not know and had never heard of, *viz.*, that the construction of such a railway was actually being contemplated. I believe that the railway in question is now open, but I do not know how far it really corresponds with the railway of my dream. As to the explanation, sceptics will, of course, say that I had heard or read somewhere of the intended engineering feat. In endeavouring to meet an argument of this sort, one's mind first reverts to Touchstone, the fool i' the forest. He says something somewhere, if I remember right, about a "lie direct!" One's second instinct is to observe that, while the explanation offered is more difficult than the difficulty itself, still of course all things are possible to him that disbelieveth. Should, however, the gentle sceptic, as even *he* sometimes does, seek to shift his ground, and murmur something soothing about the extraordinary powers of the subconscious mind, I do not see that there is any longer any difference between us worth quarrelling about.

Of the more vivid type of what may be called the semi-predictive dream of some interest I will give three examples, all of which occurred to me about three years ago. About a fortnight before

it was announced that Sir William McCormac would go out to South Africa, I dreamt that I was sitting at a long table, and that some one immediately on my right spoke to me. I said: "Who are you?" The person replied: "McCormac, my name's McCormac!" I asked again: "What are your *initials*?" he answered at once: "W-I-L-L-I-A-M." I cried: "Why, that's William!" and then I went on: "Where do you live? Tell me your address, that I may be able to find you," or words to that effect. He simply shouted in reply: "Oh, I live in Paris! *My* address is in Paris!" and, I think, though at this distance of time I cannot absolutely vouch for the fact, that he added: "Come and see me in Paris!"

In the morning, I remember asking my wife about William McCormac. I seemed to have heard of the surname, and I think I had a vague idea that he was President of the Royal College of Surgeons. But I thought the Christian name I had received was incorrect, though afterwards, of course, I found it was not so. A few days later Sir William McCormac's name was in everybody's mouth. Entering a Free Library casually one afternoon, I came across a short biography of the hero of my dream, in an evening paper. According to the account there given, Sir William McCormac was a student for some time in Paris, and actually served, in a surgical capacity, in the Franco-Prussian War. When I fell ill at the end of 1900, and became as it seemed then to some people, the "mere despair of surgery," I should not care to swear that the occasional recollection of my dream did not have at least a minute influence in determining me to come to Paris, should I ever recover sufficiently. Anyhow, I did come to Paris a year later, where the stimulating air had immediately a semi-miraculous, and, apparently, a permanent, effect. I have never been able to thank the great surgeon (if indeed it was he), for his hint, because I have never, to my knowledge, met him since, either here, or on that other plane, where he now permanently resides. But a more useful hint could never have been given.

Two other cases of dreams, which occurred about the same time, and may very well have been meant for predictions, may be mentioned here.

I dreamt one night that I was standing in the "Pleasure Gardens" of the sea-side town where I was born. However, the tiny stream which flows through those Gardens was now a river, tranquil, stately and luminous, moving majestically on between luxuriant banks, while the land lay before me like a map. As far as I could see, the river was straight, but for one vast loop it made from the point where I was standing. I knew instinctively, without being told, that it was the River of Life, and I seemed to be just about to leave the actual course of it and strike across country, with the intention of joining the river further down, so as to save the time I should have lost by following it more closely. There was some one at my side. I could not see him, for my eyes were fixed on the river. But I knew who he was, and he seemed to tower above me and to have a wand in his hand, with which he pointed. "You are going to take a 'short cut' now," was all he said, and I awoke. I asked the magician the next morning (for, in fact, we were both lecturers at a College in London), about my dream. He did not claim to remember anything about the incident, but admitted that he was, as a matter of fact, "astrally" active, and even went so far as to say that his head and shoulders had been seen to appear by a person in a waking state, when his physical body was elsewhere. He was one of the few examples I have ever known of a man whose profession was natural science and whose hobby was occultism, which he seemed to have picked up while travelling in Egypt. Though a biological lecturer and ardent geologist, he volunteered to cast my horoscope about this time. After duly considering this, he warned me of my impending physical collapse, from which, however, he did not seem to think my recovery was certain. As to my dream, it is obvious to me that, very soon after it, I did leave the main course of the River of Life for some time, and that I have had a very rough cross-country march. If I have now found the course of the river again, it remains to be seen what I have gained by taking the "short cut." That is, to my mind, the most plain, unforced interpretation of the matter.

Those "who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters," may like to hear the next of this set of dreams, and I remember that it was a peculiarly vivid one.

However, as it has not yet had, to my knowledge, any fulfilment whatever, it may prove of as much service to some other voyager over the "wet ways" as it ever will to me.

I dreamt I was standing in the coffee-room of an ordinary, middle-class hotel. There were numerous small cloth-bedecked tables in the room, which stretched away to my right. I stood near one which was placed up against a wall half-way between the door and a window opposite. A newspaper lay on the table. I took it quickly up, for I was aware there was some important news. Every moment the excitement about this piece of news seemed to increase in the room, till it became so intense that a waiter rushed up from behind me, and, in his eagerness to see the paper I was reading, snatched it out of my hand. I was just about to remonstrate with him most strongly, when a gang of newsboys ran by outside the window in the rain, yelling and bawling at the top of their voices: "Loss of the *Ismailia*! Loss of the *Ismailia*!" and I awoke with the cry (a case of almost first-rate sleep-clairaudience) still ringing in my ears.

It is necessary, for a reason that will presently be clear, that, before going on to describe one or two cases of sleep-experiences (I cannot any longer call them "dreams"), of still greater and more intense luminousness, I should say a few words about my adventures under laughing-gas.

In the summer of 1895 I took laughing-gas for the first time in my life, and as I "came round" from it, I had a few moments of such extraordinary mental and moral ecstasy (I seemed to myself, for some seconds, to be, so to speak, omniscient and intensely philanthropic), that when, two years later, I came across a book entitled *The Will to Believe*, by Professor William James, of Harvard, and read pp. 294-298, I was so struck by finding that other people had had experiences similar to my own (I had previously thought mine to be unique) that I sent an account of my sensations under the gas to Professor James, who published it in the *Psychological Review*, of March, 1898. I will not here quote from this account. I prefer to give a short extract from Professor James' note on the subject, and I will drive the nail home by also citing suitable passages from authors so widely different in their nature as St. Paul, Rudyard Kipling, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Mr. Leadbeater. Professor James says :

"With me, as with every other person of whom I have heard, the keynote of the experience is the tremendously exciting sense of an intense metaphysical illumination. Truth lies open to the view in depth beneath depth of almost blinding evidence. The mind sees all the logical relations of being with an apparent subtlety and instantaneity to which its normal consciousness offers no parallel; only as sobriety returns, the feeling of insight fades, and one is left staring vacantly at a few disjointed words and phrases, as one stares at a cadaverous-looking snow-peak from which the sunset-glow has just fled, or at the black cinder left by an extinguished brand."

I am astonished, after a rapid glance through two of the epistles attributed to St. Paul, to see how much importance is laid in these epistles upon this revelation. I have not read these epistles since my early Christian days, when I did not understand, and had no one to explain to me, the *real* meaning of the distinction, for example, between the celestial and the natural body. Be that as it may, the passage to which I wish specially to direct attention is the opening verse or two of 2 Cor. xii. The writer of this passage (who, as the context, I think, proves, is speaking of his own personal experience of what is, doubtless, the Devalcanic plane of the Theosophists), seems to have entered a condition somewhat similar to that which Professor James describes, except that he (the writer of the epistle), entered it naturally, without any artificial stimulus, just as, in more modern times, was done, to take a notable instance, by Tennyson, and, in his own quiet way, by Wordsworth. The Christian mystic says:

"It is not expedient for me, doubtless, to glory. I will come to visions and revelations of the Lord. I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell: or whether out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth;) such an one caught up into the third heaven. And I knew such a man, (whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) How that he was caught up into Paradise and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter. Of such an one will I glory: yet of myself I will not glory, but in mine infirmities." (A.V.)*

* I have quoted from the A.V. in the absence of a better version accessible to me. The words translated "not lawful" are οὐκ ἐξέόν, which I am strongly inclined

What a big jump to Rudyard Kipling's *Kim*, p. 411! The Lama is at the end of his search.

"Yes, my Soul went free, and, wheeling like an eagle, saw indeed that there was no Teshoo Lama nor any other soul. As a drop draws to water, so my soul drew near to the Great Soul which is beyond all things. At that point, exalted in contemplation, I saw all Hind, from Ceylon in the sea to the Hills, and my own painted Rocks at Suchzen; I saw every camp and village, to the least, where we have ever rested. I saw them at one time and in one place; for they were within the Soul. By this I knew the Soul had passed beyond the illusion of Time and Space and Things. By this I knew that I was free."

Everyone knows about Tennyson's trances, but perhaps not everyone knows that he describes one of them at length in *In Memoriam*. The poet has stayed out in the garden one evening after everyone else has gone indoors, and is engaged in reading over Arthur Hallam's letters once more.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine.
And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.
Aeonian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell'd stricken thro' with doubt.
Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became.

to think mean simply "impossible." All who have had any experience of the higher planes of nature seem uniformly impressed with the "impossibility" of transcribing their experiences in terms of our physical vocabularies. The whole phrase, therefore (*ἃ οὐκ ἐξόν ἀνθρώπῳ λαλῆσαι*), is merely a repetition of the preceding expression *ἄρρητα ῥήματα*, according to this way of interpreting the passage. However, it is, of course, possible that the writer was "under orders" to be silent about the details of experience, if indeed *ἐξόν* can bear this meaning. I need not add that I have no intention of dogmatizing as to the exact spiritual height indicated by the words *ἕως τρίτου οὐρανοῦ*.

And then Wordsworth, the gentle Wordsworth, whom no one would ever have suspected of taking the kingdom of heaven by violence, tells us the same story without the high colouring to be found in the accounts given by more forceful characters. In *Tintern Abbey*, one of his masterpieces, we suddenly stumble upon the following :

Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened : —that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul :
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

And Mr. Leadbeater, again, in his book on the Devachanic Plane, after speaking of the "intense bliss, indescribable vitality, enormously increased power, and the perfect confidence," felt by anyone in this region, says :

"He finds himself in the midst of what seems to him a whole universe of ever-changing light and colour and sound, such as it has never entered into his loftiest dreams to imagine. Verily it is true that down here 'eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive' the glories of the heaven-world : and the man who has once experienced them in full consciousness will regard the world with widely different eyes for ever after."

I have taken the trouble to cite a few high opinions about this psychical condition, because I have never been able to induce more than one or two people to take my own statements about it seriously. However, I have taken "gas" three times since 1895, and chloroform once, and, each time I took "gas," I had, without fail, similar experiences. They were, however, more theological, if I may so say, and less metaphysical than on

the first occasion ; and the almost involuntary exclamation, " my God ! I've seen God's glory ! " was the only utterance I could find which would adequately convey my feelings, on recovering power of speech after one of these excursions into the so-called Unknown. The exclamation was an attempt to describe an all-possessing, over-whelming blaze of light with which I had been literally drenched, without, however, being, as I expected to be, dazzled by it. It was like those representations of " God's glory," which one occasionally sees in old Bibles, etc., generally with some unintelligible Hebrew letters inscribed in the centre. In fact, so much did it resemble these representations that I at once recognised the likeness, and was, therefore, almost surprised not to see the Hebrew letters. I am inclined, accordingly, to argue that our traditional representation of " God's glory " must have had for its originator some one who had seen this " light " himself, or else that the tradition has been handed down to us from times when the " light " was more generally familiar than it is now. The same argument applies to our artistic tradition about another light of which I shall speak later.

I may explain, further, and even insist upon the point, that I did not merely *see* this light. It seemed to take hold of me, and I felt the most unspeakable thrill of exhilaration I have ever known. It is, probably, unnecessary to add that it is one thing to enter this state under the influence of a drug or a stimulant, and quite another to enter it naturally, during ordinary physical life. No doubt, for aught I know to the contrary, a fair percentage of the inhabitants of the civilised world could enter it under the former conditions, if they cared to take the trouble to do so ; and, in any case, I suppose, will do so after death. It is, however, I have no doubt, a work of considerable merit to enter into this state in a natural way, as did the writer of the epistles to the Corinthians in old time, and Tennyson and Wordsworth in more recent years.

The effect of chloroform I found to be slightly different. I attained very quietly to what seemed to me to be a state of perfect bliss and of great intellectual insight, before losing consciousness, while in taking " gas " I never reached the Devachanic stage till after beginning to regain consciousness. Put the fullest

meaning you can into the word "celestial," and then multiply it by the biggest number you can think of, and you know what my feelings were before "losing consciousness" under chloroform. Put the fullest meaning you can into the word "regret," and go through a similar arithmetical process, and you will know what my feelings were on "coming" completely "round" from chloroform. I may add, by way of conclusion to this topic, that I was interested to be able to confirm the truth of an idea which Mr. H. G. Wells introduces into one of his short stories, the name of which I have forgotten. In the story I am thinking of, he makes a man, who succeeds in leaving his body during life, experience a feeling of great increase of size. I was certainly very large on coming round from chloroform, two or three times my usual size, it seemed. As the effects of the chloroform went off, however, I grew smaller and smaller, ever narrowing my limits and withdrawing towards the body, till I seemed to regain my normal proportions.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

READINGS AND RE-READINGS:

COLERIDGE'S "AIDS TO REFLECTION"

"ADD to your faith knowledge and to knowledge *manly energy*." This is the significant translation made by Coleridge of the Greek word ordinarily translated "virtue." For a lover and student of words such as Coleridge, it must have been with a sense of regret that he found himself compelled to substitute for the beautiful word "virtue" the clumsy paraphrase "manly energy," and there is much of interest in the reasons that led him to make the change.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once observed that certain words, after a period of use, become, as it were, polarised; they cease to mean what they originally meant and instead of allowing, like pure glass, the light of meaning to pass unchanged through them, obscure and distort it. As a remedy he suggested a periodical depolarisation of words, which should restore to them their original transparency. Such a remedy, however, is not only

difficult to apply, but sometimes the evil is past cure. Wordsworth made a splendid attempt to rehabilitate the word "duty" and to raise it to what Ruskin called the peerage of words from which it had fallen. And we may be sure that Coleridge would have attempted a similar restoration of "virtue" had he believed the task possible.

In reading *Aids to Reflection* the careful reader will be struck by Coleridge's insistence upon the idea of manly energy. It is as if he had struck the keynote of the book in that single paraphrase of virtue. There was clearly in his mind a set of associated ideas revolving about the name virtue, which he disliked and suspected. These strange and unfriendly associations of weakness, fatigue, incapacity—all the negations of energy—had so obscured its original meaning that only the entire rejection of the word would serve his purpose. But the change that had taken place in the word must first have taken place in the minds of men. Nor is it difficult to discover the reason of the change. With the exclusive insistence upon the simplest aspect of the life of Christ and the elevation of this aspect to the be-all and end-all of life, every other expression of life naturally fell under a ban. Negation became a duty. But if "virtue" gathered associations with mawkishness, "duty," too, lost its positiveness and became the associate of negations, deadness, and hard ugliness. But the slow realisation of the equal demand of life on all the energies in their highest form, drew men's minds more and more from the chilling neighbourhood of "virtue," and more and more towards "manly energy," in reality towards virtue itself.

From his choice of a paraphrase for virtue we may see that Coleridge was one of the earliest to be thus drawn. He belonged to that "acute but honourable minority," the breath of whose nostrils was spontaneity as against habit, liberty as against slavery, sweetness and light as against mechanical Philistinism, affirmation as against negation. There is to such minds something repellent in the association of the life of the spirit with things menial and monotonous. That the sons of God should be degraded into Carlyle's gin-horses; that "virtue" should be restrained within exercises; that the free spirit, blowing whither it listeth, should submit to habit and work by routine; that the

soul should become, in St. Beuve's phrase of Franklin, "*rusé pour le bien*,"—taking the Kingdom of Heaven by ingenuity: all this is out of tune with the idea of the life of the spirit, and with the songs that the morning stars sang together. For such as these it is not negation at all, nor the formation of habits, good or bad, nor of restraints whether for good or for ill; but, on the contrary, affirmation, spontaneity, freedom: in a word, manly energy. For them, a man is always right in what he affirms—the affirmation being of the will—and never right in what he denies—negation being of that mass of wants, that vacuum abhorred of Nature, known as the personality. They would be neither creatures of habit, dominated by their own past, nor idealists, dominated by their own future; but free and unprejudiced, in themselves complete, able to act in harmony and in perfect fitness with the swiftly changing circumstances of life. And this life of the spirit, as described faintly even at best by poets and seers, and in the lives of men of action, draws the minds of all men by its beauty and freedom. For never wholly overgrown in the hearts of men lies the silent conviction of its truth, and to truth we respond with an inward leaping, just as the silent sleeping seeds move strangely at the call of the sun in spring.

But what of those few adventurers who have set out on this dangerous lonely journey of the life of the Spirit of Man, this voyage into the new world beyond the dim horizon? What has been the fate of those bold souls who ventured rudderless and unequipped into the unknown seas? The way is strewn with wrecks. Of all enterprises the most dangerous, perhaps the most impossible, is this very life of the spirit, this spontaneous, free and beautiful life in the eternal now. In most minds, however, the suggestion of danger in any path either raises foolish images of exciting perils by land and sea, or marks the way as one to be shunned. These latter thank God that they have been born to a quiet life; while the former, like the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, wander to the ends of the earth in the vain search for adventures that subtly wait within. But of the life of the spirit, the innumerable failures are no denial. They are there to testify to the peril, but no less to the reality of the way.

It is thus with some sense of the wellnigh incommensurable value of Coleridge's work, and at the same time of its almost complete hopelessness, that, after a study of his life, one enters on the reading of his *Aids to Reflection*. For blazing in magnificent light as his ideas may be, we cannot forget that they blaze as beacons upon a wreck. It is not suggested that Coleridge's was therefore a vain life, or that Coleridge, in Carlyle's coarse excessive phrases was "a great and useless genius, sunk in putrescent indolence: a mass of richest spices putrefied into a dunghill." Nor even that, as Lamb more graciously described him, he was "an archangel, a little damaged." He was in fact only a man, a man of the noblest ideas, with a purpose and a will set upon the stars, but without the means and almost contemptuous of the slow, laborious means by which the stars are to be reached: the lover, but the victim, of spontaneity.

As the work of such a man, *Aids to Reflection* deserves the more than passing regard of students of the inner things. The book in many respects is at once a commentary on, and in some places an expansion or even a corrective of, the modern Theosophical writings on the training of the mind. With these, too, the centre of ideas in words seems sometimes to have shifted a little from the positive towards the negative pole, and a little Coleridge is needed to restore the balance. What perhaps the present writings insist upon most of all—training, regular exercise, conscious formation of habit—these seem at first entirely opposed to Coleridge, but the truth is that these things are only the preparation, the retirement into the desert, the fasting and the wanderings which shall fit the soul for spontaneity and the life of the spirit. These things which Coleridge despised were just the means that so pitifully failed him, and the later books therefore throw as much light upon Coleridge as Coleridge upon them.

Turning now to the book itself, we find Coleridge's purpose and method precisely and clearly defined. He portrays for himself an ideal reader and states his intentions towards and for him. *Aids to Reflection* is then for those "who are desirous of building up a manly character in the light of distinct consciousness," and its objects are to direct attention to the value of the Science of Words, to establish the distinct characters of Prudence, Morality

and Religion, to substantiate the "momentous distinction" between Reason and Understanding, and to show that the mysteries of Christianity are Reason in its highest form. These four objects, as one soon perceives, are in reality contained in the first; for in his speculations on Christian doctrines, in his distinctions of Reason and Understanding, his method is almost wholly dialectical and based on the fine discrimination of words. The old quarrel about Prudence, Morality and Religion, and their respective areas, is almost blown over; and Coleridge's Christian apologetics, powerfully as they affected the Church of the following generation and interesting as in themselves they are, fail to answer the questions we are asking to-day. Hence, for us, the main value of Coleridge's work is his insistence upon the value of the study of words; upon its value, above all, to those who seek to acquire the art of Reflection.

And on this subject Coleridge speaks, not only with authority, but with an enthusiasm that infects his readers. He was a born lover of language—"this embodied and articulated Spirit of the Race"; he handles and groups words as delicately as artists choose and mix colours; he has the literary consciousness at its highest. His enthusiasm leads him sometimes to place too high a value upon words, but in reality it is the under-emphasis of the other factors that is at fault. His Aaron's rod swallows up, for the time, the rods of the other magicians. Nor is this over-emphasis of words unnecessary in our day, rather it is more necessary than ever. One conspicuous defect of present-day literature is its failure to discriminate in words, its almost complete lack of fine taste in expression. And it is curious to observe the almost angry aversion of the typical modern mind to precision in word or sentence. Even the attempt to define is met by the petulant objection that definitions are either impossible or useless. The "virile" writer of to-day, taking the man in the street for his judge and critic, will have none of them. With his contempt for metaphysics—though he knows nothing of metaphysics but his own moonshine, which he properly despises—the modern writer puts far from him that attitude of mind which metaphysics induces. For him the best word, whatever may be the intellectual world it inhabits, is simply the handiest; or, if on occasion

he wishes to "write fine," he knows no better way than to reverse his direction and to take the most remote words. Thus his language is an unpleasing combination of plain and coloured words, words from the streets and words from the worlds of poets' imaginations.

That is, however, only the outward effect of the neglect of words. A more serious, because more causal, injury is wrought upon ideas. For if ideas act upon words, words also react upon ideas. Every new impulse in thought tends to overflow the old borders of language, and to make for itself new channels of expression. Where the minds upon which the impulse comes are rich and vigorous, the resulting expression is beautiful and orderly, but where the minds are indolent and careless, the new vocabulary is marked by idiosyncrasy and ambiguity. With weak and ill-defined boundaries words fail to retain ideas, and when the impulse of ideas is past, in no long time the new vocabulary appears fantastic and empty of ideas.

In respect to this danger to modern movements of ideas, the example and inspiration of Coleridge are of great and immediate value. The intellect, Coleridge affirms, grows by definition : its characteristic work and function is definition. It does not matter that the definitions actually produced are imperfect, or that the hope of perfect definition moves like the horizon. What does matter is that the defining activity should be continuously exercised, and that words at the moment of use should have a defined value. Perhaps it would be extreme to say that the "distinct consciousness" which Coleridge aims at producing is the product of definition alone ; but certainly there can be no distinct intellectual consciousness without it. There is also an intimate ethical relation between words and actions. Quoting Hobbes, "it is a short and downhill passage from errors in words to errors in things." Therefore Coleridge enunciates the aphorism : "Let distinctness in expression advance side by side with distinctness in thought."

Elsewhere he has an interesting definition and analysis of the aphorism : "Exclusive of the abstract sciences, the largest and worthiest portion of our knowledge consists of aphorisms ; and the greatest and best of men is but an aphorism." George

Meredith remarks somewhere that a nation in the fisticuff stage of development has no appreciation of aphorisms—those jewels, five words long, that on the stretched forefinger of old Time sparkle for ever. And at the other extreme there is the testimony of the Hindu systems of thought to the final choice of literary form, the ultimate perfection and annihilation of form, in the aphorisms of their philosophical writings. Conceive the world of thought spread out like a map, and having its great divisions marked and divided. The art of definition Coleridge compares with the exact surveying and marking out of territorial boundaries: an aphorism is the briefest statement of the nature of the territory, while a word is the symbol of the aphorism. It is natural perhaps that a man should most exalt that which is most natural and easy to himself, and the definition of word as a means to the development and control of the mind is Coleridge's best contribution to this subject.

In the remainder of this paper I shall trace a single line through the broad area of his system, summarising briefly and, where I can, in his own words his more striking additional "aids to reflection." The nature of reflection itself, he says, may best be seen by examining the early use of the word. In James i. 25, the Greek word translated reflection signifies the "incurvation" or bending of the body in the act of looking down into; as, for instance, in the endeavour to see the reflected image of a star in the water of a deep well. Thought is thus not creative but revealing. It does not of itself generate ideas, but brings the experiences of the deeps of consciousness into the light of present consciousness. The purpose of reflection is therefore to awaken the mind to the knowledge of the soul.

But this exercise and right use of reflection is not only difficult, but, at the outset, unattractive and even repellent. Who goeth to himself goeth among both angels and beasts. The most formidable impediment to men's turning their mind inwards upon themselves is the fear of what they shall find there, and, again, the lurking desire to remain what they are. For it is seldom that an evil tendency is brought forth into distinct consciousness without at the same time bringing it before an awaking conscience. Therefore are most men "skulking fugitives from

their own conscience" and "the eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth."

And when this fear and desire are overcome there still remains the difficulty of the task. A reflecting mind is not a flower that grows wild or comes up of its own accord. (How perfectly Coleridge prescribed for himself when prescribing for others!) Yet the spiritual life is perilous if not impossible without it, and he is to be condemned who teaches men the principles and precepts of spiritual wisdom before their minds are called off from foreign objects and turned inward upon themselves. Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart. It is on the wings of the Cherubim—the intellectual powers and energies—that we must first be borne up to the pure empyrean.

We have seen that the method upon which Coleridge most insists is the habitual and careful discrimination of words, but he would add, the habitual and careful practice of the ideas thus discriminated. Knowledge is not enough in itself. As God tells Ezekiel of his people: "And lo thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well upon an instrument, for they hear thy words and do them not." Practice is necessary even to right reflection. There is but one sure way of giving freshness to commonplace maxims, and of restoring truths to their first uncommon lustre, to reflect on them in direct reference to our own conduct.

Of the object of reflection Coleridge affirms that it must be sensible. In our present state, he says, it is little less than impossible that the affections should be kept constantly to an object which gives no employment to the understanding (St. Paul's "mind of the flesh," the concrete mind), and yet cannot be made manifest to the senses. The mind may easily be deceived with shadows, and to be only vaguely right is worse than being definitely wrong. Nothing manly can proceed from those who for Law and Light would substitute shapeless feelings, sentiments and impulses.

The rule of meditating daily on some text he also condemns, as knowing too well how apt these self-imposed rules are to degenerate into superstition and hollowness. What Coleridge

however, did not know well enough was that the absence of rule is not only apt, but almost certain, to degenerate into indolence. It is not so much the sudden tides of energy that strike us in him, as their sudden ebbs. His nature was not as he described it "indolence capable of energies" but rather "energy incapable of endurance," and here in his contempt of daily discipline we may perhaps see its cause.

But there are other cross-roads in the way of Reflection where Coleridge is free to be wise. On asceticism, for example, he makes these shrewd observations: "Folly is easier than wisdom and to torture the flesh is so much less difficult, demands so much less exertion of will than to reflect, and by reflection to gain knowledge and tranquillity. Were truth and knowledge attainable by toilsome pilgrimages and painful penances few would be without them." We run little danger of asceticism in its cruder kinds in these days. A modified and subtler form of asceticism, however, still lingers even in the best, under the name of Puritanism, and to this form the words of Coleridge are still fresh.

Still more applicable is his advice on sentimentality, or sensibility as he called it. This, together with dead conformity, is so manifestly negative of his "manly energy" that he is almost intolerant in his condemnation. Toleration, he says, is a herb of spontaneous growth in the soil of indifference; but the weed has none of the virtues of the medicinal plant reared by Humility in the garden of Zeal. You that boast you live conformably to the appointment of the Church, and that no one hears your noise, we may thank the ignorance of your minds for that sort of quiet. Dubious questioning is much better evidence than that senseless deadness which most take for believing. He who begins by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by loving his own sect better than Christianity, and end in loving himself better than all. But it is ~~for~~ sensibility that he reserves his hottest fires. For Sterne and his Sentimental Philosophy he has nothing but bad names, though he was one of the few great Englishmen to appreciate Rabelais. Many there are, he says, whose sensibility prompts them to remove only the clamorous evils; provided the dunghill is not before their door, they are well content to know that it exists, and perhaps as the hot-bed

on which their own luxuries are reared. Where virtue is, sensibility is the ornament and becoming attire, but, without virtue, sensibility becomes the "pander of vice."

He holds firmly the doctrine of an end. Without a conceived goal men live at hazard. They have no certain harbour, nor direct their course by any fixed star. But to him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound, no wind can be favourable. There is a proper object to aim at, and if this object be termed happiness (though its perfection excludes hap or chance), then Coleridge believes in final happiness. Meanwhile, so far as the choice of pleasures is concerned, he would advise men to follow the maxim: Seek the most pleasure with the least pain. If only you do not seek where you yourself *know* it will not be found, the very pleasure may lead to nobler experiences. In matters of pleasure the question to ask is, therefore, not What kind? but How much?

I have now followed a single thread through Coleridge's system of Reflection. Much matter of high value and interest I have been unable to touch even in passing, but the line thus traversed through his territory may awaken in some the desire to explore more thoroughly. I conclude with an admirable rhetorical passage, full of insight and applicable now as then: "In whatever age and country it is the prevailing mind and character of the nation to regard the present life as subordinate to the life to come, and to mark the present state, the world of their senses, by signs, instruments, and mementos of its connection with a future state and a spiritual world, where the Mysteries of Faith are brought within the hold of people at large, not by being explained away in the vain hope of accommodating them to the average of their understanding, but by being made the objects of Love by their combination with events and epochs of history, with national Traditions, with the monuments and dedications of ancestral Faith and Zeal, with memorial and symbolical observances, with the realising influences of social Devotion, and above all by early and habitual association with acts of the will, there Religion is. There, however obscured by the hay and straw of human will-work, the foundation is safe."

A. J. O.

THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 81)

THE WORK OF THE MONAD IN BUILDING HIS VEHICLES

THE next point in connection with this building that we must consider is the special work of organising the vehicles as expressions of Consciousness, leaving apart the general building by desire and thought, with which we are so familiar. We are concerned here with details, rather than with broad outlines.

We know that while qualities are imparted to matter during the descent of the Second Logos, the arrangement of these specialised materials into relatively permanent forms belongs to His ascent. When the Monad, through his reflection as the Spiritual Man, assumes some directive power over his vehicles, he finds himself in possession of a form in which the sympathetic nervous system is playing a very large part, and in which the cerebro-spinal has not yet assumed predominance. He will have to work up a number of connecting links between this sympathetic system which he inherits and the centres which he must organise in his astral body, for his future independent functioning therein. But before any independent functioning in any higher vehicle is possible, it is necessary to carry it to a fairly high point as a *transmitting vehicle*, that is a vehicle through which he works down to his body on the physical plane. We must distinguish between the primary work of the organisation of the mental and astral vehicles that fits them to be transmitters of the energy of the Spiritual Man—energy which is not expressed as Consciousness until it reaches the physical brain—and the later work of developing these same vehicles into independent bodies, in which the Spiritual Man will be able to function on their respective planes. Hence there are two tasks to be performed: first the organisation of the mental and astral vehicles

as transmitters of energy to the physical body; secondly, the organisation of these vehicles into independent bodies, in which Consciousness can function without the help of the physical body.

The astral and mental vehicles then must be organised in order that the Spiritual Man may use the physical brain and nervous system as his organ of Consciousness on the physical plane. The impulse to such use comes from the physical world by impacts upon the various nerve-ends, causing waves of nervous energy to pass along the fibres to the brain; these waves pass from the dense brain to the etheric, thence to the astral, thence to the mental vehicle, arousing a response from the Consciousness in the causal body on the mental plane. That Consciousness, thus roused by impacts from without, flows down in answer from the causal body to the mental, from the mental to the astral, from the astral to the etheric and dense physical; the waves set up electric currents in the etheric brain, and these act on the dense matter of the nervous cells.

All these vibratory actions gradually organise the first inchoate clouds of astral and mental matter into vehicles which serve as effective fields for these constant actions and re-actions. This process goes on during hundreds of births, started, as we have seen, from below, but gradually coming more and more under the control of the Spiritual Man; he begins to direct his activities by his memories of past sensations, and starts each activity under the impulse of these memories stimulated by desire. As the process continues, more and more forcible direction comes from within, and less and less directive power is exercised by the attractions and repulsions of external objects, and thus the control of the building up of the vehicles is largely withdrawn from the without and is centred in the within.

As the vehicle becomes more organised, certain aggregations of matter appear within it, at first cloudy and vague, then more and more definitely outlined. These are the future chakras, or wheels, the sense-centres of the astral body, as distinguished from the astral sense-centres connected with the sense-organs and centres of the physical body. But nothing is done to vivify these slowly growing centres for immense periods of time, and

that vivification can only be done from the physical vehicle, wherein the fiery force of Kundalinî, the vivifying energy, resides. Before Kundalinî can reach them, they must be linked to the sympathetic nervous system, the large ganglionic cells in that system being the points of contact. When these links are made, the fiery current can flow through. While they can only be vivified from the physical vehicle, the building of them as centres and the gradual organisation of them into wheels, can be begun from any vehicle, and will be begun in any individual from that vehicle which represents the special type of temperament to which he belongs. According as a man belongs to one typical temperament or another, so will be the place of the greatest activity in the building up of all the vehicles, in the gradual making of them into effective instruments of Consciousness to be expressed on the physical plane. This centre of activity may be in the physical, astral, lower or higher mental body. In any one of these, or even higher still, according to the temperamental type, this centre will be found in the principle which marks out the temperamental type, and from that it works "upwards" or "downwards," shaping the vehicles so as to make them suitable for the expression of that temperament.

A special case may be taken to facilitate the understanding of this process—a temperament in which the Lower Manas predominates. We will trace the Spiritual Man through the Third, Fourth and Fifth Root Races. When we look at him at work in the Third Race, we find him very infantile mentally, even though the mind is the predominant note of his type. The surging life around him, that he can neither understand nor master, works strongly upon him from outside, and powerfully affects his astral vehicle. This astral vehicle will be retentive of impressions, in consequence of the temperament, and the desires will stimulate the infantile mind to efforts directed to their satisfaction. His physical constitution differs from that of the Fifth Race man; the sympathetic system is still dominant, and the cerebro-spinal system subordinate, but parts of the sympathetic system are beginning to lose much of their effectiveness as instruments of Consciousness, belonging, as such instruments, to the stage below the human. There are two bodies in the brain especially connected with the sympathetic system in their inception,

although now forming part of the cerebro-spinal—the pineal gland and the pituitary body. They illustrate the way in which a part of the body may function in one manner at an early stage, may then lose its special use and function little, if at all, and at a later stage of evolution may again be stimulated by a higher kind of life, which will give it a new use and function at a higher stage of evolution.

The development of these bodies belongs to the invertebrate rather than to the vertebrate kingdom, and the “third eye” is spoken of by biologists as the “invertebrate eye.” It is found still as an eye among vertebrates, for a snake was lately found in Australia which showed on the top of the head a peculiar arrangement of semi-transparent scales; when these were cut away a complete eye was found underneath—an eye complete in its parts although not functioning. That third eye was functioning among the Lemurians in the vague and general way characteristic of the lower stages of evolution, and specially characteristic of the sympathetic system. As our man advanced from the Lemurian into the Atlantean Race, the third eye ceased to function, the brain developed round it, and it became the appendage now called the pineal gland. As a Lemurian, he had been psychic, the sympathetic system being largely affected by the surging of the undeveloped astral body. As an Atlantean, he gradually lost his psychic powers, as the sympathetic system became subordinate and the cerebro-spinal grew stronger.

The growth of the cerebro-spinal system would be more rapid in this Atlantean than in those of other temperaments, because the main activity would be in the Lower Manas, and would thus stimulate and fashion it; the astral body would lose its predominance sooner, and would become more rapidly a transmitter of mental impulses to the brain. Hence, when our man passed on into the Fifth Race, he would be peculiarly ready to take advantage of its characteristics; he would build a large and well-proportioned brain; he would utilise his astral chiefly as a transmitter, and would build his chakras from the mental plane.

To return to the second of the two bodies mentioned above—the pituitary body. This is regarded as developed from a

primeval mouth, in direct continuity with the alimentary canal of the invertebrates. It ceased to function as a mouth in the vertebrates, and became a rudimentary organ ; but it has retained a peculiar function in connection with the growth of the body. It is active during the normal period of physical growth, and the more actively it functions, the greater the growth of the body. In giants it has been found that this organ is peculiarly active. Moreover, the pituitary body sometimes again begins to function in later life, when the bony framework of the body is set, and then causes abnormal and monstrous growth at the free points of the body, hands, feet, nose, etc., giving rise to disfigurement of a most distressing kind.

As the cerebro-spinal system became dominant, the earlier function of these two bodies disappeared ; but these organs have a future as well as a past. The past was connected with the sympathetic system ; the future is connected with the cerebro-spinal system. As evolution goes on, and the chakras in the astral body are vivified, the pituitary body becomes the physical organ for astral, and later, for mental clairvoyance. Where too great a strain is made upon the astral faculty of sight, while in the physical body, inflammation of the pituitary body sometimes results. This organ is the one through which the knowledge gained by astral vision is transmitted to the brain ; and it is also used in vivifying the points of contact between the sympathetic system and the astral body, whereby a continuity of Consciousness is established between the astral and physical planes.

The pineal gland becomes connected with one of the chakras in the astral body, and through that with the mental body, and serves as a physical organ for the transmission of thought from one brain to another. In thought transmission the thought may be flashed from Lower Manas to Lower Manas, mental matter being used as the medium for transmission ; or it may be sent down to the physical brain, and by means of the pineal gland may be sent, *viâ* the physical ether, to the pineal gland in another brain, and thus to the receiving Consciousness.

While the centre of activity lies in the dominant principle of the man, the vivifying of the chakras must be done, as said, from

the physical plane. The object of this vivifying is not to make the astral vehicle a more efficient transmitter to the physical body of the energies of the Spiritual Man, but to enable the astral vehicle to act as an independent body in which the Consciousness can function on the astral plane. There may be different centres of activity for the building up of transmitting vehicles, but it seems necessary to start from the physical plane in order to vitalise functioning bodies on other planes. Hence the high importance of physical purity in diet and other matters.

THE PATHS OF CONSCIOUSNESS

The question arises : Does Consciousness always travel along the same path to reach its physical vehicle? Life, we know, sometimes travels directly through the atomic sub-planes from plane to plane, and sometimes traverses a plane by passing through each sub-plane from the seventh to the first before reaching the atomic sub-plane **next below**. Which of these paths does Consciousness follow? In its normal working, in the ordinary process of thinking, the wave comes steadily down through each successive sub-plane, from the mental through the seven astral sub-planes to the physical etheric, and so to the dense nervous matter. This wave sets up electrical currents in the etheric matter, and these affect the protoplasm of the grey cells. But when the peculiar flashes of Consciousness occur, as in flashes of genius, or as in sudden illuminative ideas which flash into the mind—such a flash as comes to the scientific man when out of a great mass of facts there suddenly springs forth the unifying underlying law—then the Consciousness pours downward through the atomic sub-planes only, and thus reaches the brain. This is the illuminative idea which justifies itself by its mere appearance, like the sunlight, and does not gain in compelling power by any process of reasoning. Thus reasoning comes to the brain by the successive sub-planes ; authoritative illumination by the atomic sub-planes only.

KNOWLEDGE AND MEMORY

Another question often asked is : How does knowledge gained on higher planes reach the brain, and why is it not accompanied by a memory of the circumstances under which it

was acquired? Anyone who practises meditation regularly knows that much knowledge that he has not gained by study on the physical plane appears in the brain. Whence comes it? It comes from the astral or mental plane, where it was acquired, and reaches the brain in the ordinary way above described; the Consciousness has assimilated it on the mental plane directly, or it has reached it from the astral, and sends down thought-waves as usual. It may have been communicated by some entity on the higher plane, who has acted directly on the mental body. But the circumstances of the communication may not be remembered for one of two reasons, or for both. Most people are not what is technically called "awake" on the astral and mental planes; that is, their faculties are turned inwards, are occupied with mental processes and emotions, and are not engaged in the observation of external phenomena. They may be very receptive, and their astral and mental bodies may easily be thrown into vibration, and the vibrations convey the knowledge which is thus given, but do not draw attention to the person making the communication. As evolution goes on, people become more and more receptive on the astral and mental planes, but do not therefore become aware of their surroundings.

The other reason for the lack of memory is the absence of the connecting links with the sympathetic system before mentioned. A person may be "awake" on the astral plane and functioning actively thereon, and he may be vividly conscious of his surroundings. But if the connecting links between the astral and physical systems have not been made, or are not vivified, there is a break in Consciousness. However vivid may be the Consciousness on the astral plane, it cannot, until these links are functioning, bring through and impress on the physical brain the memory of astral experiences. In addition to these links, there must be the active functioning of the pituitary body, which focusses the astral vibrations much as a burning glass focusses the rays of the sun. A number of the astral vibrations are drawn together and made to fall on a particular point, and vibrations being thus set up in dense physical matter, the further propagation of these is easy. All this is necessary for "remembering."

ANNIE BESANT.

CORRESPONDENCE

SOME REMARKS ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF MRS. BESANT'S
"THOUGHT POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE"*To the Editor of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW*

SIR,

It is with a certain amount of diffidence that I venture to submit certain considerations to the notice of your readers on the interesting and instructive work entitled *Thought Power, its Control and Culture*. This diffidence is due to the fact that many people are unable to separate in thought any difference of opinion from polemical animosity, and are unable to conceive an honest disagreement, as to philosophic or religious truth, save in terms of relation common to the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Such individuals are growing fewer daily as the horizon of thought gradually broadens, but it would be foolish to deny their existence, and I, therefore, take this opportunity of stating that with the practical part of the work in question I am in entire agreement. It is unnecessary to add that I have a great respect also for the writer of it.

While agreeing, however, that the practical part of the work is useful, instructive and potentially beneficial to all who may study it, the philosophic bases on which it is built appear to be open to serious question. Perhaps this statement may appear inconsistent, but in reality this is not the case, as it is surprising how little our belief in abstruse questions of metaphysics affects the practical side of life. A man may believe in One or many Gods; in material or spiritual causation; in the existence of noumenal matter; or deny such existence; and yet appreciate the advantages of clear thought and mind control. From the Idealistic point of view there is no necessity to alter the practical superstructure. It can be moved, like an American house, bodily, to new foundations, without injury and, in my opinion, with advantage.

There are several points on which agreement with the writer is

impossible, and, speaking for others besides myself, I may say that the chief points of difference are the following :

1. The existence and possible knowledge of noumenal matter.
2. Material causation.
3. The real existence of abstract ideas.

1. We are told on p. 13, that the knowledge of things-in-themselves, *i.e.*, noumena, is possible "when the envelope in which Consciousness has been working, falls away, and the consciousness which is Knowledge identifies itself with all the Selves . . . and sees as the not-self only the matter connected with all selves severally," and again on p. 23 that "the Idea in the world of noumena . . . may also be known."

Now the assumed matter in the Noumenal World is supposed to be required by some philosophers to account for phenomena. This so-called matter has none of the qualities of the matter of everyday experience and serves—to use a scholastic phrase—as the "support of accidents"; in other words as the "bond of qualities." It can never be an object of knowledge, because the ego can only know what appears to it, and this must always be a phenomenon—an appearance to consciousness. This would be true, *à priori*, however many senses any being might possess. To say, therefore, that noumena may be known appears a manifest contradiction. Few thinkers go as far as this; and it is more commonly stated that noumenal matter is only "inferred to exist." The expression "an appearance to consciousness," used above, prompts the enquiry, "What then appears, if not the 'matter' objected to?" The answer is that nothing appears but the appearance, which in this Great Illusion is called "reality." The cause of it will be dealt with later, but to avoid dealing with abstractions, let us take a concrete instance.

In ordinary language I am now writing on a table. In other words certain sense impressions are presented to my consciousness, such as shape, colour, hardness, etc. These sense impressions form a group of qualities, and to this group the name of "a table" is given. In other words, the table is a "construct," built up by the ego from the modifications of consciousness called "sense impressions." The construct "table" is, therefore, the substance of the qualities which exist in it, but, inasmuch as this "substance" or "construct" exists *within the self*, the qualities also so exist; and their essence is in being perceived by the ego or consciousness. The "substance" or "construct" is phenomenal, and to suppose it noumenal is unnecessary

and does not confer any additional reality on the table. In saying that the construct exists "within the self," and it being obvious that any differentiated self is but a part of the All, we say no more than that the so-called material world is "the Divine Thought in expression," which term covers the spirit-action of the Supreme hypostasised as "the Logos." We are thus enabled to see the truth of the words, "All things exist in Me, not I in them."

The example of the table given above, is equally applicable to the physical body, including all the organs of sense. These are all constructs within the self, and we give the name "mind" to the sum of their subjective activities at any moment of time. When we control the mind, therefore, we are active causes in evolution and we truly modify the body and sense organs as well as acquire spiritual growth. We are truly spiritual agents, sharing in a limited sense in the Divine power of causation. The question of "intermittent existence" does not arise, when all things are in the Divine Thought. This doctrine can only be held by those Subjective Idealists, who hold those things only *to be* which are present to any individual mind; and I am not concerned with the defence of these views.

2. It is pointed out on p. 49 that "only when a man recognises objects as causes of pleasure or pain, does his human education begin." Objects being "constructs" within the self, can "cause" nothing. They are "matter" in the only knowable sense of the term, and are senseless and inert. Many Theosophical writers have shown scant courtesy to "matter" and have alluded to it as "brute matter" and in other uncomplimentary ways. Whether noumenal matter is meant is uncertain, but the worst term I feel justified in applying to the latter is "non-existent." Phenomenal matter, being but a construct of sense impressions or modifications of consciousness, "whose essence is in being perceived," can be treated kindly; but a regard for truth compels me to describe it as without consciousness or motion. We cannot *perceive* consciousness, or other separated selves, we can only *infer* their existence; and in the highest sense this inference is erroneous, as the Real Self is One. Neither can we assert that our own constructs or sense ideas *move*, as we are only conscious of changes of sense impression. These changes are not caused by *moving bodies*, but by the Divine Law, which renders perception possible, and is the cause of their routine or ordered sequence. It is true we give to certain changes of perception the name "motion," but this is only a concept, by which these changes are described. The same is

true of vibration, gravitation, chemical action, etc. Let us now examine a concrete case or two.

It is commonly stated that fire can cause pain, but it is not so clear that it can do so, when critically examined. That fire may be the *occasion* of pain no one denies, but the *cause* of the pain is the action of an ego in bringing a portion of its body into contact with flame. The cause of the pain is not the action of matter, therefore, but of spirit. If I am struck by a bullet, the bullet is not the *cause*, but the occasion of the injury to my body, as the unburnt cartridge can do me no harm, but when fired from a rifle it may be otherwise. The firing of the rifle is the act of an ego—in other words, of “spiritual causation.” In the same way with the causes of our perceptions and constructs. We are told on p. 11 that “we do not know the things themselves, but only the effect produced by them in our consciousness.” These “effects” *are* the things, and they do not *produce themselves*. The “producer” of the construct table is not a table, but a carpenter, probably assisted by other workmen, who are egos and are efficient spiritual causes of the construct “table,” which appears as such to me, through the essential identity of all egos or selves in the One Self. If it be asked what was the cause of the materials out of which the table was made, it is answered that the materials, like all else, exist in the Divine Thought, and through That, potentially, in all egos, and have no need of other cause. It is through this Cause that separated egos, likewise, perceive all things within their limits, which are really their *states of evolution*. To call the cause of “matter” by the same name is quite unwarranted; and to duplicate all objects of sense is a violation of the Law of Economy. “*Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem.*” If this law be broken, there is no reason why everything should not be multiplied to infinity in the Noumenal World, as no one would be any the wiser, in default of possible verification.

3. The question of abstract ideas remains. The author informs us that there is an “Abstract Mind,” p. 20, and also “that Manas is the reflection in the atomic matter of the third, or mental, plane of the cognitional aspect of the Self—of the Self as Knower.” I do not know if it be possible to frame an idea of any Abstract Mind, but I have never met anybody who could up to the present. It is true that mind may, for purposes of study, be considered apart from an ego, but a little analysis will show that to conceive of its separate existence, or abstracted from all egos, is impossible. If we attempt to conceive

an abstract mind we are only really examining our own thoughts about our own minds, and joining with this the conception of separateness we are doing no more than what Euclid did, when he stated that parallel straight lines can never meet, ignoring whether such things as straight lines, parallel or otherwise, had any existence save as concepts. Euclid's definition is, at any rate, consistent in conception (in which sense the mathematical sciences are all true) but the Abstract Mind has no definition at all.

As for Manas being a "reflection" in matter of any sort, the idea seems to be an inversion of the fact. Manas is unthinkable as existing in its own construct "matter," but matter is quite conceivable and is known to exist in consciousness—which, indeed, is its essence. Ashvagoshā, in the *Awakening of Faith*, states that "the three Domains (i.e., the *triloka*) are nothing but the self-manifestation of the Mind (*Ālaya-vijñāna*, which is practically identical with 'suchness'). Separated from the Mind, there would be no such things as the six objects of sense."

It appears to be a pity that, having assisted at the obsequies of the fetishes of Materialism, when they were buried in the Limbo of discarded obsessions of the human mind, any teachers of the Higher Wisdom should attempt to resuscitate them. Did these noumenal pseudo-concepts serve any useful purpose, or were they postulates of thought, whose existence was at all conceivable, something might be said for their being retained. I am quite prepared, however, to make the "*amende honorable*" to any opponent who will state in language capable of being translated into thought, how any consciousness, however exalted, can become aware of the existence of Noumenal Matter *per se*. If an appeal be made to authority, then, without admitting its validity to consecrate an absurdity, I content myself with opposing thereto the Idealism prevalent in the Buddhist Scriptures, thus leaving the appeal ultimately to Reason, which must decide—or rather which should decide—between the differing authorities.

It is clear that, in the few remarks made, I have only dealt partially and inadequately with subjects of vast importance, but I have no pretension to do aught but indicate imperfectly the path along which great thinkers have found the Light, and where I believe it will at last be found by all.

Yours, etc.

S. F. WEGUELIN-SMITH.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

A POLEMIC ON HYPNOTISM

Hypnotism and the Doctors. By Richard Harte. (London : L. N. Fowler and Co. ; New York : Fowler and Wells Co. ; 1902. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

WE have read this work with considerable interest, but, as its title indicates, the trail of the controversialist is over it all. If Mr. Harte had devoted the space which he sacrifices to girding at "the Doctors" to a further exposition of his subject, his book would have been more informing if less facetious.

The present volume of 244 pages is the second of a series of three works dealing with the subjects now embraced under the term Hypnotism. In it the author surveys the vicissitudes of Animal Magnetism from the time of Mesmer, and considers four other systems of Psycho-physics : Braidism, Statuvolism, Pathetism, and Electro-biology. He states that all these systems are nearly allied, and unless they are taken into consideration, the Hypnotism of our day seems little more than a jumble of conflicting theories, and a chaos of unexplained phenomena.

The chasing of pains from one part of the body to another, and drawing them finally out of the body by the extremities, is frequently mentioned by the old magnetisers. When the pain left the disease departed with it. This, as our author very truly remarks, is not only contrary to the common idea that pain is only a symptom of disease, but it is incompatible with the modern theory of bacilli, which makes out disease to be parasitic. What the clairvoyant ought to see shaken from the fingers of the magnetiser, one would think, he says, is not a shower of bad magnetism but of dead microbes ! So we think too, and we wish that microbes could be eliminated so easily. Mr. Sinnett is quoted as saying in his treatise on mesmerism that the "elementals" come and eat up this "bad magnetism," whereon the author observes that these "elementals"

are, apparently, a kind of tame Theosophical devils, whose function is this scavenger work. On these exalted questions we, as humble reviewers, cannot be expected to have an opinion; but we confess to a prejudice in favour of the microbes which we have seen, as against the bad magnetism which we have not, while as to the elementals—but we must return to Mr. Harte.

Animal magnetism suffered eclipse, he tells us, on account of a lack of agreement as to the fundamental principle of magnetic healing. Every operator found his own method successful, and this intensified the prejudice against them. They were accused of immorality, of producing insanity, of aggravating disease. This does occasionally happen, as Mr. Harte admits, in the hands of experimenting and sceptical doctors, ignorant of the subject, and of inexperienced persons generally. It is evident that even in Psycho-physics that the “expert” is made not born, hence everyone must be inexperienced to begin with. It is therefore perhaps as well for a long-suffering public that “the Doctors” decline to run *en masse* down the steep places of Animal Magnetism and its kindred cults.

Attempts were made to link mesmerism with phrenology, and phreno-magnetism had its day and ceased to be. Then came Reichenbach and his “Od force,” then homœopathy with its globules to compete with passes for the favour of the public. These, says Mr. Harte, shook orthodox medicine to such a degree that nowadays we have a veritable jubilee of patent medicines and “noxious fads” like the subcutaneous injection of opiates. Still, we think it will be something to have even patent medicines to fall back upon, when our confidence in our doctors is finally undermined by the present work *et hoc genus omne*.

The methods of Esdale and Elliotson are detailed, and Braid's Hypnotism described at considerable length. Fahnestock produced Statuolism, a state caused by the will of the patient, not of the operator. He can “throw his mind” to any distant place—he will, in fact, be there *minus* his body. He can read the thoughts of others. He feels himself free and not the “creature” of the magnetiser. However, we gather that this state cannot be entered at first without the aid of the operator.

The Pathetism of Sunderland started in the atmosphere of religious revivals. The worst epidemic being known as “the Jerks,” a species of convulsive seizure of great violence. Sunderland produced his “trance” by mental suggestion, and claimed many advan-

tages for his method. The Electro-biology of Dods is an interesting section of the work. He drew a striking distinction between the voluntary power of the Infinite Mind and its involuntary power working through the fixed laws of Nature.

It is, we think, possibly a pregnant suggestion that there may be a conscious and sub-conscious region in the Divine Mind, as there is a conscious and sub-liminal region in the human intelligence.

The methods of the different schools described are fully gone into, and those who desire to practise these dangerous arts will find many hints. But we would venture to remind them of the terrible results which may accrue, when "inexperienced persons" wander in these unmapped regions of the psychic realm; while as believers in the Law of Karma we draw their earnest attention to the saying of the Master: "For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

A. H. W.

BRITISH RULE AND INDIAN POVERTY

England and India. By Annie Besant. An Address delivered at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, October 5th, 1902. (Theosophical Publishing Co., 7, James Street, Harrogate. Price 2d.)

It goes without saying that everything Mrs. Besant says about India is valuable and well worthy of study; and if one ventures any criticism it is not as to her facts or her way of stating them. It is quite true that the working of the English law and courts has for its unintended but inevitable result the ever-increasing misery of the poor; but where I venture to differ from her is as to the tacit assumption she makes that this is a special vice of the Indian Government, and that improvement is possible by any acts of that Government, otherwise advised. It is not so; it is the inherent, essential, vice of our European civilisation—felt not only in India and in Ireland but in France, Germany, Italy, and even in the New England States of America; and no change of law *now* possible can alter it. For a world, as for a nation or an individual, there are steps which, once taken, can never be trodden backwards; and when you have once reconstructed society on the modern principle that justice has no concern with human life except to protect property—that you have done JUSTICE to your people when you have prevented theft and provided legal means whereby the money-lender may recover his last farthing,

starve who may, you cannot go back without a catastrophe. The Indian poor are growing poorer under the English rule—true; but don't forget that the *English* poor are growing more miserable under English rule, French poor under French rule, American poor under American rule also. No one knows this better than Mrs. Besant, and it is this which, in her sympathy for her Hindu friends, she has allowed herself somewhat to forget. There seems to be a general idea abroad just now that everything would go right over the world if only England would pay for it all; at the late Conference Irish landlords and tenants were for'once agreed upon *this* point—that they should have certain millions out of the English pocket! and now Mrs. Besant wants more millions for India. But the failures of our civilisation are not to be set straight by taxing the English poor for the benefit even of Hindus, and (as I have said) no power can alter the system which makes the misery, short of Revolution.

A. A. W.

SOME MYSTICAL VERSE

The Song of the Cross and the Chant of the Labour of Satan. By James Macbeth. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd.; 1902.)

THERE are so many things that might be said about this volume that we confess ourselves at a loss where to begin, and having begun, end our survey, in obedience to the limits at our disposal. It consists of numerous outpourings in prose and verse; highly allegorical, but a trifle confused, the main keynote (if there be one) of which would not easily reveal itself to profane readers. There is a good deal said which is very true and very excellent as far as the morality of it goes, but most of us are more than familiar with the same truths put in forms which are more likely to appeal to a wider circle of readers, and which are treated of mystically without being rendered unnecessarily obscure. For to be obscure is not to be mystical, although to many these terms are, we fear, synonymous. In the preface our author modestly implies the manifold nature of the Symbols he deals with, and it is only to be expected that he should treat them from his particular point of view, which we can frankly agree shows much earnestness, coupled with a simple-minded enthusiasm of a distinctly refreshing nature. But if the purpose of the book be what we hold as the main justification of any attempts in print—that of stimulating thought and providing emotional food of a wholesome kind for the

general public, or a section of it—we have to confess that our author does not live up to his somewhat lengthy title nor yet to the well-executed design on the cover, which is suggestive of many things.

The literary style leaves much to be desired, and the somewhat “large” themes chosen by the author are not those which lend themselves easily to treatment in prose or verse.

The author, however, claims to interpret “spiritual truths” for the “little ones,” but the field of mystical interpretation is a wide one, and in it many visionaries have lost their way. When we come to consider the verse formation proper we must point out that the attempt to rhyme “come” and “home” is hardly successful, and one glaring fault mars many of the productions—to wit, the excessive use of such abbreviations as “we’ll” and “I’ll,” which is abrupt and unmusical, to say the least of it.

The range of subjects comprised is a wide one, from that of war, which our writer is quite sure must be evil, to a sudden flight into “Nirvana,” which is worked up to as the climax, a lofty one, at any rate.

E. L.

A BOOK OF CHRISTIAN DEVOTION

All These Things Added. By James Allen, Author of “From Poverty to Power.” (London: The Savoy Publishing Co.)

OF this collection of essays there is no need to say more than that those who found satisfaction for their needs in the author’s former work will like and admire the present. A few headings from the list of contents will give an idea of its scope: The Might of Meekness, The Righteous Man, Perfect Love, Perfect Freedom, Greatness and Goodness, and finally Heaven in the Heart. It would be useless labour to try to explain to the author the regret *we* should feel if any of *our* pupils were to attain possession of what *he* regards as Heaven in the Heart; sufficient to say that, for the people for whom he writes, his book cannot fail to be useful and valuable, and that we wish it success.

A. A. W.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, February. "Old Diary Leaves" are this month entirely occupied with Mrs. Besant's visit to India in 1894; and the Colonel reproduces the eloquent and thrilling words in which he expressed himself at the time in the *Theosophist*, whilst the impression was still fresh upon him. As regards her expectation of the results of the popular enthusiasm she had created, a few words may usefully be quoted: "Her idea was that in all matters of reform the lead should be taken by the Brâhmans. . . . Her hope for the revival of the Aryan standards of moral and religious ideals lay in the beginning of the work of self-redemption in individual Brâhman families here and there, and the consequent creation of new family foci into which might be drawn some of the souls of ancient sages and moral heroes who might now be seeking proper bodies in which to reincarnate themselves. This process, she admitted, must take long, very long; yet the result could never be hoped for unless a beginning was made, and the present was as auspicious an hour for that as any other in the future could be." The view is so true and reasonable that one hardly likes to suggest that the world moves fast now, even in India, and that "whilst the grass grows, the horse starves." What will be left of India by the time this long process is complete? "The Law of Cause and Effect" is one of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago lectures, which we are glad to find are to be reprinted in England, and the first of which is already on sale, as will be seen in our advertising columns. The present is an especially valuable one, from which we take one neat statement: "Our religious brothers would tell us that that is good which is in accordance with God's will, and that that was evil which was in opposition to it. The scientific man would say that that was good which helped evolution, and whatever hindered it was evil. These two men are in reality saying exactly the same thing; for God's will for man is evolution; and when that is clearly realised all conflict between science and religion is at once ended." The other contents of a number somewhat above the average of interest are "Thoughts on Religious Systems," by S. Stuart; "Dormant Lodges of the T.S.," in which W. A. Meyers comes to the practical conclusion that "there need be no dormant Lodges if there are left two really living and devoted members; and that *if there are no dormant members*, it follows that there can be no dormant Lodges"! C. S. Narain Row furnishes a long and serious criticism of Mrs. Besant's views on

Avatârs, from the standpoint of a strictly orthodox Hindu theologian (it is amusing—and discouraging—to note how precisely alike the strictly orthodox theologians of *all* religions are, and how absolutely indifferent a matter it is what particular doctrines are taken as “the Word of God”) to which Mrs. Besant rightly feels it useless to respond. The Teacher’s word, “He that *can* receive it, let him receive it” carries with it the converse, “He that *cannot* receive it, let him let it alone!” The continuation of G. Krishna Sastri’s “Why should a Vedântin join the T.S.?” has a well-chosen series of extracts from the third volume of the *Secret Doctrine*, and claims that the few Vedântists who have any knowledge of the esoteric side of Vedântism should break their silence and give their judgment.

Central Hindu College Magazine, February, has a precious little note by A. B. on the place of Religion in the life of a student; a model elementary exposition of “A Beam of Light,” from Mr. G. Dyne; and much other good reading.

Theosophic Gleaner, January. In this number we have more original matter than of late. P. H. Mehta gives an account of “Man, from Different Viewpoints”; also a paper on the Brâhminical Thread, another on the “Inadequacy of Aristotle’s definition of Virtue as a mean between two opposite vices” (quoted as from Pascal, but he is only copying Aristotle). Mr. Leadbeater’s Amsterdam lecture on clairvoyance is translated from the Dutch.

The Dawn, February, contains a vigorous attack by Miss Noble (Sister Nivedita) on the Missionary misrepresentations of the condition of women in India.

East and West, March, keeps up its character as one of the best magazines going. This month it has admitted a long paper headed “Theosophy” by Mr. F. C. O. Beaman, I.C.S., in which our doctrines are treated favourably; somewhat perhaps “*de haut en bas*,” but probably in the best way to obtain a hearing from the public for which he writes.

Also from India: *The Indian Review*, January, containing a thoughtful paper on the “Hindu Sovereign as Parent of his People,” which suggests the origin of many of the faults of the English rule; *Kayastha Samachar*, or *Hindustan Review*, which has a noteworthy review of Mrs. Besant’s *Religious Problems of India*, noteworthy because it is neither indiscriminate praise nor blame, but a serious criticism, such as an author likes to see, even if he disagrees with it. The point of it is that in the reviewer’s opinion the Jewish religion, which

he calls that of the Prophets, and the Christian religion which developed from it, are *not* to be classed with Hinduism as branches of the Wisdom, but are in many points, and these the most important, contradictory of it. Now, though Mrs. Besant's statement of the case is true in the higher metaphysics, in practical work the reviewer is right, and it is good that this side of the truth should be brought out now and then; especially when, as just now, there is a tendency to drown the facts of the case in a flood of mere unintelligent Bhakti. A criticism of the late Swami Vivekânanda in the same number is also well worthy of study. Two new periodicals, *The Indian People*, from Allahabad, and *Indian Progress*, from Madras, are also acknowledged.

The Vâhan for March devotes most of its space to one of the old "Interference with Karma" puzzles: "If the better housing, etc., of our poorest working classes would attract more highly evolved Egos to incarnate in our large towns, what would become of the less advanced souls?" It is in print that on the introduction of gas an amiable but somewhat puzzle-headed old lady plaintively enquired, "But what will become of the poor whales?" and this parallel seems to us about all the answer needed. But we should like to see how John Leech would have drawn the querist perpending the first sentence of G. R. S. M.'s answer: "If only our questioners would consider more carefully the protases of their conditional clauses, perhaps the apodoses might take care of themselves."—*Tableau!* The other questions are as to the endurance of kârmic suffering and as to the "Great Renunciation," the replies to which last are of great importance and should be carefully studied.

The Lotus Journal, Vol. I., No. 1, March. Our friends of the Lotus Lodge have realised their hopes, and this month come out in all the dignity of print, as a full-sized Magazine, the green cover decorated by a pretty design of a lotus pool, and a prize for subscribers in the shape of a very good reproduction of one of the best and most recent photos of Mrs. Besant. The larger literary contents are, a panegyric on the subject of the photo, signed by the well-known initials A. B. C.; a reproduction of one of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago lectures on the Life after Death, and a child's story by the inexhaustible Michael Wood. For Lodge business we have questions (with references) on *Man and his Bodies*, "Science Notes," and "Outlines of Theosophy for our Younger Readers." We must congratulate the Editors on having so efficiently filled up what has been for a long time a painful blank in our literature, and wish a long and useful life

to our only English "Magazine for children and young people." The subscription is 3s. 6d. per annum, and we may honestly add that if any of our readers have no young people for whom to subscribe they need not be ashamed to take it for their own reading. It is well worth it!

Bulletin Théosophique. By this time the French Anniversary Meeting will have met and decided whether to raise the subscription from 5fr. to 7. There can be no question that, in all cases, the annual subscriptions should be fixed at an amount which will fairly meet the expenses; it is not respectable that those who receive the benefits of the Society should leave its maintenance dependent on the purses of a few devoted supporters, as is too often the case.

Revue Théosophique, February. The first article is a lecture given by Mr. Keightley, in Paris, on Yoga; then follow the conclusion of Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Sociology"; "One of the Objects of Theosophy," by E. Syffert; and an amusing little tale by Dr. C. de Lespinois of a haunted image which, more amiable than that of the *Fallen Idol*, not only manifested its indignation at neglect, but rewarded the wise owner who cleaned it up and made it a new robe out of her wedding dress. Why do you laugh? Why not?

Theosophia, February, contains, besides translations from H. P. B., Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, a careful study of *Elementals*, by M. Keepmaker. It has also an account of a valuable and beautiful birthday Album presented to Col. Olcott and acknowledged in this month's *Theosophist*.

Théosophie, March. Dr. Pascal, Mlle. Aimée Blech and A. C. F. M. supply the contents of this number; the latter with an excellent solution of the apparent puzzle why the Society should declare itself not responsible for *any* of the opinions expressed by its members.

Teosofia, February, has a lecture by Mr. Leadbeater, a study by Gabriele Rosa on the "Revival of Learning in Italy in the early Middle Ages," and a fragment by Mrs. Besant.

Sophia, February, continues translations of Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity* and "Evolution of Consciousness," and G. R. S. Mead's "Genesis of the Talmud," and gives an interesting paper on "Theogony and Magic amongst the Aborigines of Brazil," by Daris Vellogo.

Theosophic Messenger, February, gives us a description of certain skeletons said by the *Chicago Daily News* to have been found in Austria, in parallel columns with Mr. Scott-Elliot's picture of the Third Race Man. The correspondence is certainly striking, but the conclusion we are inclined to draw from it is *not* that it furnishes a

"scientific corroboration" of our friend's researches. The last time this turned up it was a Frenchman who had found a living specimen in Africa, as in the present case, far *too* closely resembling the description!

Revista Teosofica, December, 1902; has a funeral notice, with portrait, of the late Secretary of the Havana Lodge, S. Guillermo Perez de Utrera; and portions of the "Septenary Constitution of Man," "Letters to a Catholic Priest," "Identity of the Microcosm and the Macrocosm" and of a paper "Upon Prayer."

Theosophy in Australasia, January. Here we have a particularly well-chosen Outlook, in which its notice of the American Convention rightly emphasises the calm way in which Mr. Leadbeater there handed over all South America to the United States—surely a little too previous, at present! The articles comprise "The Astral Body," and "Ideal Life," and there are besides some good answers to questions.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine for February contains "The Riddle of the Universe," by J. G., and the conclusion of a paper on Karma. M. Judson gives "Notes on Rocking Stones, etc.,"; A. E. Davidson treats of "Illusions," and S. Studd concludes his careful study "Chance or Accident."

Also acknowledged: *Modern Astrology*, March, in which is commenced a series of papers on the Wisdom Religion; a new Magazine from Vienna entitled *Die Gnosis*, in which a portion of Scott-Elliot's *Atlantis* is translated, with a reduction of his first map; *Star Lore*; *Dharma*; *Logos Magazine*; *N.Y. Magazine of Mysteries*; *La Nuova Parola*, containing an important paper by the Editor on the recent condemnation of the eminent scholar Abbé Loisy's last work—a matter of great interest to those who look anxiously to the immediate future of the Catholic Church; *Mind*, with articles on the Tahiti fire walk, and on mental science and allied subjects; *The Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Mind*; *Light*.

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

EVERY month almost sees the coming to light of some new discovery or other which a few years ago would have been classed with the "superstitions" and "vain dreams" of psychic science by the conservative and orthodox expounders of the faith. For several years various striking and very peculiar properties, quite unsuspected hitherto, have been discovered in connection with the many kinds of "radiation" which substances of the uranium and polonium types have been proved to emit, and over a year ago the isolation of "Radium," as they named it, or at any rate of its salts, by Monsieur and Mme. Curie attracted a good deal of attention. But further research upon this most remarkable element has shown that it possesses a property which appears to mark it out as almost unique in the series of elements, though possibly now that attention has been called to its existence in this one case, fainter and less marked traces of similar properties may be found in other bodies.

WE almost seem to have gone back to the much-ridiculed *perpetuum mobile* of the ancients, or at any rate to have discovered a means of directly tapping the almost infinite energy of the ether, if that way of putting the matter is the less revolutionary one. Whatever may turn out to be their true explanation, the facts as described are sufficiently startling. The *Times*, of March 25th, gives the best general account of these new observations from the point of view of the ordinary reader, so we shall next quote it in full.

Radium as an In-
exhaustible Source
of Heat

M. Curie, a French physicist of the highest reputation and attainments, has made a communication to the Academy of Sciences which would have been received with absolute incredulity had it been offered on less unimpeachable authority. He finds that a substance of comparatively recent discovery, to which the name of Radium has been given, and in the isolation of which he has had the indefatigable and invaluable assistance of Mme. Curie, possesses the extraordinary property of continuously emitting heat, without combustion, without chemical change of any kind, and without any change in its molecular structure, which remains spectroscopically identical after many months of continuous emission of heat. He finds, further, that Radium maintains its own temperature at a point $1\cdot5^{\circ}$ Centigrade, or $2\cdot7^{\circ}$ on our ordinary scale, above its surroundings. To put the matter in another way, the actual quantity of heat evolved is such that the pure Radium salt would melt more than its own weight of ice every hour. Or, again, half a pound of the Radium salt would evolve in one hour heat equal to that produced by the burning of one-third of a cubic foot of hydrogen gas, and this evolution of heat goes on continuously for indefinite periods, leaving the salt at the end of months of activity just as potent as at the beginning. Radium has excited the keenest interest by its power of throwing off rays, vibrations, emanations, or whatever we may call them, which when received upon a sensitive screen of barium platinocyanide or zinc sulphide, cause it to glow with a phosphorescent light. Sir William Crookes, who has investigated this subject with the most brilliant results, gave a very beautiful demonstration at the meeting of the Royal Society last week. Viewed through a magnifying glass, the sensitive screen is seen to be the object of a veritable bombardment by particles of infinite minuteness, which, themselves invisible, make known their arrival on the screen by flashes of light, just as a shell coming from the blue announces itself by an explosion. According to the nature of the receiving screen, they show a mass of discrete scintillations or a diffused glow, very much as falling rain will cause a general wetness on one surface while it runs off another in drops. Though working with only a few milligrammes of the Radium salt, Sir William Crookes found that so extra-

ordinary is the output of these emanations that every vessel with which they come in contact, and even the fingers of the operator, acquired temporarily the power of exciting phosphorescence on the sensitive screen. Yet notwithstanding their infinite number and the ceaselessness of their emission, the mass of the radiating body appears to suffer no diminution.

Remarkable as are these photogenic properties of Radium, it is obvious that M. Curie has introduced us to forces of a totally different order of magnitude. Phosphorescence occurs in nature, as, for example, in the glow-worm, and in certain Bacteria, in conditions where the energy is absolutely infinitesimal as compared with what we have to expend to produce light. Hence the phosphorescence of a sensitive screen under the influence of Radium emanations does not necessarily take us beyond a region in which light is an accident of processes infinitely minute, though not on that account less worthy of investigation. But heat sufficient to raise the mercury in the thermometer by 2.7° , is a different thing altogether, and when the output of this heat is maintained indefinitely without any visible compensation to the heat-giving body, we are in presence of a physical effect which is not only appreciable, but considerable.

That effect must have a cause, for we are not to suppose that we have at last hit upon perpetual motion. Investigation of that cause is full of promise for the physicist. Apparently we have in Radium a substance having the power to gather up and convert into heat some form of ambient energy with which we are not yet acquainted. Other substances, mostly of high atomic weight, possess its radiant properties to a less well-marked extent, and research may prove that transparency to the unknown form of energy is merely a question of degree.

M. Becquerel gave a powerful initial impulse to the study of this subject by his discovery that uranium continuously emits some kind of rays or emanations capable of affecting sensitive plates.

It is calculated by M. and Mme. Curie that Radium is 500,000 times as powerful as uranium. The physiological action of the Radium emanations is very powerful, though time is required for its development. A small tube containing Radium if kept in contact with the skin for some hours, or even if carried in the waistcoat pocket, produces an open sore, by destroying the epidermis and the true skin beneath. Its effects do not, however, appear to extend to the subjacent tissues, and the sore remains superficial. On the other hand, Radium emanations act powerfully upon the nerve substance, and cause the death of living things whose nerve centres do not lie deep enough to be shielded from their influence.

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THE account given in *Nature* of the same week is less popular and somewhat more technical, but is worth quoting as containing a minimum of inference and confining itself to a bare summary of the facts :

The Account in
Nature

The investigation of the properties of radium salts has led to many remarkable results, among which those contributed by MM. P. Curie and A. Laborde to the current number of the *Comptes rendus* are not the least remarkable. These investigators adduce evidence to show that radium salts give off heat continuously. The experiments were made in two ways. Two small bulbs, one containing one gram of a radiferous barium chloride containing about one-sixth of its weight of radium chloride, and the other containing a similar weight of ordinary barium chloride, were placed under similar thermal conditions with one junction of a thermo-couple in each bulb. The bulb containing the radium preparation proved to be 1.5° hotter than the other, and this temperature difference was maintained. An independent confirmation was obtained with the Bunsen ice calorimeter. At the moment the radium bulb was introduced, the mercury, which was previously stationary, commenced to move along the tube with a perfectly uniform velocity, and on the bulb being taken out the mercury stopped. From these experiments, which are given as preliminary and only roughly quantitative, the authors conclude that a gram of pure radium would give off a quantity of heat of the order of 100 calories per hour, or 22,500 per gram-atom per hour, a number comparable with the heat of combustion in oxygen of a gram-atom of hydrogen. The disengagement of such a quantity of heat cannot be explained by the assumption of any ordinary chemical transformation, and this excludes the theory of a continuous modification of the atom. The heat evolution can only be explained by supposing that the radium utilises an external energy of unknown nature.

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NATURALLY facts so startling and unexpected have called forth attempts at explanation, and equally of course there is no little difference among the doctors as to how the facts themselves should be interpreted. The first to venture into the debatable land was Sir William Crookes, whose own work and discoveries have had so much to do with the unveiling to the eyes of Science of the new regions into which it is now pushing its pioneering expeditions. Writing to the *Times* (March 26th), he says:

In the presence of a mystery like that of Radium any reasonable attempt at explanation will be welcome, so I will ask your permission to revive a hypothesis I ventured to submit to the British Association in my presidential address in 1898. Speaking of the radio-active bodies then just discovered by M. and Mme. Curie, I drew attention to the large amount of energy locked up in the molecular motions of quiescent air at ordinary pressure and temperature, which, according to some calculations by Dr. Johnstone Stoney amounts to about 140,000 ft. pounds in each cubic yard of air; and I conjectured

that radio-active bodies of high atomic weight might draw upon this store of energy in somewhat the same manner as Maxwell imagined when he invented his celebrated "Demons" to explain a similar problem. I said it was not difficult so to modify this hypothesis as to reduce it to the level of an inflexible law, and thus bring it within the ken of a philosopher in search of a new tool. I suggested that the atomic structure of radio-active bodies was such as to enable them to throw off the slow-moving molecules of the air with little exchange of energy, while the quick-moving missiles would be arrested, with their energy reduced and that of the target correspondingly increased. A similar sifting of the swift-moving molecules is common enough, and is effected by liquids whenever they evaporate into free air. The energy thus gained by the radio-active body would raise its temperature, while the surrounding air would get cooler. I suggested that the energy thus gained by the radio-active body was employed partly in dissociating some of the gaseous molecules (or in inducing some other condition which would have the effect of rendering the neighbouring air a conductor of electricity) and partly in originating undulations through the ether, which, as they take their rise in phenomena so disconnected as the impacts of molecules, must furnish a large contingent of Stokesian pulses of short wave length. The shortness in the case of these waves appears to approach, without attaining, the extreme shortness of ordinary Röntgen rays.

Although the fact of emission of heat by Radium is in itself sufficiently remarkable, this heat is probably only a small portion of the energy Radium is constantly sending into space. It is at the same time hurling off material particles which reveal their impact on a screen by luminous scintillations. Stop these by a glass or mica screen and torrents of Röntgen rays still pour out from a few milligrams of Radium salt, in quantity to exhibit to a company all the phenomena of Röntgen rays, and with energy enough to produce a nasty blister on the flesh, if kept near it for an hour.

In conclusion, if it is not too much trespassing on your space, I should like to express the great admiration which I have, in common with all English men of science, at the brilliant discovery of Radium, and its unique properties—the crowning point of the long and painstaking series of researches on radio-active bodies undertaken by Professor Curie and his talented coadjutor, Mme. Curie.

ON March 30th the *Times* published Dr. Johnstone Stoney's views on the matter, and as they bear somewhat closely upon those advanced by Sir William Crookes, his letter is also quoted here :

Dr. Johnstone
Stoney elaborates
the Idea

The mystery of radium, as far as the term mystery refers to the source from which the radium derives the energy which it dispenses, is one of a very large number of mysteries in nature, all of which may with probability be referred to a power which

nature possesses of making available the energy which is stored up in gases and liquids in virtue of there being differences between the activities of their individual molecules at each instant of time.

The molecules of a gas or of a liquid travel about with different speeds and they also differ in the activity of the events that are all the time going on within these travelling molecules.

Now some of the molecules impinge upon any body immersed in the gas or liquid ; and whenever those that are moving swiftest, or those of which the internal events are most vigorous, can produce an effect upon that body which the more sluggish molecules cannot produce—in all such cases energy is transferred from the adjoining air or liquid to the body immersed in it, and the air or liquid becomes cooler. What use shall be made of the energy so obtained depends upon the nature of the body acted on. In radio-active bodies it appears to be largely expended in emitting electrons, but also partly in radiations, some of which are ordinary heat radiations. In organic life it is employed in a multitude of ways ; root hairs produce root pressure ; in some bacilli the whole energy which they expend in producing organic compounds seems to have this source ; while throughout the entire of every organism, wherever there is living protoplasm, this seems to be one of the agencies which enable it to do work.

Energy can be obtained from this source only at a moderate rate. This is because the air or liquid from which the energy is derived becomes cooler in the act of yielding it up, and its warmth has to be restored to it by the ordinary processes of radiation, convection, and conduction ; accordingly the rate at which its warmth can be reacquired by these processes limits the rate at which it can persist, without diminution, in yielding up energy to the body immersed in it. This is a very suggestive fact in relation to the rate at which events develop themselves in organic life.

As my friend Sir William Crookes has referred to his use of this explanation in 1898, I may be allowed to refer to a paper published in 1893, in which it was also employed. See Proceedings of the Royal Dublin Society for January 18th, 1893, or the *Philosophical Magazine* for April, 1893.

* * *

A WRITER who signs himself " Ignoramus " has tried to controvert Sir William's suggested explanation, but the dispute throws little light on the subject, as it seems in the

A Controversy main to rest upon misunderstanding of the nature of the explanation suggested and of the conditions it involves. Hence it does not seem worth while to follow it up, but some additional facts relating to the general position and relations of Radium in the scale of elementary bodies have been pointed out in the letter quoted below from Prof. William Ackroyd to the *Times*, and are worth attention :

I should esteem it a great honour to be permitted to follow the lead of Sir William Crookes in an attempt to reconcile, in however small a degree, the various facts which have been recently brought to light respecting radium compounds, and which have been the cause of no small amount of mental perturbation to the scientific world on account of their seeming paradoxical nature.

We are indebted to Mme. Curie for the fundamental fact that radium has an atomic weight of 225 ($O=16$). This figure has been accepted by the International Committee, and is published in their list of atomic weights for 1903. I would here point out that certain properties of radium compounds must necessarily follow.

In the first place, the element radium will be one of the rarest in the universe. The comparative rarity of pitchblende, the difficulties which have attended the isolation and purification of radium compounds from it by M. and Mme. Curie sufficiently attest the fact, and it is in complete keeping with the law of the relation of the atomic weights of the elements to their telluric distribution, to which I had the privilege of drawing the attention of the chemical section of the British Association meeting at Belfast last year.

In the next place, from the similarity of radium to barium compounds, as noted by the Curies, the position of radium will in all probability be found at the end of the vertical group of elements in the periodic classification which includes the metals of the alkaline earths, giving it a symmetric position with respect to thorium and uranium. But, let this be as it may, it follows, on account of its high atomic weight and as the terminal member of a group, that the compounds of radium must have a *maximum* of the X-ray absorption property, because in comparable series there is increase of X-ray absorption with increase of atomic weight. And, if the law of reciprocity of absorption and radiation be conformed to, then it further follows, which is the fact, that radium compounds must have a *maximum* of the X-ray radiative property.

The quality of X-ray absorption possessed by a radium compound to a greater degree than all other members of its group, and also to a greater degree than members of all other groups, is probably reinforced by another physical feature, to which I would draw attention, and that is its extremely low specific heat, a quality which one may venture to predict will contribute to a *minimum* of absorption of rays, other than X-rays, aiding in producing the *maximum* of radiant effect. To these points I would particularly draw the attention of physicists, as I believe they will help to explain away many of the seeming anomalies exhibited by radium compounds.

* * *

BUT what bearing, it may be asked, has all this upon Theosophy? Is it another instance in which H. P. B. has proved to be right

Radium and this
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when she defended some most heretical notion against the orthodox scientists of her day? Or does it illustrate any special teaching? At present I can only give a negative answer to these questions. Why then should a month's "Watch-Tower" be thus devoted to the chronicling of details concerning what many a reader will perhaps put aside as a mere curiosity of science? Because, it seems to me, radium is just one of those strange and rare facts in Nature which are so often invaluable, not for themselves, but because they forcibly call our attention to some principle, or some possibility which otherwise we should overlook. Personally, I confess that I do not see just at present to what these peculiar properties of radium point. But I do recognise that the whole of this new field of research into the spontaneous radio-activity of certain bodies is full of suggestions and most fertile in new insights into that tremendous problem—the nature of matter.

A great poet has told us of the flower growing in the crannied wall that if we but knew it in its entirety, what it is, stem and all, root and all, we should know what God and man is. To me it seems that the same thing may be said with even deeper truth of every particle of "matter." If we could know thoroughly and completely what any single particle of matter *really is*, and all that it involves of activities, relations and implications, we should know the secret of manifestation, the inmost heart of Máýá.

TRUTHS, of all others the most awful and interesting, are too often considered as so true, that they lose all the power of truth, and lie *bedruiden* in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE more consciousness in our thoughts and words and the less in our impulses and general actions, the better and more healthful the state of both head and heart.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE TALMUD BALAAM JESUS STORIES

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 137)

HOWEVER this may be, the Rabbis were convinced that the disciples of Balaam *en bloc* would inherit Gehenna, as we read in the tractate devoted to the "Sayings of the Fathers":

"The disciples of our father Abraham enjoy this world and inherit the world to come, as it is written [Prov. viii. 21]: 'That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance, and that I may fill their treasuries.' The disciples of Balaam the impious inherit Gehenna, and go down into the pit of destruction, as it is written [Ps. lv. 24]: 'But thou, O God, shalt bring them down into the pit of destruction: bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days.'"*

And if there should by any chance be still the slightest hesitation in the mind of the reader that Balaam in these passages equates with Jeschu, the following remarkable passage from the Babylonian Gemara should for ever set his mind at rest.

"A Min said to R. Chanina: Hast thou by any chance ascertained what age Balaam was? He answered: There is nothing written concerning it. But since it is said, 'Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days,' he was either thirty-three or thirty-four years old. The Min answered: Thou hast spoken well; for I have myself seen a chronicle of Balaam in which it is said: Thirty-three years old was Balaam the lame man, when the robber Phineas slew him."†

I am not quite certain what R. Chanina is here intended. R. Chanina ben Dosa was a contemporary of R. Jochanan ben Zakkai, who flourished in the last third of the first century; while R. Chanina ben Chama was a pupil of "Rabbi's," and therefore must be placed at the beginning of the third century; he lived at Sepphoris in Palestine. That this specimen of

* *Aboth*, v. 19.

† *Bab. Sanhedrin*, 106b.

Rabbinical exegesis, however, may be ascribed to the earlier Chanina in preference to the later, is suggested by the very similar passage in the same Gemara which reads:

"R. Jochanan said: Doeg and Ahithophel lived not half their days. Such too, is the tenor of a Boraitha*: Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days. All the years of Doeg were not more than thirty-four, and of Ahithophel not more than thirty-three."†

R. Jochanan flourished about 130-160 A.D. As it seems easier to assume that the splitting up of the "33 or 34" between Ahithophel and Doeg was the later development, rather than that the supposed ages of Doeg and Ahithophel should have been conflated into the age of Balaam, I am inclined to think that the R. Chanina of our penultimate passage is intended for the earlier Chanina. If this be so, and the story can be taken as genuine, that is as an old tradition, then we have an early confirmation from outside sources of the thirty-three years of Jesus at the time of his death. But to consider the wording of the passage in greater detail.

Laible translates Min as "Jewish Christian"; but it is difficult to believe that a Jewish Christian of any school can have referred to Jesus as Balaam, and therefore I have kept the original without translation. The academical answer bases itself on the three-score and ten years given as the normal life of man in the Torah. It is interesting to note that R. Chanina knows of no Jewish tradition which gives the age of Jeschu; he can only conjecture an answer by means of a kind of Rabbinical *sortilegium* of texts. Wonderful—replies the Min—that is just what I have read in one of the "Chronicles of Balaam"—a Gospel story apparently. We can hardly suppose, however, that we have a direct quotation from this "Chronicle"; we have plainly a Rabbinical gloss put into the mouth of the Min.

Now Phineas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron, was the priestly leader of the army of Israel which destroyed the Midianites, and slew their kings, and with them Balaam, son of Beor (Num. xxxi. 2ff.). But why should Phineas be called a "robber"

* A saying or tradition not included in the canonical Mishna.

† *Sa'athedin*, 106b (end).

(Aram. *listaa* from the Greek *λῃστής*) as Laible translates it? Rashi explains this word as meaning "general" (*sar tzaba*), and we should remember that though *lista* is a loan-word from the Greek *λῃστής* (a "robber"), it was with the Jews rather the title of patriotic leaders, of zealots for the Law, as Phineas was represented to be *par excellence*. The meaning is thus simple and clear enough, and we see no reason for Laible's conjecture,* that *Lista'a* is a caricature-name for *P'lista'a*=Pilate. No doubt it would be convenient somehow to bring Pilate into the Talmud Jesus stories, but as a matter of fact his name and every incident of the Gospel story connected with him are conspicuous in the Talmud by their absence. If *listaa* was a caricature-name, we should not find the combination "Phineas Listaa," but Listaa by itself. Otherwise we should expect to come across some such doubles as Balaam Ben Stada—a species of combination nowhere found in the Talmud.

There still remains to be explained the curious combination "Balaam the lame man"; but I have so far met with no satisfactory conjecture on this point, and am quite unable to hazard one of my own.† Laible conjectures that the epithet had its origin in the breaking down of Jesus under the weight of the cross or the piercing of his feet; but did the Rabbis know anything of what Laible presupposes throughout, without any enquiry of any sort, to have been the actual ungainsayable history of Jesus?

Finally, with a sublime *tour de force* of inconsistency, the Talmud gives us a story where Balaam and Jeschu are introduced together in the same evil plight but as entirely different persons and giving absolutely contradictory advice. This story runs as follows:

"Onkelos bar Kalonikos, nephew of Titus, desired to secede to Judaism. He conjured up the spirit of Titus and asked him: Who is esteemed in that world? He answered: The Israelites. Onkelos asked further: Ought one to join himself to them? He

* *Op. cit.*, p. 60.

† The article in *The Jewish Encyclopedia* says: Balaam in Rabbinical literature "is pictured as blind of one eye and lame in one foot (*Sau.* 105a); and his disciples (followers) are distinguished by three morally corrupt qualities, *viz.*, an evil eye, a haughty bearing, and an avaricious spirit."

answered: Their precepts are too many; thou canst not keep them; go rather hence and make war upon them in this world; so shall thou become a head; for it is said [Lam. i. 5]: 'Their adversaries are become the head,' *i.e.*, Everyone that vexeth the Israelites, becomes a head. Onkelos asked the spirit: Wherewith art thou judged? He answered: With that which I have appointed for myself: each day my ashes are collected and I am judged; then I am burnt and the ashes scattered over the seven seas.

"Thereupon Onkelos went and conjured up the spirit of Balaam. He asked him: Who is esteemed in that world? The spirit answered: The Israelites. Onkelos asked further: Ought one to join himself to them? The spirit said: Seek not their peace and their good away. Onkelos asked: Wherewith art thou judged? The spirit answered: With boiling pollution.

"Thereupon Onkelos went and conjured up the spirit of Jeschu. He asked him: Who is esteemed in that world? The spirit answered: The Israelites. Onkelos asked further: Ought one to join himself to them? The spirit said: Seek their good and not their ill. He who toucheth them, touches the apple of His eye. Onkelos asked: Wherewith art thou judged? The spirit said: With boiling filth.

"For the Teacher has said: He who scorneth the words of the wise is judged with boiling filth. See what a distinction there is between the apostates of Israel and the heathen prophets!"*

In the first place we ask who was Onkelos and why was he selected as the protagonist in this necromantic *séance*?

Scholars of eminence, though entirely without reference to this passage, have identified the name Onkelos with the Talmudic Akilas, the Greek Akylas (Ἀκύλας), and the Latin Aquila. The most famous Aquila in Jewish history was the translator of the Old Covenant documents into Greek, in a slavishly literal version which was held in the greatest esteem by the Jews as correcting the innumerable errors of the Septuagint version on which the Christians entirely depended. We are not certain of the exact date of this Aquila, but he is generally placed in the first half of the second century.

* *Bab. Gittin*, 56b ff.

Now Irenæus, Eusebius, Jerome and other Fathers, and the Jerusalem Talmud itself,* say that this Aquila was a proselyte to the Jewish faith. Moreover Epiphanius† states that "Aquila was a relative (the exact nature of the relationship denoted by the otherwise unknown form *πενθερίδης* is doubtful) of the Emperor Hadrian, and was appointed by him to superintend the rebuilding of Jerusalem under the new name of Aelia Capitolina; that, impressed by the miracles of healing and other wonders performed by the disciples of the Apostles who had returned from Pella to the nascent city, he embraced Christianity, and at his own request was baptised; that, in consequence of his continued devotion to practices of astrology, which he refused to abandon even when reproved by the disciples, he was expelled from the Church; and that, embittered by this treatment, he was induced through his zeal against Christianity to become a Jew, to study the Hebrew language, and to render the Scriptures afresh into Greek with the view of setting aside those testimonies to Christ which were drawn from the current version on [*sic*, ? of] the Septuagint."‡

With Dickson, the writer of the article from which we have been quoting, we may set aside the account of Epiphanius as a theological romance to discount the value of Aquila's translation; he, however, preserves the interesting fact that Aquila was a "relative" of some kind of Hadrian, and this is strongly confirmatory of our conjecture that the Onkelos, nephew of Titus, and the Aquila of history are one and the same person.

With regard to the Talmud passage, however, in which Aquila plays the part of protagonist, it is not very easy to glean the precise meaning. Onkelos-Aquila is about to become a proselyte to Judaism; whereupon he seeks counsel from three of the greatest foes of Jewry according to Rabbinical traditions. These all are made to admit the pre-eminence of the Israelites, if not in this world, at any rate in the world to come. Titus, the plain Roman soldier, says that the Jews' religious rules and customs are far too elaborate, and advises his kinsman to make war against them; Balaam is less extreme in his views and advises a moderate

* *Megill.*, 71c. 3; *Kiddush.*, 59c. 1.

† *De Pond. et Mens.*, c. 14, 15.

‡ See article "Aquila" in Smith and Wace's *Dictionary of Christian Biography* (London; 1877).

policy; while Jeschu is made to regard the Jews as the chosen race, the specially beloved, the apple of Yahweh's eye, and urges Aquila to seek ever their good.

And yet the punishment assigned to these three by Rabbinical opinion is in exact inverse proportion to their hostility to Israel. Whatever may be the technical distinction between "boiling filth" and "boiling pollution," they are evidently far more severe forms of torment than the punishment of Titus, who is burnt simply without the added vileness of "filth" or "pollution." Moreover that by "boiling filth" we are to understand something of the most loathsome nature possible, far exceeding even the foulness of "boiling pollution" may be seen from the statement that this "'boiling filth' is the lowest abode in hell, into which there sinks every foulness of the souls which sojourn in the upper portions. It is also as a secret chamber, and every superfluity, in which there is no spark of holiness, falls thereinto. For this reason it is called 'boiling filth,' according to the mysterious words of Is. xxviii. 8: 'There is so much vomit and filthiness, that there is no place clean,' as it is said in Is. xxx. 52: 'Thou shalt call it filth.' "*.

And the reason that this "boiling filth" was chosen by the Rabbis as the punishment of Jeschu is to be seen in the following deduction ascribed to Rab Acha bar Ulla (who flourished presumably in the second half of the fourth century):

"From this [from Eccles. xii. 12] it follows, that he who jeers at the words of the doctors of the Law, is punished by boiling filth."†

What the text in Ecclesiastes is to which reference is made, I am not certain. It would seem to refer to v. 11, which runs: "The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd," rather than to v. 12, which reads: "And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh."

And in connection with this the Tosaphoth add:

* Laible, *op. cit.*, p. 95, quoting from Eisenmenger, *Entdecktes Judenthum* (see for latest edition F. X. Schiefel's, Dresden, 1893), ii. 335 ff., who refers to *Emek hammelech*. 135c, chap. 19.

† *Bab. Erubin*, 21b, referring evidently to the last paragraph of the passage from *Gittin* 57, quoted above.

“ ‘Is there [Eccles. xii. 12] then really written לֵב (derision) ’? At all events it is true that he is punished by boiling filth as we are saying in Ha-Nezakin.*”†

Dalman† adds in a note: “The Tosaphoth mean, although it may not be allowed to derive this punishment from the words in Eccles. xii. 12, as Rab Acha bar Ulla does, *Erubin*, 21b, it is nevertheless true.” But how Rab Acha derived the “boiling filth” even illegitimately from this text is nowhere explained as far as I can discover, and I fear my readers are no less wearied than myself in following such arid bypaths of perverse casuistic.

The only thing we learn definitely from all of this is that Jeschu refused to be bound by the exegesis of the Rabbis and their decisions, and in this he seems to the non-Rabbinical mind to have been a wise man, if their decisions were anything like the one before us; whereas for the Rabbis this “scorning” of the words of their doctors was the sin of all sins, and therefore deserving of the greatest torment Hell could brew, and this for the Rabbis, no matter by what means they arrived at it, was the torment of “boiling filth.”

We have now come to the end of our Balaam Jeschu stories, but before we pass on to a consideration of what the Talmud has to say concerning the disciples and followers of Jesus, we will append a passage in the Targum Sheni to Esther vii. 9, § which is exceedingly curious in several ways and deserves our attention.

The Targum, after relating that Haman appealed with tears to Mordecai for mercy but in vain, proceeds to tell us that Haman thereupon began a great weeping and lamentation for himself in the garden of the palace. And thereupon is added:

“He answered and spake thus: Hear me, ye trees and all ye plants, which I have planted since the days of the creation. The son of Hammedatha is about to ascend to the lecture-room of Ben Pandera.”

Tree after tree excuses itself from being the hanging-post of

* That is chap. v. of *Gittin*, 56b.

† Tosaphoth to *Erubin*, 21b.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 39.*

§ The A.V. reads: “And Harbonah, one of the chamberlains, said before the king, Behold also, the gallows fifty cubits high, which Haman had made for Mordecai, who had spoken good for the king, standeth in the house of Haman. Then the king said, Hang him thereon.”

Haman ; finally the cedar proposes that Haman be hanged on the gallows he had set up for Mordecai.

Here again, as in the case of Balaam ben Beor, we have as protagonist a character who was ever regarded as one of the most inveterate enemies of the Jews—Haman ben Hammedatha. With haggadic license Haman is represented as being in the midst of the “ garden ” in the midst of the “ trees ” ; and yet it is Yahweh himself (though indeed there seems to be some strange confusion between the persons of Yahweh and Haman in the narrative) who addresses the trees “ which I have ‘planted since the days of the creation,” and who announces that Haman is “ about to ascend to the lecture-room of Ben Pandera.”

The word translated by “ lecture-room ” is *aksandria*, which Levy in his *Wörterbuch* connects with *Alexandria*, but which Laible says* must be explained by *ἑξέδρα*, the regular term for the lecture-room or lecture place of a philosopher ; and certainly Laible here seems to give the more appropriate meaning, for what can Alexandria have to do in this connection ?

“ The lecture-room of Ben Pandera ” is then evidently a jesting synonym of the gallows, which in this particular case was not made of wood, otherwise the trees could not *all* have excused themselves. Here then again, according to Jewish tradition, Ben Pandera was hanged and not crucified, for the word gallows expressly excludes all notion of crucifixion. It is indeed a remarkable fact that the point which is above all others so minutely laboured in Christian tradition, the pivot of Christian dogmatics, is consistently ignored by Jewish tradition.

It is also a point of great interest for us in this strange story that the same or very similar elements appear in some of the forms of the Toldoth Jeschu, in which we find that the body of Jeschu cannot be hanged on any tree because he had laid a spell upon them by means of the Shem ; the plants, however, had not been brought under this spell, and so the body was finally hung on a “ cabbage-stalk.”

That there is some hidden connection between this apparently outrageously silly legend and the Haman haggada is evident, but what that connection originally was it seems now impossible

* *Op. cit.*, p. 91.

to discover. There may even be some "mystic" element at bottom of it all, as the "garden" and "trees" seem to suggest; and in this connection we must remember that there is much talk of a "garden" in the Toldoth, and that, as we have already seen from Tertullian (*De Spect.*, c. xxx.), there was some well-known early Jewish legend connected with a "gardener" who abstracted the body—"that his lettuces might not be damaged by the crowds of visitors," as the Bishop of Carthage adds ironically while yet perchance unintentionally preserving the "lettuce" and "cabbage-stalk" link of early legend-evolution.

As on the surface and in the letter all this is utter nonsense, we can only suppose that originally there must have been some under-meaning to such a strange farrago of childish fancies; we will therefore return to the subject when dealing with the general features of the Toldoth. Meanwhile the Talmud stories relating to the disciples and followers of Jesus must engage our attention.

And here we must break off this series of studies as far as the publication of them in this REVIEW is concerned. Had we known at the outset that the material would prove so voluminous as careful research and some unexpected discoveries have shown it to be, we should not have attempted to lay it before our readers in detail. These studies have now been running for a twelvemonth in these pages, and it would require about another eighteen months to bring them to a conclusion. The sequel contains much of great interest for the student of Christian origins, and some things that are astonishing even to one who has spent many years in the special study of this fascinating subject. The complete copy of the whole work is now in the hands of the printer. The studies which have appeared have been revised, and an Introduction added, and the chapters which have not yet appeared (most of them being of great length) are entitled: xii. The Disciples and Followers of Jesus in the Talmud; xiii. The Toldoth Jeschu; xiv. A Jewish Life of Jesus; xv. Traces of Early Toldoth Forms; xvi. The 100 Years B.C. Date in the Toldoth; xvii. On the Tracks of the Earliest Christians; xviii. Concerning the Book of Elxai; xix. The 100 Years B.C. Date in Epiphanius; xx. Afterword. The whole is entitled: *Did Jesus Live 100 Years B.C.? An Enquiry*

into the Talmud Jesus stories, the Toldoth Jeschu, and Some Curious Statements of Epiphanius—Being a Contribution to the Study of Christian Origins. The Theosophical Publishing Society will be the publishers.

G. R. S. MEAD.

THE NIGHT OF FREEDOM

THERE was a rain storm at noon, and all day long the clouds swept fast across the sky. At sunset the wind dropped, and it was very still and warm. On the horizon the heavy clouds were purple; violet the low hills and the long curved coast line; purple was the sea, rich dusky purple, save where it was struck, through a rift in the clouds, with silver and faint amethyst fire. Where the sun had sunk the sky was gleaming with lurid flame colour, shading into rose-pink; flame and rose faded into green and saffron-yellow, and clear, pale silver-blue. In spite of the glow and glory of the sky, land and water were dark, the dusky air shone, dim misty violet, over the sea. On the top of the cliff was a brown stone house, backed by smooth green downs, where sheep-bells clanged softly. It was built round a quadrangle. Within the quadrangle were turf and terraced walks of yellow sand, with shallow stone steps, leading from level to level. There was a sundial, with a motto carved about its base:

I am a Shade; a Shadowe too arte thou.

I marke the Time; saye, Gossip, dost thou see?

There was a dovecote in the quadrangle, and a blossoming apple tree; the pear tree bloom was beginning to strew the narrow brown beds with milky petals; pear trees were trained against the walls of the house, and in the beds were planted flowers, the scent of which floated into the open windows. Violets were there, and nancies, and daffodils too, glimmering on the sight through the dim light of the passing day. Part of the house was a chapel; a light that shone within showed the tracery

and colouring of the stained glass windows ; besides, there was a bell to be seen, hanging in a little tower. An old dog, very old and stiff, walked slowly along the terrace, and a young cat, mad with the dusk and the smells of the night, raced wildly over the daisied turf, and leaped, lashing her tail, on the dial. The dash of her soft feet made no sound, as the rush of a dog would have done ; so that her elfish gambols did not break the quiet of the place. For this it was that chiefly struck any who might visit the hill of quiet, it was so still, so patient ; it seemed as though it were waiting—waiting in an eternal twilight, a twilight of the gods ; the sun, it seemed, could never rise upon the place, the waves never ripple in, aglitter in the morning light. Always it must be sunset there ; the sky ablaze, if you will, with the memory of what had been, but the land and water still and patient, in their purple dimness. There the promise of spring was a promise for a new earth ; it was not for the brown house wrapped in its tender quietude. Without the quadrangle, and before the house was a grey stone terrace built upon the very verge of the cliff. On the terrace sat a company of aged folk, both men and women, who had climbed this hill of quiet after long striving on many paths ; they dwelt in the brown house at peace, having learned a little of life, and willing to wait patiently till death should teach them yet a little more. In this house people admitted differences, rather than battled against them ; for these had done with strife, their fighting days were over. They knew how little a thing is the wisdom of the wisest, and the virtue of the virtuous, and the greatness of the great ; also they knew, though they had trodden very different paths, as shortly you shall see, that now, in their age, they lived side by side in the same brown house at last, and beheld the apple tree bloom year by year, and the green pears grow brown and mellow, and the doves nest and coo in the dovecote.

They sat together, these old men and women, and watched the violet shadows and the dimness of the sea ; and heard the soft hush-hush and be-still of the waves, and the siecpey, hollow clang of the sheep bells on the downs, and they talked gently and soberly of the things they had known, and of other springs when the earth had smelled sweet as now it smelt. At last they

began to speak of their hour of greatest joy, and some said this, and others that.

One of their number, a saintly man who had spent his life in succouring the poor, the sad, and the sinful, said no bliss could exceed that which he felt when, after bitter striving with a weight of evil, he beheld in vision the glory of the Lord flowing into his soul as a stream of cleansing waters, and washing away the stain of sin. Another, who was a king before he climbed the hill of quiet, said he did not know which, of two hours, held for him the greater joy; whether that in which he felt the crown of his fathers press his brow, and in his heart was lighted the sacred fire of the high office of the ruler; or that in which he laid down the crown and knew he should feel its pressure on his brows no more. Another said his greatest gladness was when, after much toil and puzzling, he gained a key to certain knowledge he desired, and perceived how to do a work he had undertaken. "For," said he, "though afterwards both knowledge and work seemed to me but little things, yet nothing could be greater than my joy when, by strenuous striving, I learned to know, and to act as need demanded."

And another said (for these people, so far as they were able, spoke truth among themselves, and were only deterred from perfect truth by imperfect knowledge) the greatest gladness was his when he beat down the guard of a man he hated, and sent a sword-thrust home to his heart. And another, this was an aged woman, said no joy could be greater than hers when he whom she wedded led her homewards on their wedding day; and, stooping, kissed her as they entered the porch of the house wherein they afterwards dwelt and reared their children. "This," said she, "save and except the hour when my first babe lay in my arms, was the happiest moment that, without doubt, could come to anyone."

One man of their number said nothing; he leaned on the grey wall; it was brodered all over with the little shining leaves and tiny violet mouths of a wee, wild climbing plant. He stared into the purple depths that lay below him, and listened to the others. He was younger than the rest; indeed he was so much younger it was strange he had won thus early to the hill of quiet.

The man who was once a king, who held as his royal birth-right a great and wonderful courtesy, asked of him which, in his judgment, was the most joyful hour of which they had yet heard ; he did not, for courtesy's sake, ask him of his own hour.

The man replied it was not possible, in his view, to speak concerning an unfelt joy.

"But," he said, "if my brothers and sisters wish to hear the tale, I will tell them of the hours which were to me the most wonderful of all the hours I have lived. And yet, when I tell of them I fear it will seem the idlest, simplest thing that was ever told, and nothing in the world ! Yet to me it was otherwise."

"Now tell us, good brother," said the king, "tell us of this hour of thine."

"Years ago," said the man, who gazed still into the violet depths of air, so that his voice came to them as though it were the voice of the sobbing, restless sea at the cliff foot, "years ago—and yet not so many years as you might think—I fell, through folly and sin, into prison. In my country the laws were severe ; a man who transgressed them might by no means escape the penalty ; he was thrown into prison, and held in very harsh bondage. He was given scanty fare ; hard work was his portion ; such men were forced to toil, sometimes alone, sometimes in gangs ; they worked for the State, and they were driven to their work by the lash of a stern taskmaster. This bondage might endure for a man's life, or for a term of years, according to the nature of his crime. This latter fate was mine ; and though, believe me, the law by which I was condemned was just and unflinching, yet the justice of these sufferings, which I freely admitted, did not make them other than very hard to bear. There was a great landowner in the South who had so rich a harvest both of corn and grapes that he applied to the State for enforced labour to help him to gather it. This was often done, thereby the State reaped revenue.

"I, and a gang of other men, were driven like cattle along the roads. We went a long way. The place where we were to work was far to the South. There was a large wooden house with a wide porch running round it ; therein lived the landowner and his family. There was a great empty windowless barn,

wherein we were crowded, to groan and stifle through the hot summer nights. On the third day the landowner said there was, beyond the vineyard, a patch of hard, unbroken ground, stiff with salt grass like wire, and this ground he wished to have ploughed. They bade me plough it; the ground was hard as iron, and dry with the fierceness of the sun. I was not used to the Southern heat; I thought I should die of it. They set me to that work partly because I was used to horses, but chiefly because I was then young, and also tall and broad-shouldered. They thought me the strongest man they had there; this was not so. I was unused to such work; besides, perhaps because I was young, I suffered more from the scanty fare than did the older men. I grew faint, giddy and sick; the heat reeking upwards from the parched earth and beating on my face, caused my head to throb and swim; when they called us to take brief rest and a little food and water, I reeled and could not walk straight. The owner of the land stood in the porch and looked at us as we came from our work. I lay down on the earth in the shade of the house; I could not eat, but I drank the portion of water that was mine. When they blew a shrill whistle to call us back to work, I staggered to my feet, for I thought I would sooner die by the stroke of the sun than bear the whip of the taskmaster.

"The owner of the land said to him: 'If a man's crimes deserve death, is there not the rope? Let him be hanged, and there an end! But if not so, then is there great lack of wisdom in killing him with toil. Set this man to work less hard, for this is more than he can bear. Moreover, in consideration of his weakness (for, even in claiming the due for sin, the strength or weakness of your sinner must be heedfully looked to), let him rest an hour or twain. He is ill, and goes in peril of his life from the heat.'

"They did his bidding. He told me to lie on the earth in the shade; also he drew water from the well, and gave me as much as I desired.

"The shadow of the barn stretched far over a little clover pasture; at the end of the barn was a pile of clover hay; I lay on it, and looked, half dazed, about me. The clover was thick of growth; it was bright green, with little purple blossoms;

small blue butterflies went skipping over it. To my right, and also beyond the clover, were the straight lines of the vines; beyond them the dry, salt grass that smelt of alkali earth and sun; further yet were the baked brown plains bordered by the foot hills of a great range of mountains. For a while in spring that land flamed golden with orange flowers, but afterwards the sun dried all (except here and there a patch of sunflowers, on the seeds of which the wild doves grew fat) save where the land was watered by ditches, when in truth it blossomed like a rose. A broad ditch ran between the vines and the dusty road; on the other side of ditch and road were acres upon acres of brown-yellow corn, ready for reaping. A little ditch ran between me and the clover pasture; upon the fence there swung a small bush-tailed burrowing beast, that looked at me with eyes like bright black beads.

"I was weak and weary with overwork; my muscles felt sore and strained. I shut my eyes and saw as one sees in a dream (and yet I dreamed not) a green garden which I call the 'Silent Garden,' because I never hear a sound therein, nor see a living thing. As I looked, it changed; it was a garden still, but full of winding waterways, reeds and grasses, and water plants growing in cool green hollows; the damp marshy smell of the place smote my nostrils. I opened my eyes and saw a black hawk hover over the clover; then I shut them and looked and looked and looked. At last I fell asleep.

"When I woke it was night, and a brown cow was eating the clover on which I lay. Whether they forgot me, and by some marvel did not call the muster roll, I do not know. Next day I paid the price of their carelessness, but that did not matter. I awoke: Free—alone—beneath the great sky wherein the pallid fire of the milky way shone as far as eye could see. I woke—and the whole sleeping earth was mine!

"By earth and sky, by moon and sun, yea! and by the God Who fashioned them, I swear, good brothers and sisters, it was worth pain and weariness, shame and sin, to feel that moment. It was worth it all. It was nothing—less than nothing—to pay as price for that night. I stood up, sore and aching from head to foot, yet quivering with the maddest joy, I verily believe, the

heart of man could feel. That night of nights I had my freedom as no free man of you all, brothers, ever had it. The first thing I did was to run ; it seemed as though I had never run before. There was a little salt breeze stealing down the valley from the far-off sea ; that breeze rippled past me as water ripples when, adrift on some quiet tarn in the mountains, you dip in it a lazy hand. I ran, and I ran, and I ran ; the little owls flew past, crying hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo. I ran between the vines and leaped over them laughing. I lay on the earth that was mine and kissed it ; I gathered handfuls of it and crumbled it in my fingers. I went to the great ditch that shone there under the stars ; stripped off my clothes, flung myself in, and floated down the slow, hardly moving current. When I had dressed myself I ran again, racing over the dark, silent land alone, as though I did not know what weariness meant."

"But why?" said a listener, with mild and patient surprise, "I do not understand. What was the use of these things?"

"There was no use in them. There is no use in the most precious things we do, save when they cause us to think of that of which they remind us, something which they try to show us. Sometimes the thing in itself hides so utterly from us that we seem to have nothing at all, save that useless thing which makes us think of it."

"If it hides from us thus, how can we be made to think of it?"

"We often think of things without knowing we think of them. That is the little torture devil that lives at the very heart of our thinking. 'Think! think!' says he, 'for I am thinking!' And when you cry out, 'Of what do you think?' he will not answer you, but only cries on: 'Think! think! For I think; guess the thoughts I think; guess the secret I know!' But I was telling you of my night. There was nothing human between earth and sky that night when I was free. For, as for me, I was not human. To be human is to be bound. For five hours of a summer night I was free; and it is my belief, though I did not know it, that for those hours I knew my very own secret; and if a man knows that there is nothing else he need know. The dusky quivering vine leaves, the water in the

ditch with the stars shining in it, the good earth, the ripe corn waving there, and the great purple-blue sky with its floating worlds, and its drifting white fire, these were myself, only I was more free than they. Surely I lived in these more—O far more!—than in this tired sick body, sore with the lash that drove me to work whether I would or no."

"But did you not try to escape?" said the aged woman.

"Good sister," replied the man, "I told you I was free. People who are trying to escape are not free. How can they be so?"

"But the next day was coming. The to-morrow."

"There was no yesterday. There was no to-morrow. There was only—Now! And therein was freedom."

"But very soon to-morrow would be now."

"'Now' is a fleeting thing," said the man. "See how it flies, my sister! You never lay hands on it. You hardly touch it with thought or with sensation. 'Now' is the past, almost as soon as it has ceased to be the future. This makes me think the 'Now' we hunt, and never realise as we touch it, is not the real 'Now,' but only the shadow of a changeless Now that hides alike in Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow. I think that in this Now of which I speak lies freedom; and a breath of the knowledge that this is and must be so, touched me the night I was free. And herein lay my joy; not in the idle things I did that night, which were but as a sign and a vain show. Thus, you see, to-morrow did not count. It counted very little even when it came, and they punished me because they had forgotten me."

"But you might have escaped—you might have escaped," said the aged woman and one of the old men speaking in a breath.

"And missed my night of freedom?" said the man. "You do not know what you say. Besides only a fool desires to escape; for only a fool believes it to be possible."

"Yes, yes," said the saintly man, softly and earnestly. "Our brother is right. We cannot escape. Only God can save us."

"And yet," said the man who had toiled to discover the best way to know and accomplish his work. "I think you might

have made a more definite, and, if I may say so, a more obvious use of your time than you did. You had nothing to show for your five free hours."

"That depends where you look for your gains," said the man."

"In my opinion," said he who once was a king, "you are all of you right in what you have said. I think, moreover, that if we had ourselves known a night of freedom such as our brother knew, we should be in a position to pronounce an opinion concerning it."

"That is true," said he who found his chief joy in killing one he hated, "this is the reason I do not now express an opinion touching the very strange and diverse things I hear the rest of you assert. There is much, however, in what our brother has told us that I understand very well."

"I thought you would do so," said the man.

Then through the violet air thick with the shadows of coming night, the bell of the chapel was heard to ring softly. The saintly man and the aged woman rose and paced slowly but gladly towards the house. One by one the others rose and followed. Last but not one the king went; he turned to look back at the youngest of those people who had climbed the hill of quiet; for he alone remained on the terrace, looking down where the foam made a ghost-like glimmer about the foot of the cliff, and dreaming of the night when he was free.

MICHAEL WOOD.

THERE is not a language on earth in which a materialist could argue for ten minutes in support of his scheme without sliding into words and phrases that imply the contrary. It has been said that the Arabic has a thousand names for a lion; but this would be a trifle compared with the number of superfluous words that would be found in an Index Expurgatorius of any European dictionary constructed on the principles of a consistent and strictly consequential materialism.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

A MODERN MYSTIC: GEORGE MACDONALD

(CONTINUED FROM p. 115)

DR. MACDONALD'S philosophy of nature is an idealistic pantheism; he sees with the eye of the poet, the mystic, the Kelt; to him Nature is but the garment of the Divine, and all life only modes of working of the hidden heart of Love. Some of his thoughts and descriptions are touched with that Keltic glamour, the very essence of poetry, which we feel as it shimmers for ever above those "casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn." Especially is this the case with his prose-poem, *Lilith*, which will be to any mind baptised ever so lightly into the realm of the imagination as an open door into a world shut off from the dreary noises of the strife of earth. Such a door, indeed, as that which the boy, Robert Falconer, opened out of the cold solitude and narrow asceticism of his own home to find himself marvellously in the midst of light and warmth and beauty, hitherto unimagined by him. There is, to be sure, not so much warmth in *Lilith*, it is a strange world lit by the eerie beams of a cold moon, into which entrance is won by that wonderfully constructed door, which has such a significance for Theosophists. The beauty and the weird charm of this world enfold something terrible, something that sets the heart aquiver and the nerves trembling, for the culmination of the mystic struggle between the forces of good and evil, for the solution of the half-understood mystery, which recalls the fascination of De la Motte Fouqué's wild tales. It is like the half-dread charm of the glacier, or of the Aurora Borealis. Yet ever beneath the wonder and the thrill is the sense of enfoldment in the arms of absolute power, of love wide as the universe, so that no mistake is irretrievable, and failure but a momentary stepping-back in preparation for a firmer step forward. "The stars call to us out

of the great night, 'Love and be fearless.'"* The impression left on the mind of the reader of *Lilith* is of wider than earthly vistas, and a thrilling perception that: "The house of his own soul has such a door into the infinite Beauty, whether he has found it or not."†

Science and study, to the reverent mind, rob the great face of Nature of no beauty, still less of any mystery, whilst they add to it love and a deeper significance. It is a veil of the Divine, a veil which incites to aspiration and to a holy curiosity. "There must be truth in the scent of the pine-wood; someone must mean it. There must be glory in those heavens that depends not on our imaginations; some power greater than they must dwell in them. Some spirit must move in that wind that haunts us with a kind of human sorrow; some soul must look to us from the eye of that starry flower. It must be something human, else not to us divine."

So Nature has her share in awakening "the vague sense of need which nothing but the God of human faces, the God of morning and the starful night, the God of love and self-forgetfulness, can satisfy."‡

But, "I do not care a straw," says Ian Macruadh, the mystic, "whether one scene be more or less beautiful than another; what I do care for is its individual speech to my soul. I feel towards visions of nature as towards writers. If a book or a prophet produces in my mind a world that no other produces, then I feel it individual, original, real, therefore precious. If a scene or a song play upon the organ of my heart as no other scene or song could, why should I ask whether it be beautiful at all?"§

"Strange to think," soliloquises Malcolm, "that the sun himself is only a great fire, and knows nothing about it. There must be a sun to that sun, or the whole thing is a vain show. There must be One to whom each is itself, yet the all makes a Whole. One who is at once both centre and circumference to all."||

This sounds strangely familiar to students of the Vedas, as familiar as does the assertion that "the world is a thought of

* *What's Mine's Mine.*

† *Robert Falconer*, p. 185.

‡ *Paul Faber*, p. 326.

§ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 222.

|| *Marquis o' Lossie*, p. 169.

God," and the dictum that "a man or woman is aged according to the development of the conscience."*

In the book where the last quotation occurs Dr. Macdonald is bound even less than usual by the commonplace of conventional life, and in it are to be found some of the most strikingly imaginative and mystical of his nature pictures, and symbolisms, as where he describes the horizon looking like "a void between a cataclysm, and the moving afresh of the Spirit of God on the face of the waters."†

Later in the same book the sight of a rider on a white horse, dimly seen in a storm, awakes the thought of "Death returning home on the eve of the great dawn, worn with his age-long work, pleased that it was over, and no more need of him."‡

It is with a kind of chastened pity that the flower-like heroine of this book speaks of those who "are afraid of loneliness, and hate God's lovely dark."§

These are the same souls who shrink from the idea of death; yet, says Dr. Macdonald, "no one can be living a true life to whom dying is a terror."

In *The Ancient Wisdom* Mrs. Besant concludes a description of the nature-spirits, "the fairies and elves of legend, the 'little people' who play so large a part in the folk-lore of every nation, whom science has coldly relegated to the nursery," by observing that "only poets and occultists believe in them just now, poets by the intuition of their genius, occultists by the vision of their trained inner senses." Dr. Macdonald, a poet confessed, an occultist, it may be, unconsciously, has this to say of the "little people." "All the powers that vivify nature must be children. The popular imagination seems to have caught this truth, for all the fairies and gnomes, the goblins, yes, the great giants, too, are only different sizes and shapes and characters of children."||

Who can fail to hear and feel the cold wailing of a wintry wind in reading the following description of the aspect of an old deserted avenue of trees? "When the wind of the twilight was sighing in gusts through its mournful crowds of fluttered leaves, or when the wind of the winter was tormenting the ancient hag-

* *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 31.

† *Ibid.*, p. 47.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 231.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 8.

|| *Alec Forbes*, p. 79.

gard boughs, the trees looked as if they were weary of the world, and longing after the garden of God in the kingdom of the tree of life.”*

Thus beholding and loving the more inanimate kingdoms of Nature, what is Dr. Macdonald's attitude towards the kingdom next humanity, to the animals, to whom man is indeed as a God knowing good and evil, but mostly doing evil? This is the one theme, besides that of religious hypocrisy and bigotry, which moves Dr. Macdonald to out-bursts of passionate protest which come from the very depths of the heart. Over and over again he expresses his horror, his amazement, at the possibilities of cruelty inherent in human nature; over and over again in the most moving words he appeals to men to recognise their awful responsibility in this matter. “I count it,” he says, “as belonging to the smallness of our faith, to the poorness of our religion, to the rudimentary condition of our nature, that our sympathy is so small with God's creatures. Whatever the narrowness of our poverty-stricken theories concerning them, whatever the inhospitality and exclusiveness of our mean pride towards them, we cannot escape admitting that to them pain is pain, and comfort is comfort; that they hunger and thirst; that sleep restores, and death delivers them. Surely these are grounds enough to the true heart wherefore it should love and cherish them—the heart at least that believes with St. Paul that they need and have the salvation of Christ as well as we. Right grievously, though blindly, do they groan after it. . . . I know nothing, therefore care little, as to whether or not it may have pleased God to bring man up the hill of humanity through the swamps and thickets of the lower animal nature, but I do care that I should not now any more approach that level, whether once rightly my own or not. For what is honour in the animal would be dishonour in me. Not the less may such be the punishment, perhaps redemption, in store for some men and women. For aught I know, or see unworthy in the thought, the self-sufficing exquisite may one day find himself chattering amongst fellow apes in some monkey village of Africa or Burmah.”† And the possibility o

* *Donal Grant*, p. 230.

† *Paul Faber*, p. 228.

such a metempsychosis is further demonstrated in a manner recalling a well-known Platonic fable.

A little further in the same book mention is made of the animal, "in whom is enclosed a shining secret. . . . The love of a living God is in him and his fellows, ministering to forlorn humanity in dumb yet divine service. Who knows in their great silence how germane with ours may not be their share in the groanings, that cannot be uttered?"*

Flaming forth from the very tenderness of the soul rushes out this cry as of a man whom the horrors of the world have set in fear of his own nobility: "When I see a man who professes to believe, not only in God, but in such a God as holds His court in the person of Jesus Christ, assail with miserable cruelty the scanty, timorous, lovely lives of the helpless around him, it sets my soul aflame with such a sense of horrible incongruity and wrong to every harmony of nature, human and divine, that I have to make haste and rush to the feet of the Master, lest I should scorn and hate where he has told me to love. . . . May my God give me grace to prefer a hundred deaths to a life gained by the sufferings of one simple creature!"†

A prayer to which every true Theosophist will surely say Amen; as also to another and correlated thought, namely, that: "A cruelty which would have been restrained by the fear of hell was none the less hell-worthy."

This lovely charity, embracing all that creation which the world of men carelessly accepts as made for their convenience, existing at their pleasure, and annihilated at their will, shocks convention in its expression, as Ian scandalised Christina when he spoke to her of his dead comrade. "He was an old dog almost past work, but the wisest creature. . . . We buried him in the hope of a blessed resurrection."‡

And yet has not Ian the right of it? May it not be true that: "The God who is present at the deathbed of a sparrow does not forget the sparrow when he is dead; ~~for~~ . . . what God remembers He thinks of, and what He thinks of *is*."§

Mere convention and superficial truth or falsehood, the virtues that come of a rigid conformability to respectability, mean

* *Ibid.*, p. 234.

† *Ibid.*, p. 232.

‡ *What's Mine's Mine*.

§ *Ibid.*

so little to Dr. Macdonald that the characters he creates are continually springing new surprises on the reader by the ways in which they speak and act, and meet the crises and emergencies of their fates. Not what the voice of authority, still less what the dulcet tones of Mrs. Grundy, proclaims right and just, but always what would have been the thought, the act, of the Master, is the invariable guide in all situations; and on these lines the details of everyday life are worked out in a fashion which must be surprising to those Christians who are accustomed comfortably to shelve the inconvenient teachings of their Master as incompatible with the requirements of modern life.

The lovely soul of the little beggar baronet, Sir Gibbie, is shut from the noises of the world into a stillness which is the very peace of the Christ; some of the heroines of the stories move through a sea of troubles, not always undisturbed indeed, as the cold-hearted may be, but with a star-like serenity of soul that shines through the weakness and suffering of the body as the sun half hid by clouds. The original of Robert Falconer, according to Dr. Macdonald's statement "the noblest man he has ever known," is doubtless his inspiration in great measure for the transcendent purity of soul which his real heroes possess, and it is impossible to help feeling that he expressed a permanent mood of his own when he makes one of his characters wonder, "if she should ever cease to thank God that He had shown her what He could do in the way of making a man."

Yet idealism does not run away with Dr. Macdonald, he is absolutely honest in meeting the facts of life, and neither allows his judgment to be warped, nor his reason clouded, in a futile attempt to see things as they are not. He will see and proclaim the latent good in all, but he will not declare good to be a present actuality, which is only an unfolded possibility, and so he escapes the inevitable inconsistency and mental dishonesty of those who shut their eyes to the actual in the endeavour to believe that all is ideal. He speaks expressly indeed of this folly: "The folly of reasoning from the ideal when I knew nothing of the actual! The ideal must be our guide how to treat the actual, but the actual must be there to treat."*

* *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 108.

"The hill may be in Paradise and the people not, said the angel."*

Equally with Ruskin, Macdonald is an apostle of the doctrine of work by which the material world is to be redeemed. The thought that labour, the honest beloved labour, of the hands and head, is the basis of the building of character, runs through every work he has written. Of one of his saintly cobblers—and Dr. Macdonald seems to have a preference for this trade, perhaps because it is one that conduces to thought—it is written that "He was as far above the vulgar idea that a man rises in the social scale by ceasing to labour with his hands, as he was from imagining that a man rose in the kingdom of heaven when he was made a bishop."†

If such men seem unreal to us, who have found the world of men very different, we may at least thankfully believe that they exist, since "the thought of what is not could not come alive in the soul." It is true indeed that, "Most men believe only in what they find, or imagine possible to themselves. But they may be sure of this, that there are men so different from them that no judgment they pass upon them is worth a straw, simply because it does not apply to them."‡

There is written in one of the books a description of the kingdom of heaven which is so beautiful that it should be read in its entirety; the two following quotations form a part of it: "Understand that it is never advantage to himself that moveth a man in this kingdom to undertake this or that. The thing that alone advantageth a man here is the thing which he doeth without thought to that advantage. To your world this world goeth by contraries."

And of the punishment of greed in heaven, the fate of the possible guest who might come in without the wedding garment, he has this terrible thing to say: "The angel of the Lord would smite him with a sword, and he would vanish from among us, and his life would be the life of one of the least of those living things that in your world are born of the water; and there he must grow up again, crawling through the channels of thousand-fold difference, from animal to animal, until at length a human

* *What's Mine's Mine.*

† *Salted with Fire*, p. 147.

‡ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 103.

brain be given him, and after generations he become once again capable of being born of the spirit into the kingdom of liberty.”*

This is the fate which we have heard of for the laggards of evolution, the terrible karma of failure.

The Theosophist who has to meet the reproach of the devotee of authority that the teaching is inconsistent, and without fixed canons, being explained with individual differences, and claiming no completeness, will take comfort in the following : “ If I knew of a theory,” says Dr. Macdonald, “ in which there was never an uncompleted arch or turret, in whose circling wall was never a ragged breach, that theory I should know but to avoid ; such gaps are but the eternal windows through which the truth shall look in. A complete theory is a vault of stone around the theorist—whose very being yet depends on room to grow.”†

And again : “ If we could once thoroughly understand anything, that would be enough to prove it undivine, and that which is but one step beyond our understanding must be in some of its relations as mysterious as if it were a hundred.”‡

The more these ideas are pondered the more significance do they gain, for, as Aristotle says, “ the crown of perfection does not belong to the imperfect.”

Certain doctrines which are usually considered as peculiarly the property of Theosophy are by Dr. Macdonald illuminated with an ethical significance, and a divine intention, which redeems them from the dry bones of philosophical disquisition, making of them instead living examples of the methods of God-ordained evolution. Such is the doctrine of periodicity, or cyclic manifestation, of which it is said : “ Our history moves in cycles, ever returning towards the point whence it started, but it is in the imperfect cycles of a spiral that it moves ; it returns, but ever to a point above the former ; even the second childhood at which the fool jeers, is the better, the truer, the fuller childhood, growing strong to cast off altogether with the husk of its enveloping age, that of its family, its country, its world as well. Age is not all decay, it is the ripening, the swelling, of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husks.”§

* *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 391.

† *Malcolm*, p. 296.

‡ *Robert Falconer*, p. 420.

§ *Marquis of Lonsdale*, p. 114.

"The shadow of a great truth" is what Dr. Macdonald calls the thought that, "all the discords we hear in the universe around us are God's trumpets sounding a *reveillé* to the sleeping human will, which, once working harmoniously with His, will soon bring all things into a pure and healthy rectitude of operation. . . . To effect the blessedness for which God made him man must become a fellow-worker with God."*

For "Sorrow herself will one day reveal that she was only the beneficent shadow of joy. Will evil ever show herself the beneficent shadow of good?"

Lowell put the same thought more definitely, for he says :

Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth of Truth.

"The very impossibility you see in the thing points to the region in which God works,"† says Macdonald in another place.

A problem which confronts those who have awakened among the husks, and are trying to turn towards the Father of Lights, is the contentment and well-being of those who have not felt the need of any Father at all, and whom the husks content. They are all around, the amiably selfish people, the people who are loving to their own, and kind to those from whom they expect kindness, whose satisfaction with material things is only disturbed by the longing for more material things, and whose harmony with environment engenders a serenity which makes them pleasant and valued companions. Whilst those struggling souls who have wearied of the lower without having attained to the higher, stand abashed and humiliated before the self-satisfaction of these, who claim themselves superior because of contentment with circumstances, and their ease among conventionalities. Even the measure of truth which the strugglers hold, and secretly feel to be the justification of their struggle, they cannot share with *this* neighbour, greatly though they desire to do so, for "influence works only between those who inhabit the same spiritual sphere."‡

Why, they ask, sore of spirit, weary of being misunderstood

* *Guild Court*, p. 38.

† *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 396.

‡ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 462.

and misjudged where most they look for appreciation and sympathy, why must it be? Why is Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne? Dr. Macdonald enunciates the question, and the answer. "That those who are trying to be good are more continuously troubled than the indifferent has for ages been a puzzle. 'I saw the wicked spreading like a green bay tree,' says King David, and he was far from having fathomed the mystery when he got his mind at rest about it. Is it not simply that the righteous are worth troubling, that they are capable of receiving good from being troubled? As a man advances more and more is required of him. . . . Some are allowed to go on because it would be of no use to stop them yet; nothing would yet make them listen to wisdom. . . . A man unable to do without this thing or that is not yet in sight of his perfection, therefore not out of sight of suffering. They who do not know suffering may well doubt if they have yet started on the way *to be*."* And so we come back and get the grand full thought of the poet:

Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne—
Yet the scaffold rules the future, and behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch upon His own.

"The recognition of inexorable reality in any shape, kind or way, tends to rouse the soul to the yet more real, to its relations with higher and deeper existence. It is not the hysterical alone for whom the dash of cold water is good. All who dream life instead of living it require some similar shock. Of the kind is every disappointment, every reverse, every tragedy of life."†

KATHERINE WELLER.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

AN hour of solitude in conflict with a single passion or subtle bosom sin will teach us more of thought than a year's study in the schools.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

* *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 333.

† *Ibid.*, p. 314.

SCIENCE AND THE SOUL

"IN the long story of man's endeavours to understand his own environment and to govern his own fates, there is one gap or omission so singular that, however we may afterwards contrive to explain the fact, its simple statement has the air of a paradox. Yet it is strictly true to say that man has never yet applied to the problems which most profoundly concern him those methods of inquiry which in attacking all other problems he has found the most efficacious.

"The question for man most momentous of all is whether or no he has an immortal soul; or—to avoid the word *immortal*, which belongs to the realm of infinities—whether or no his personality involves any element which can survive bodily death. In this direction have always lain the gravest fears, the farthest reaching hopes, which could either oppress or stimulate mortal minds. . . . The method of modern Science—that process which consists in an interrogation of Nature entirely dispassionate, patient, systematic . . . has never yet been applied to the all-important problem of the existence, the powers, the destiny of the human soul."

With these words Mr. Myers, the major part of whose life was devoted to the investigation of the Problem of the Soul, along the lines and by the methods of modern Science, begins the Introductory Chapter of that *magnum opus*, whose publication, unhappily posthumous, will indubitably come to be regarded by the Science of the twenty-first century as marking an epoch in the onward march of man in attaining systematically verified knowledge of himself and of the universe around him. For it proclaims the definite capture by the advancing pioneers of Science of the first great outwork of that invisible world to which men's hopes and fears have been turned for untold centuries.

* *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Frederick W. H. Myers. Two vols. Longmans, Green & Co Price £2 2s. net.

It must not be assumed, however, that the Theosophist is in error in asserting the uninterrupted existence and unbroken transmission of an actual, verified Science of the Soul from the remotest ages. That Science exists to-day as it has ever existed; but it is still, as it has ever been, accessible and verifiable only to the individual whose evolution has advanced far beyond the normal standard of the time: for it is not and cannot be for many an age the property of the many, nor become an article of the market place or a teaching of the schools—save only in theory, in faith, in aspiration. For while the Science of our day may be mastered by sheer dint of brains and industry, that ancient Science of the Soul demands the possession of qualities and aptitudes far otherwise difficult of attainment, and to be acquired by the neophyte not in one life, however strenuous or laborious, but at the price of effort maintained through many successive incarnations. And although the Theosophist might, not without reason and truth, maintain that even the capacity to master and assimilate the Science of our modern day has itself been similarly acquired, still his position would indubitably lie open to the retort that, in assuming the existence of a soul which survives organic dissolution and its evolution through reincarnation, he is assuming the very points at issue.

And therefore—because for Science all things must rest on demonstration and be immediately verifiable by experiment—therefore this work of Mr. Myers is truly epoch-making, in that it constitutes an attack by battering ram and by sap upon at least the outworks of the problem, conducted by the methods and in the spirit of true scientific enquiry.

It is therefore fitting that the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW should devote considerable space to its consideration, and since within less than a month of publication the first edition was sold out and the book is with difficulty attainable from the libraries, while its price renders it beyond the means of many of our readers, I propose to devote a good deal of space to a careful outline of its contents, reserving for subsequent treatment the consideration of most of those points which are important in their bearing upon our own ideas, as well as the attempt to appreciate the significance of Mr. Myers' own views and the hypotheses which he suggests.

In his Introductory Chapter, Mr. Myers first points out that such an investigation as to the Soul on strictly scientific lines is possible, both along the lines of observational, statistical, and evidential enquiry as well as by experimental methods, and that the amount of material available in both directions is much larger than would at first sight be suspected. He then outlines the objects and work of the Society for Psychical Research, and points out that Telepathy, when once rendered probable, leads on almost inevitably to evidence of man's survival of death. But before entering upon any discussion of the question of survival, a searching review and analysis of the capacities of man's incarnate personality is imperatively necessary.

Two contrasted views of the nature of personality are in the field: the one, that of most purely philosophical thinkers such as Reid, holds to the simple *prima facie* view, and regards man's personality as a simple, unitary identity, a *monad*, not divisible into parts; while the other view, that of many modern experimental psychologists, regards the personality as essentially a *co-ordination*, a complex, colonial, almost molecular structure, possessing no other unity than that given by the organic continuity of the body. Both views Mr. Myers regards as true, for the evidence to be adduced in the course of the work, while supporting the conception of the composite structure of the Ego, also brings the strongest proof of its abiding *unity*, by showing that it withstands the shock of death.

He then proceeds to explain the terms supraliminal and subliminal, used to express the mental life which goes on respectively above and below the ordinary threshold of consciousness, and points out that the subliminal (or better ultra-marginal) mental life is sufficiently complex and continuous to justify us in speaking of a subliminal Self.

The older conception of consciousness, like the pre-Newtonian idea of light, regarded it as simple, uniform and indivisible, but we shall find ample reason to hold that, just as Newton split up the ray of sunlight by passing it through a prism and showed it to consist of an almost infinite series of radiations, so too consciousness may be analysed or fanned out into a spectrum of varying colours, barred with lines of darkness. And just as

the solar spectrum may be prolonged by artifice beyond the normally visible limits of both the red and the violet, so may the spectrum of conscious human faculty be artificially prolonged beyond both the lower (red) end where consciousness seems to merge into mere organic operation, and beyond the higher (violet) where it expands into reverie or ecstasy.

The general line of enquiry to be pursued will therefore advance from the analysis of *normal* to the evidence for *supernormal* faculty, and end with a discussion of the nature of the proof acquired as to the persistence of the human personality after bodily death. Beginning with the breaking down or disintegration of the personality, we shall pass on to its higher and more complete integration in men of genius. Then, having thus familiarised ourselves to some extent with the conception of alternations of the personality, we shall discuss its normal alternation in sleep, and next proceed to deal with hypnotism, considered as an *empirical development of sleep*: for hypnotic suggestion intensifies the physical recuperation of sleep, and aids the emergence of those supernormal phenomena which ordinary sleep and spontaneous somnambulism sometimes afford. From hypnotism we pass to the consideration of all the sensory messages which the subliminal sends upward to the supraliminal self: phantasmal externalisations of internal vision and audition, many of these messages being telepathic. And in the following chapter we have evidence of veridical messages given to men in the body by disembodied souls. And these again lead on to and are completed in the various forms of motor automatisms through which such telepathic messages are also frequently conveyed. From these we pass naturally to the study of cases of actual possession and finally reach the concluding chapter, left unfortunately but partially completed by the author, in which he considers some of the reflections, philosophical and religious, to which these new facts inevitably give rise.

Having thus indicated its general outline, we must now proceed to an analysis, albeit brief, of the several chapters one by one, so that our readers may have some idea of the immense mass of carefully verified and observed facts which form the basis of Mr. Myers' conclusions.

In the study of the living human organism, much has been learnt by the observation of disease, the study of pathological changes, all of which are of a disintegrative character regarded from the standpoint of the healthy organism, acting as a whole. And similarly in the study of the human personality we are enabled to learn a great deal both about its structure and modes of functioning by observing its pathological modifications, or in other words from a study of disintegrations or breakings up, in varying degree and manner, of that personality which we are apt to consider so essentially unitary and simple. Mr. Myers therefore devotes his Second Chapter to a study of these phenomena.

At the outset we are met with the necessity of reaching some agreement as to the meaning to be attached to the word *conscious*, and Mr. Myers decides to use it as equivalent to *potentially memorable*. Thus any act will be considered as a *conscious* act which we can imagine as capable, under any conceivable circumstances (not necessarily on this planet) of forming a link in a chain of memory.

The first symptoms of tendency towards disintegration in the personality are often "insistent ideas"—ideas which force themselves upon the attention and intrude, as if by violence, into the normal current of consciousness from which the will is unable to dislodge them. Such "insistent" ideas in their milder forms may be compared to corns or boils; as they grow stronger and more fixed, they resemble tumours, till at last, as they invade and break down the cohesion of the normal personality, they become more like the invasions of cancer. And the analogy reaches even to the process of cure; for just as a boil, or an incysted tumour, may be cut down upon and removed, so too, psychologically, under the dissecting knife of hypnotism, these fixed ideas, groups of memories, associations and feelings which have become isolated from the general stream of conscious life, can again be brought back into the current, their pathological isolation as it were being removed by a process of "talking out," till the patient is restored to a normal condition. All these stages may be found illustrated among the cases observed by Prof. P. Janet, Drs. Freund and Breuer and others, of which details are given by Mr. Myers.

Gradually as these fixed ideas become more dominant and definitely organised, they seem to give rise, in some cases, to incipient, and then even to well-marked secondary personalities, as in several of the cases studied by the above authorities and others ; till finally, when the subliminal memories are particularly coherent and gain intermittent control of the organism, one gets such remarkable cases of duplex or multiplex personality, almost verging on possession or obsession, as are seen in Janet's famous cases of Leonie 1, 2 and 3, that of Félicité X., or the still more remarkable one of the Misses Beauchamp.

As we mentally survey the whole series, we find ourselves confronted by a practically unbroken series of gradually increasing disintegrations of the personality, beginning with the simple annoyance of an idea that *will* intrude upon us, onwards through stage after stage till we reach a condition in which the original seemingly unitary and simple personality has broken down into what resemble, and apparently function as, two or three or even more distinct personalities, with distinct memory chains and other marked characteristics, all, however, very intimately related, and each of which either includes or excludes the memory chains of the others in a very remarkable manner.

We thus realise that in hysteria and hypnotism we have at our disposal a most delicate form of psychical dissection, far surpassing in its results the utmost that can be achieved by introspective analysis.

But hysteria not only exhibits *losses* of faculty ; it also shows distinct acquisitions and developments thereof. In the disintegrative examples, we trace predominantly an increased submergence of elements of the normal conscious life below the threshold of consciousness ; but we are also led to recognise that if these elements of submergence diminish instead of increasing, then the very same permeability of the psychical diaphragm, which causes their submergence, may permit instead an *increase* in the elements which emerge from below the threshold of consciousness, and we shall then have genius instead of hysteria.

Thus we see that as the hysteric stands in relation to ordinary men, so do ordinary men stand in relation to a not impossible ideal of sanity and integration, illustrated for us in the

best types of men of genius. But at any rate we have learnt the lesson of our profound modifiability, and we have had a glimpse of some of the higher and larger possibilities which lie latent within our subliminal selves. The emergence of some of these will next occupy us in a study of Genius, which forms Mr. Myers' Third Chapter.

In opposition to the suggestion which has been advanced by some writers that the nervous development of our race tends to degeneracy and the view of Professor Lombroso and others that the "man of genius" is an aberrant, almost a morbid type, allied to the criminal and the lunatic, Mr. Myers contends that Genius may be best defined, psychologically, as a capacity of utilising powers which lie too deep for the ordinary man's control; so that an inspiration of genius is in truth a subliminal uprush of *helpful faculty*. But we must clearly realise that by no means all that is subliminal in us is potentially "inspiration," for what lies below the threshold in us is at least as mixed in quality as what lies above. And we may perhaps compare and classify these differing forms of automatic or subliminal manifestation by reference to the conception of the great classes of nervous activities, described as highest-level, middle-level and lowest-level centres.

Mr. Myers explains these inequalities by the assumption of a *soul* which exercises an imperfect and fluctuating control over the organism, along two main channels only partly coincident; and he claims the title of genius for states in which some rivulet is drawn in to supraliminal life from the under current stream. A work of genius, to be admittedly such, must fulfil two *distinct* conditions: it must involve something original, spontaneous, unteachable, unexpected; and it must also in some way win for itself the admiration of mankind. But purely as psychologists we are bound to define genius by the mode of its operation:—not by the pleasure-giving properties of the result achieved:—by the source, not the quality, of the output. And therefore we should recognise the operation of genius (psychologically speaking) in Haydon's account of how the tame yet contorted figures in his picture of the "Raising of Lazarus" flashed upon him with an overmastering sense of direct inspiration; or in Voltaire's

account of how he wrote that inept tragedy *Catalina*, as well as in Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto," or Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," though these works are, *artistically speaking*, in utterly different classes, and only belong to the same class in virtue of the common psychological element which characterised their production.

As regards the question of what ought to be regarded as normality our author urges that in a constantly evolving species the norm is best represented by the farthest evolutionary stage yet reached, and this is what we usually speak of as genius, which Myers, reverting to his analogy between light and consciousness, compares to the intensification of the glow of a banded spectrum.

Coming to detail, the form of genius, or subliminal uprush, most easily measurable is that of the "calculating boy" or arithmetical prodigy. He cites from Dr. Scripture a table of thirteen such prodigies, two of whom, Gauss and Ampère, displayed in later life transcendent ability, while three others, Archbishop Whately, Mr. Bidder and Professor Safford are well known as men of exceptional talent. After discussing the peculiar features presented by this group, he points out how remarkably they illustrate the essentially subliminal character of the gift in question, and then shows how this special form of genius is connected with the working of genius in many other fields, as we can study its operation in the accounts left by many eminent men of their own methods of production.

Reverting to Lombroso's view, Myers shows that the Professor's collection of anecdotes showing degeneracy in men of genius is evidentially weak and points out that the rapid nervous development which is clearly a condition of genius must inevitably introduce a perturbation, which while on the whole making for evolution will also exhibit some phenomena suggestive of instability. This leads him to outline and contrast two views of evolution, which he terms the planetary and the cosmic, words which might also be rendered by materialistic and spiritual in this connection. Viewed in the light of the spiritual or cosmic conception, genius is thus no by-product, but rather the evolution of new faculty, giving fresh perceptions of truth and lying in the main stream of human evolution. Yet since the output of genius is largely sub-

liminal it may sometimes be out of harmony with terrene existence and that narrower field of consciousness which has been specialised through the struggle for existence to meet the needs of material life on earth as it now is. For instance, speech and writing are summarisations of certain forms of complex gesture, which are inevitably inadequate to symbolise our whole psychical being, and hence when new factors come to be expressed under their limitations we must expect the results to be very inadequate, and as a matter of fact we do find in many forms of automatism a distinct effort to create or develop new modes and forms of symbolisation.

But what is the relation of the man of genius to the sensitive? Do his inspirations bring with them any supernormal knowledge? Does he get any *true* impressions, even though not *definite* and *clear* impressions of a supersensory world?

In Wordsworth's *Prelude* we have an honest and deliberate attempt by a poet of undoubted genius to answer this question, and studying in detail what he has left on record the answer to both questions must inevitably be in the affirmative. Mr. Myers then continues:—

But this conclusion points the way to a speculation more important still. Telæsthesia is not the only spiritual law, nor are subliminal uprushes affairs of the intellect alone. Beyond and above man's innate power of world-wide perception, there exists also that universal link of spirit with spirit which in its minor earthly manifestations we call telepathy. Our submerged faculty—the subliminal uprushes of genius—can expand in that direction as well as in the direction of telæsthesia. The emotional content, indeed, of those uprushes is even profounder and more important than the intellectual:—in proportion as Love and Religion are profounder and more important than Science or Art.

That primary passion, I repeat, which binds life to life, which links us both to life near and visible, and to life imagined but unseen;—*that* is no mere organic, no mere planetary impulse, but the inward aspect of the telepathic law. Love and Religion are thus *continuous*: they represent different phases of one all-pervading mutual gravitation of souls. The flesh does not conjoin but dis sever; although through its very severance it suggests a shadow of the union which it cannot bestow. We have to do here neither with a corporeal nor with a purely human emotion. Love is the energy of integration which makes a Cosmos of the Sum of Things.

But here there is something of controversy to traverse before a revived Platonic conception of love can hope to be treated by the psychologist as

more than a pedantic jest. And naturally so; since there is no emotion subliminal over so wide a range of origin—fed so obscurely by all thoughts, all passions, all delights—and consequently so mysterious even to the percipient himself. At one end of the scale love is based upon an instinct as primitive as the need of nutrition; even if at the other end it becomes, as Plato has it, “the Interpreter and Mediator between God and Man.”

And then Mr. Myers proceeds to contrast the physiological or materialist conception of the passion of love, as set forth in no light or cynical spirit but with the moral earnestness of a modern Lucretius by Professor Pierre Janet, with the splendid passages from the *Symposium* in which Plato, through the mouth of Diotima, expounds the spiritual or Platonic conception of that passion; and he concludes the chapter with some words of deeply earnest eloquence in which he enforces and sustains the view of the pre-terrene origin of the human soul and the divine outlook which future evolution has in store for man.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BLUE WELL

AN ESTHONIAN TALE

ALONG the Baltic coast, south of the Isles of Dago and Barnholm, lie the dreamy forests and the grey rocks of Esthony. Here, on summer nights with their half-lit atmosphere and tender pink of sky-line touching the horizon, when the faint notes of national songs caress waters across which, in the far distance and like a vanishing point, may be seen a solitary fisher-boat with illumined sail—on such nights the fairy-folk of the Northland seem to breathe their immortal Pagan grace on all around. For this country is still Pagan in the hearts of its aboriginal tribe and is alien entirely to the conquerors of German, Danish and Russian race. It is Pagan as its neighbour Finland, in its “magic traditions,” is Pagan. And here, too, as in the Dolemities down in South Slavia or in the Kiew woods, the “St. John” fires still burn, as indeed they burn everywhere, when a young race is passing anew

through the worship of ancient Nature, or an old, old race is dying, faithful to the Gods of Earth. Is not the name "God" in the Esthonian tongue still "Yumal," sounding like "Yama" on the lips of the "Este"?

One of the legends told on a summer's eve, its meaning deepened in that fairy-light of the veiled midnight sun, we now translate.

In one of these forests near the songs of the sea, in a clear well, bordered with white blossoms of roses, and lit on darkening August nights with blue moon-rays, lived a fairy, a water-fairy, of singular beauty. And when, on some balmy evening, the tall trees sway with a murmur like the deep note of an organ rolled out into the stillness, this beautiful vision would rise up from her palace under the waters to the surface of the well and rest there on her couch of sea-roses and golden stems, sending forth into the slumbrous and sea-perfumed space the divine notes of her song.

It was thus that she was seen by Rein, a pure-eyed youth from the hamlet. He saw the fairy and forgot his bride. For never man beholds unpunished the denizens of the unseen world—fairies or sylphs. The beauteous fairy was pleased as she beheld the beautiful boy; she called him to her, and he went and was told and shown wondrous things in the sparkling well.

But the fairy also knew of Rein's betrothed, of Anne with the golden hair, and she resolved that the boy should never again look on any beauty save her own. Her mind was, also full of jealousy by reason of Anne's pure soul. One summer's night, as Rein bent over the well, poisonous mists rose up from it and gathered about his eyes. Seized with terrible pain the boy fled to find solace in deepest darkness only. In his anguish he confessed all to his grief-stricken Anne. Anne forgave him, for, from childhood upwards, she had ever heard that no mortal could resist the spirit-charm.

The girl waited till all were asleep in the village. Then, unseen, she glided forth from the dark little garden and ran to the forest, straight to the well. In exceeding mental anguish she bent over the silent waters. But nothing stirred. The fairy had left the spot. Then Anne, almost mad with despair and led by the one thought of saving her beloved, gave herself up to

the quest of finding her cruel rival ; stepping forward, she sank at once under those waters where, in the bluish distance, glittered the fairy-palace. A few hours after, at the first touches of dawn, the sea-roses, like a white garment of death, entwined themselves round the young girl's body as it floated up to the surface from the depths below. Rein was on his knees at the well, sobbing bitterly. His heart had been purified by repentance and heavy sorrow. As one kisses the hem of a martyr's shroud he pressed his face on the waters that had taken Anne's life.

And lo ! the mists lifted from his eyes, the pain was gone. He was saved. He saw !

Out of the forest's early shadows stepped the fairy. She told him how Anne's pure devotion had sanctified the waters of death. And she told him, also, how she herself, touched by the lovers' trial and troubled with remorse, had given to the well the power of henceforth healing all who suffered as he had suffered. Then she bade him look at the well. The waters had become a deep, pure blue, the colour of the heavens and of their most heavenly ray on earth—that of true devotion.

Since those days of which we write the Blue Well has ever been a well of healing, and the record of the deed is still whispered abroad by the sea-roses as, on white nights, their perfume rises above the singing waters.

A RUSSIAN.

IN wonder all Philosophy began : in wonder it ends. But the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance : the last is the parent of adoration. The first is the birth-throe of our knowledge : the last its euthanasia and apotheosis.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE worth and value of knowledge is in proportion to the worth and value of its object. The exactest knowledge of things is to know them in their causes ; it is then an excellent thing to know the best things in their highest causes : and the happiest way of attaining to this knowledge is to possess those things and to know them in experience.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE NEO-PLATONISTS

NEO-PLATONISM—*i.e.*, New Platonism—is the name given to the system of philosophy set forth by a school which arose in the third century of our era, and which ceased to exist, as a recognised institution, in the early part of the sixth century. To this school the title of “School of Alexandria” has been often, but somewhat inaccurately, applied. It is true that Ammonius Saccas, the reputed founder of the school, was an inhabitant of Alexandria; and that Plotinus, who first developed in writing the Neo-Platonic doctrines, received his training in philosophy in the class-room of Ammonius. But our information respecting Ammonius is so scanty, that the theory which would regard him, rather than his more famous pupil, as the actual founder of Neo-Platonism, must necessarily rest, to a large extent, upon mere conjecture, and is certainly not strengthened by the fact that no mention whatever is made of Ammonius in the writings of Plotinus, and although Plotinus himself studied philosophy at Alexandria, the scene of his labours as teacher and author was not Alexandria, but Rome. His system found many adherents among the learned and thoughtful, and, within a century of his death, had become the most widely accepted philosophic system of the period. It was then taught at Alexandria, as elsewhere; but it does not appear that at any time Alexandria became the principal seat of the school. In its latest days it was established at Athens, in the Academy which, centuries before, had been honoured and rendered historic by the presence and teaching of Plato.

On the teaching of Plato the philosophic doctrines of the new school were avowedly based. To Plotinus and his successors belongs the credit of having rekindled the pure light of Platonic philosophy after long ages of at least partial misconception. Few, if any, of the successors of Plato had grasped the full significance of his thought. Aristotle, the greatest of his disciples, had intro-

duced a system in some respects complementary to, but in others, and these of high importance, at variance with the master's teaching; while at a later period the schools chiefly in vogue—those of the Stoics and Epicureans—had strayed still further from that teaching in the direction of materialism: a lapse only partially compensated by the noble ethical teaching of the Stoics.

Yet the Platonic tradition, however imperfectly understood, was never wholly forgotten, and the materials for its revival, as soon as a new wave of spiritual activity should render such revival possible, remained unimpaired. Long before the advent of Neo-Platonism there were signs that such a wave was in motion. Of these signs the most notable, for the subsequent history of the world, was the rise and spread of Christianity. More nearly allied to the movement which is the subject of our present discourse, was the revived Platonism of such thinkers as Plutarch, Philo and Numenius. But if these thinkers, in some particulars and to some extent, anticipated the position of the Neo-Platonists, it is probable that their writings had little direct influence upon the movement. They drew from the same perennial fountain of philosophy, and their conclusions were, naturally, in some respects not dissimilar.

But to regard Neo-Platonism as a mere revival of the Platonic tradition would be to misconceive its true import. It was no simple repetition, it was a legitimate development of the teaching of Plato. Its leading exponents—above all, Plotinus and Proclus—were men not only of vast erudition, but of profoundly original insight. They followed Plato, not with the submission of pupils to a master's authority, but with the independence of thinkers whose assurance of the truths which he had taught was equally at first hand. "They were men," says Mr. Whittaker, in his valuable little book on the Neo-Platonists, "who had inherited or adopted the Hellenic tradition. On the ethical side they continued Stoicism; although in assigning a higher place to the theoretic virtues, they return to an earlier view. Their genuine originality is in psychology and metaphysics. Having gone to the centre of Plato's idealistic thought, they demonstrated, by a new application of its principles, the untenableness of the Stoic materialism; and, after the long intervening period, they

succeeded in defining more rigorously than Plato had done, in psychology the idea of consciousness, in metaphysics the idea of immaterial and subjective existence. Scientifically, they incorporated elements of every doctrine with the exception of Epicureanism; going back with studious interest to the pre-Socratics, many fragments of whom the latest Neo-Platonic commentators rescued just as they were on the point of being lost. On the subjective side, they carried thought to the highest point reached in antiquity. And neither in Plotinus, the great original thinker of the school, nor in his successors, was this the result of mystical fancies or of Oriental influences. These, when they appeared, were superinduced. No idealistic philosophers have ever applied closer reasoning or subtler analysis to the relations between the inner and the outer world. If the school to some extent 'Orientalised,' in this it followed Plato; and it diverged far less from Hellenic ideals than Plato himself."

The system which they formed was thus in some sense eclectic, yet to call the Neo-Platonists "eclectics" would be to misrepresent their attitude. If they learned much from their predecessors, they added much of their own. Neo-Platonic philosophy was no patch-work of borrowed doctrines, but a vital and coherent system which may be said, without exaggeration, to represent the highest achievement of ancient Hellenic thought.

This magnificent result was mainly due to the genius of one man—Plotinus—"the greatest individual thinker between Aristotle and Descartes," as Mr. Whittaker justly calls him. Born in Egypt about the year 205, Plotinus studied philosophy at Alexandria in the school of Ammonius. At the age of forty he settled in Rome, where he lectured on philosophy and produced that series of treatises which has been appropriately termed the Gospel of Neo-Platonism, and which we are fortunate in possessing entire. In the neighbourhood of Rome he died, A.D. 270. His writings I am inclined to regard as the most precious monument extant of Greek philosophy. His successors added to his teachings, modified them here and there; but in its leading features the system of philosophy which he had elaborated remained unchanged as long as the school endured, the accepted Gospel of Neo-Platonism. "The great Plotinus," Maurice

Maeterlinck calls him—"the great Plotinus, who of all the intellects I know has approached the nearest to divinity."

Of the disciples of Plotinus the most famous, as well as the most important to the future development of the school, was Porphyry the Tyrian. It is to Porphyry, indeed, that we are chiefly indebted for our knowledge of Plotinus himself, for it was Porphyry who edited the master's works, and wrote an account of his life. His own commentaries on the books of Plotinus contributed much to the spread of the doctrine, by the clearness of his elucidations. Of these commentaries a fragment only, but of the highest value, remains to us. Many of the other writings of Porphyry are lost, or exist only in fragments. The longest that we possess is a treatise on vegetarianism. Most of the Neo-Platonists were vegetarians, and, indeed, a certain degree of asceticism was always a characteristic of the school. It was, however, a moderate and rational asceticism, far removed from that insensate hatred of the body which has led bigots to torture their flesh in the vain hope of spiritual advantage. It was the asceticism of men whose thoughts were so fixed on the higher life of philosophy, that to them the fleeting pleasures of the world and the flesh had become in very truth indifferent.

Porphyry survived his master upwards of thirty years, and died early in the fourth century. He had lived, however, to see the beginning of the troubles in which the philosophic schools were to be involved by the growth of Christianity, and was himself the first of the Neo-Platonists who used his pen directly in opposition to the new creed. But I shall refer later to the attitude of the Neo-Platonists in regard to Christianity. The most celebrated disciple of Porphyry was Iamblichus, who has been generally credited with introducing into the school that turn for occultism, or theurgy as it was called, which became a marked characteristic of the movement in its later days. This assumption would seem to be based chiefly upon the attribution to Iamblichus of the treatise *On the Mysteries*, in which theurgy is distinctly, though by no means intemperately, advocated. It is, however, doubtful if Iamblichus was indeed the author of that treatise, and although we have one or two strange stories of marvels ascribed to him, these are not well authenticated; while such of his undoubted

writings as are extant do not lend any strong support to the conjecture that he was an enthusiast in theurgy.

On the subject of theurgy I shall say but a few words, as, indeed, I am but ill qualified to speak of it: but it can hardly be altogether neglected in a general review of the Neo-Platonic school. The object of theurgy was to elevate the human nature to a conscious participation of the divine; in other words, to evolve and perfect the divine attributes latent in every human soul. The philosophers proposed to themselves the same object, but while Plotinus and Porphyry endeavoured to achieve their aim by means of an ethical and metaphysical training, leading by degrees to the very summit of virtue and true wisdom, the theurgists sought to effect it by means of ceremonial rites, of sacrifices and invocations. To Plotinus, especially, the external forms of religion had seemed of little moment, though the inward reality of it was ever present to his deepest convictions. The theurgists, on the contrary, attached the highest value to such forms, even to the smallest details, though always insisting upon their symbolical import. Thus the tendency of theurgy was to exalt the priest above the philosopher, although theurgists allowed that a man who had reached the height of philosophy as proposed by Plotinus, was beyond their art. Such a one was a law to himself. But for the rest of mankind—for all, that is to say, except a few sages—they regarded the path of theurgy as the surest to the attainment of divine insight.

Their practices were alien to the spirit of Greek philosophy, though not, perhaps, to that of Greek religion. The elaborate ceremonial of the theurgic priests, their invocations of powers superior to man, their divination and clairvoyance, point as much to the old traditions of the Hellenic priesthood as to the late influence of Oriental creeds; although this influence was not wanting, and theurgy was definitely connected by its adherents with the rites of the Egyptians and Chaldæans. Even the belief in the efficacy of magical operations, superstitious as it may be deemed, was referred by the philosophers who accepted theurgy to a genuinely philosophical conception: *viz.*, that all the parts of the universe are related as the parts in one living creature; that, to use Emerson's words, "secret analogies tie together the

remotest parts of nature." Thinkers such as Plotinus accepted this theory in much the same way as Emerson; believing that all things are full of significance to those who are capable of reading them. Later and less purely philosophic thinkers sought in these "secret analogies" the basis of a system of magic, whereby the occult powers of the universe should be drawn into the service of man by the exhibition of the signs appropriate to them.

Yet when we recall the intellectual calibre of some of the philosophers who accepted theurgy, we may surely hesitate to use the word "superstition" in this connection. It must be owned, at least, that their faith in the efficacy of such practices did little to impair their philosophic acumen. Even Proclus, next to Plotinus the strongest and most logical thinker of the Neo-Platonic school, was a known believer in theurgy. Moreover, to philosophers who were already viewing with alarm the inroads of Christianity, it was no small recommendation of theurgy that it did indeed constitute a serious attempt to counteract the growth of the new creed by imparting fresh life and energy to the old one, and by fostering a genuinely devotional spirit within the forms of the ancient Hellenic religion.

The immediate successors of Iamblichus need not detain us. Most of their writings have disappeared. The short reign of the Neo-Platonic Emperor, Julian (361-363), excited hopes for philosophy which were quickly shattered by his death. In the fifth century the principal seat of the school was at Athens, where the Academy accepted Neo-Platonism, and its doctrines were promulgated by a succession of remarkable men. Of these by far the most eminent was Proclus, the greatest thinker who had occupied the chair of philosophy in the Academy since the death of Plato. Many of his writings remain, though many are lost; for, as his biographer Marinus informs us, "he was a man laborious to a miracle." Among those which we possess, some of the lengthiest are commentaries on the Platonic Dialogues; but of all the extant works of Proclus perhaps none exceeds in value his "Elements of Theology," a treatise in which the details of a nobly rational, and therefore in the highest sense spiritual, religion are set forth with the profundity of a true philosopher, and the logic of an exact dialectician.

Proclus died, A.D. 485, at the age of seventy-five years. Long even before his birth the Christians had become the predominant party in the Empire, and at the time of his death the adherents of the ancient faith were a small and persecuted sect. The philosophers, however, remained firm to the end in their support of the Hellenic religion. Among the successors of Proclus at Athens were several whose contributions to philosophic literature, still extant, possess real and considerable value ; though none, perhaps, whose works entitle them to rank, as original thinkers, side by side with Plotinus and Proclus, the two great luminaries of the Neo-Platonic system. But even the small measure of liberty still allowed to the philosophers was soon to be withdrawn. In the year 529 the School of Athens was closed, its endowments were confiscated, and the teaching of philosophy was prohibited, by an edict of the Emperor Justinian. Some of the philosophers continued to write in their retirement. The latest whose writings (in part, at least) have been handed down to us, was Olympiodorus, the pupil of Ammonius, who was the pupil of Proclus. But the year 529 marks the close of the ancient philosophy as a recognised institution. Nevertheless, its influence is yet unexhausted. From age to age, even to the present, it has appeared and reappeared ; often distorted, often unacknowledged, though still to the student discernible ; moulding or modifying the thoughts of men on the deepest matters of human contemplation. The advance of knowledge, the discoveries of physical science, do not render its doctrines obsolete, except in unessential details ; for it deals primarily with subjects which transcend experience, with truths which are coeval with the universe.

What, then, was the philosophy to which these men devoted their lives, as to the highest object of human attainment ? Perhaps we may partially answer this question in the words of Hierocles, a Neo-Platonist of Alexandria in the fifth century. " Philosophy," he says, " is both the purification and perfection of human life. The purification, as it frees it from the material and brute tendencies of the mortal body : the perfection, as it restores it to its own primitive excellency, and the participation of the divine image. Both these," adds Hierocles, " are best effected by Virtue and Truth."

This is not, indeed, a complete definition of philosophy: it would probably be impossible to give a complete definition of so comprehensive a subject within the compass of a few lines. But as an expression, not of the whole truth, yet surely of the highest truth respecting it, these words of Hierocles indicate with perfect accuracy the general position of Neo-Platonic philosophers. Plotinus accepted the old division of philosophy into the three branches of Physics, Ethics, and Dialectic or Metaphysics. Yet whatever they might include under the term, with him and his successors the ultimate meaning of philosophy was always the purification of the soul, and its assimilation to the divine source of its existence. Perhaps it is difficult to understand how any system can rightly deserve the name of philosophy if its final purpose be other than this.

The view of philosophy which I have thus indicated includes the recognition of its essential relationship to religion; a relationship which, for the first time in Greek philosophy, was clearly implied in the writings of Plato. Without the recognition of this relationship both philosophy and religion remain imperfect, and even to some extent superficial. Indeed, I think it may be said that the true philosopher reaches at length a stage at which this relationship is seen to be not relationship merely, but identity. Of course, by religion, in this sense, I do not mean the popular theology, but the spiritual insight which sees in Divinity the first and final cause of all things, and of which every popular theology is a more or less crude and distorted development. This spiritual insight everywhere characterises and exalts the philosophy of Plato and the Neo-Platonists. At the same time, the established forms of religion were treated by Plato with respect, and the beautiful mythology which constitutes so considerable a portion of the Greek religion, was occasionally employed by him to point or adorn his discourses, though always with perfect freedom of interpretation. Plotinus followed nearly in the footsteps of his master, though insisting even less than Plato had done, upon established forms. But with the later Neo-Platonists a new spirit prevailed, of which, as we have seen, the development of theurgy was the most striking indication. These constituted themselves the guardians and exponents of the ancient faith; and

not of the Hellenic faith alone, for they held, and rightly held, that the religious creeds of all nations teach the same divine truths under different names. The myths, which Plato had held himself at liberty to accept or reject as it might seem desirable, were by his latest disciples regarded as a body of sacred doctrine, enigmatically delivered, which they set themselves in all earnestness to interpret. Indeed, Proclus—in an interesting essay on the myths of Homer, which forms part of his Commentary on Plato's *Republic*—strenuously, though with doubtful success, endeavours to show that Plato himself was of much the same opinion, and that the censure which, in the second and third books of the *Republic*, he bestows upon myths and myth-makers, was in reality aimed, not at the myths, but at the indiscriminate and unintelligent use of them. Perhaps neither Plato nor Plotinus would altogether have denied that the old mythology possessed some such significance as their successors discovered in it. It is evident, however, that they attached far less importance to it, preferring the plain path of philosophy to the mystic methods of occult symbolism.

But with all who professed the Platonic philosophy the ultimate purpose of their teaching was the same :—the purification of the human soul, its redemption from the bonds of flesh, and assimilation to the divinity. And this purpose was to be effected, as Hierocles expressed it, by Virtue and Truth : in other words, we must endeavour to attain to God both by right living and by knowledge. Either of these without the other is insufficient. “Without virtue,” says Plotinus, “God is but a name.” It is not enough to know the truths of philosophy unless we put them into practice ; in very truth, we cannot be said to *know* them unless they have become a part of our daily life. Otherwise we can only know *about* them ; a kind of knowledge not difficult of attainment, but valuable only as an introduction to the knowledge which reveals to us the truth of our being, and therein of all being.

WM. C. WARD.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 161)

I SAID that it was necessary to make an account of my experiences under 'anæsthetics preliminary to that of the more luminous of my experiences during the sleep of the body. The reason of this is that the two accounts have some characteristics in common, though those characteristics are, perhaps naturally, more extremely marked in the case of anæsthetics. Everyone who has ever taken "gas" or chloroform will probably be aware how the early moments of the process of anæsthetisation are marked by very peculiar scraping sounds in the ears, and in the case of "gas" especially, by intense whirring in the head. Now I have found that, to a greater or less degree, these same strange sensations are, in my case, either the prelude to, or the accompaniment of, some startlingly vivid sleep-experience, a more or less perfect memory of which I bring back to the physical world. In 1895, the first night after I took "gas" for the first time, I went through the process again in my sleep, without, however, enjoying, so far as I remember, any vivid astral experience *immediately* afterwards, though in the morning, before waking, I saw the face of my clock, and, as far as I remember after the lapse of seven years, I succeeded in telling the time correctly by it; but of this I am not sure. The important point, however, is that I saw the face of the clock on my table while my body was asleep, *although, as a matter of fact, its face was turned away from my bed*. I may add that I have also once or twice seen my watch, before waking up, while it was lying under my pillow. I also know that I have told the time correctly, at least once, if not twice, in this way, whether by watch or by clock, but as I am not absolutely sure about the matter, and accuracy is very important in these questions, I will not lay claim to having done so more

than once. On one occasion, I remember hopelessly muddling it up, and reading the time as a quarter past, instead of a quarter before, the hour, and I am therefore interested to read in Mr. Leadbeater's *Astral Plane* that this is a natural mistake to make. I am, of course, by no means alone in the occasional exercise of this faculty, even among persons who make no special pretensions to psychical power. Professor James reports the case of a lady of his acquaintance who laid claim to a similar feat, and to regular psychics it must be a mere *bagatelle*. I may add, for the information of the curious, that in my case the watch generally appears to be very close to one's face, so close that it is almost impossible to read the time by it; and further, that the phenomenon can best be produced by willing strongly the night before to wake at a certain time, when a vision of the watch may possibly be seen at the hour named. It may now be clear why I have succeeded in performing this feat so seldom.

This, however, by way of parenthesis. About three years ago, shortly, I think, after taking "gas" (though as to this point I cannot speak certainly), I found myself during the sleep of the body, standing in a room only a few yards from a group of about four persons.

One of them was a dark-skinned Oriental, a native of India, I thought. He immediately fixed his eyes on me, and, unable to resist, I began to lose consciousness. It was then that I went through a process very similar to that of taking "gas," at least as regards the whirring sensation in my head. Gradually, however, these sensations subsided and cleared off, and I became brilliantly conscious for a few moments. I saw, with an intense clearness of vision, quite unknown to me in waking life, though I have perfectly good physical sight. Before me on a bed (and I think, if I remember right, it was my own bed in the house we then lived in) lay a maternal uncle of mine, whom I very seldom see on the physical plane. He appeared very ill indeed. He was coughing very badly. He tried to rise, and did, in fact, succeed in sitting up. But when he finally succeeded in doing so, and had gradually worked himself into a sitting position on the foot-end of his bed, and put his legs to the ground, he immediately fell back across the bed with a ghastly rattle in his throat,

and, to all appearances, died on the spot. And I remember feeling great distress at being alone and quite unable to help him. Then the intense clearness of vision forsook me. I have a vague idea that I returned and saw the dark man again for a moment, but of this I cannot be sure, and, in any case, I shortly afterwards woke up. This is the first case I remember of finding myself with intense power of vision in the sleep-world. My uncle I may add, is none the worse for my vision.

I spent last winter in an old house of the Latin Quarter of Paris, and there, while "sensing" numerous other phenomena which I will touch upon presently, I also obtained a great impression, founded partly on some remarkable semi-conscious experiences, that I was being deliberately "got at," by some thoroughly intelligent beings on the other side. If I had had any doubt on the matter, I could have it no longer when I awoke one night, seemingly not in Paris, but in a room I had occupied years before in my childhood, and heard, though I could not see them, what seemed to be two or three men talking together in low tones. It was, perhaps, natural that, after a big physical breakdown, I should seek for advice on mundane matters from any being who stood on another plane, and might see things, for aught I knew to the contrary, with a clearer eye than I did. So I cried :

"What shall I do next?"

A voice replied immediately :

"Go straight on as you are going."

I took this to mean that I was to continue the process through which I was at that moment passing, so I said :

"But *I* mean on the physical, not on the astral, plane."

There was a moment's pause, and I got the impression of a hurried consultation taking place. Then the voice spoke again :

"You will go to Portugal in three years from now."

I do not remember saying anything further, but the voice spoke once more :

"You will see an animal on your right as you wake up."

I thought at first, that this meant that I should see an animal as I woke up on their plane, and, as I was prepared to face any amount of animals, much though I dislike them, if only

I could acquire full powers of functioning on their plane, the words immediately had a curious hypnotic effect on me, which I will leave the reader to guess at. Presently, however, I left my astral friends, and passing drowsily through a stage where I saw a near relative of mine who was staying in the house, and also the *valet de chambre*, both scampering about, I immediately woke up. During the drowsy, intermediate stage, however, a biggish animal appeared on my right, apparently guarding the bedroom door. It was like a large cat in size, but in appearance a sort of mixture between a bull-dog and a small tiger, and it roared as loud as it could, but it was not very terrifying. (It cannot have been Cerberus, for Cerberus had three heads!) I thought:—"You silly old thing, I've been told about you before," and passed on.

Two words before I leave this account. To the casual reader it may seem tame enough. To me, at the time it seemed, and at the present moment it seems, nothing of the sort. I have said that a voice spoke to me. But there are voices and voices. To say that it was like a human voice on this plane would be to do it very poor justice. The mere sound of it was far superior to anything we ever hear on earth, *i.e.*, in the physical world. It would not be easy to exaggerate to those who have never heard them, the extraordinary clearness and at the same time the resonance and the reverberation of these higher astral voices. In telling the story by word of mouth, I always say that it was as if all the vibrations of sound had been "cleaned up." It one may be allowed to compare things heard to things seen, I would say that this voice sounded like a polished door-handle. The difference between the higher astral voice and the physical voice is as the difference between the free clink of glasses and that produced when they are held tightly by the hand. I remember once, during a trip I took to Norway about ten years ago, that a refractory steward, who was too lazy to answer the bell, used to tie a duster round it, to prevent it making any clear, conscience-pricking sound. Well, when I wake in the morning after hearing higher astral voices, and hear our dull, dead physical voices again, I generally think of the dodge of that rebellious steward. The voices we hear and know in this life are no better than higher astral voices with a cloth tied round them. So when it

is politely hinted to me by word or smile that I am the victim of my own "imagination" (whatever that Mesopotamian word may mean to people who use it), or that I suffer (forsooth!) from an hallucination of the sense of hearing, I know that my interlocutor has never heard what I have called, for want of a better word, a higher astral voice.*

So much for the manner of this experience. As for the matter of it, though the idea of going to Portugal in three years from now means simply nothing to me, and for the animal on my right, which tried to roar, I do not greatly care, I find some not unnatural consolation in being told to go straight on as I am going, especially by one who is presumably wiser than I. We get so much "advice gratis," on this plane, from those who, having succeeded more or less badly in performing the somewhat limited task they have set themselves, seek to impose their own shadowy ideals upon others. Not unsoothing, then, or all unwelcome, was that Voice in the Night which told me to go straight on as I was going. I will go, Sir; at least I can promise you that.

It must be obvious also that, in addition to that of giving comfort, there was another object in the remark. When I was told to go straight on as I was going, I at once began to wonder *where* I was, and *where* I was going to, and I at once recognised that I was on the astral plane. My answer showed this. Thus the whole notion that I had been waked in another world became fixed, and as I was caused to pass back without delay to physical life, I brought a fairly complete memory of the experience right through.

If, in these and several other cases of which I have not brought back such a clear memory, I have seemed to have been

* I have employed the expression "higher astral voice" in narrating the above experience, because I do not find it possible to class all non-physical voices together in a lump. In the first place, each separate voice has, to a certain extent, an individual character of its own, just as ours have on the physical plane. In the second place, I do not find anything particularly attractive about lower astral voices, of which I have heard a great many. As for the higher astral voices, I am inclined to think that the excellence of their tone (as to which fact believers in the hallucination-theory seem to be rather in the dark), is partly due to the nature of the region in which they are uttered, and possibly, in some cases, to the nature of the persons who utter them. I really do not think, after the experiences I have had, that I could justly accept the hallucination-theory for the astral voice without applying it also to the physical voice. The theory (such as it is), is therefore, to my mind, suicidal.—R. C.

the recipient of attention from the other side, I could also give one or two instances to show that, in however limited and feeble a manner, I have apparently tried to take an active part in the psychical instruction of others. I found myself, one night, fairly recently, during the sleep of the body, standing in what appeared to me to be, for the moment, something like the covered playground of the private school I attended between the ages of seven and thirteen. I think there were other people there, talking with me, when first I came to consciousness, and whether it was through intuition or by their information, I do not know, but I seemed to be in an expectant condition. Presently, a door opened at the further end of the building, and in came a near relative of mine, from whom, however, I am very much separated by difference of opinion upon things in general. He is one of those persons, who, though more or less an orthodox Christian, would, I believe, benefit by obtaining a more detailed acquaintance with some of the conditions of life after death. On the physical plane I have, perhaps, only once seriously broached the subject to him, at what I thought an especially tactful moment, and in what I thought an especially tactful way, but I received such a severe rebuff that I am not likely to try again. There, on the astral plane, as I say, he came up, took my arm, and started walking with me a few steps across the floor of the building. I half stopped, and stretched out my hands. "Look," I said, "how *real* it all is, absolutely as real as the physical plane," or words to that effect. Immediately I had said this, I became definitely conscious that I was on the astral plane with a splendid opportunity before me. But, as I spoke, a pained look came across his face, and his form grew very faint, almost disappearing from my view. I struggled with all the will-power I could command to bring him back to "focus," and finally I succeeded fairly well. I saw his face, at least, with extraordinary clearness, close to mine, a clearness with which we never see faces on this plane. He said: "I hear what you *say*, my boy," with a great emphasis on the word "say," showing that he was entirely sceptical of the truth of my words, or was worried by the bare suggestion that he was not on the physical plane. Then he went on:

"But you look so funny!"

As he said this I noticed that we were both bathed in a snow-white mist, the source of which I cannot now locate, but it had a very curious effect. The only thing I can this moment recall at all like it, is the halo or mist with which the body of Christ is represented as being surrounded when he broke bread at Emmaus. However, when my relative said, "but you look so funny!" I do not think he simply referred to the snow-white mist. He was chiefly referring, I think, to the fact that, as he spoke, he touched me, and I saw, as he saw, that the surface of my body did not entirely resist his touch, but gave way to it, dimpling in, under pressure, to a degree quite unknown to our physical bodies. Another queer incident occurred during this experience, though I am not quite clear now as to when it happened, and where to place it. I suddenly saw a kind of pile in the middle of the room, looking more like a lot of packing-cases thrown carelessly, higgledy-piggledy, one on top of another, than anything else. On this pile, in all kinds of fantastic and absurd positions, lay a number of queer-looking figures. I said to my relative: "They're all asleep, and the worst thing you can do is to wake them up." And, snatching up a three-legged stool (I think it was) which lay near me, I hurled it at the mass of sleepers. It hit one of them, and must have disturbed him rather seriously, I am afraid, but though he seemed to shift his position a little, he did not seem to mind very much, and presently all was as quiet as before.

This particular astral experience ended in the following curious manner. I got into my head that, when my relative woke up in his physical body in the morning, he would have forgotten all about our adventure together on the astral plane, and would conclude, off-hand, that his not remembering it meant that it had never occurred. I was much distressed at this, and tried to think of a plan for overcoming the difficulty. I then thought (mistakenly, as it turned out afterwards) that our physical bodies were lying asleep in the same house in England. So I said to myself: "I will return at once to my physical body, go to his room, and wake him up on the spot, and see if he does not remember the experience." Giving a sort of twist, *I felt my physical body trailing, as it were, a few inches behind me.* My mind was

made up. Repeating the jerking motion a second time, and doing it this time more forcibly, I found myself, in another moment, waking up in the physical world. But, as I woke up, I began to recognise the truth. Our physical bodies, I thought, were not in the same house, but only in the same town. Then, as I woke up further, I recognised once more that I was mistaken, and that our bodies were separated by a still greater distance. And it was not till I fully awoke that I became aware that the sea rolled between our bodies, and that I was in Paris, and he, in all probability, on the English coast. And then I knew that he would never remember his astral adventure with me, and that we should still have to go on our separate ways in life, and that Matthew Arnold was right when he cried so bitterly :

Who ordered that their longing's fire
Should be as soon as kindled, cool'd ?
Who renders vain their deep desire ?—
A God, a God their severance ruled !
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MOTIVES are a symptom of weakness, and supplements for the deficient energy of the will.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

ALL true remedy must begin at the heart: otherwise it will be but a mountebank cure.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE heart may be engaged in a little business, as much, if thou watch it not as in many and great affairs.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

"WHAT is virtue but a medicine, and vice but a wound? Yea, we have so often deeply wounded ourselves with a medicine that God hath been fain to make wounds medicinable."—HOBBS: *quoted by COLERIDGE.*

AN ANCIENT CANTATA

"THE TRIUMPH OF MAN MADE PERFECT"

THE seventeenth chapter of the *Book of the Dead*, or, rather of "the Book of Making Strong the Shining Form in the Heart of Rā," for that is the first clause in its ancient title, is one of the most difficult, even as it is in all probability one of the most ancient, of all the chapters in that ancient book. The old Egyptian priests themselves saw in it much opportunity for discussion and need for explanation; a commentary was therefore attached to the chapter, and this in process of time became incorporated with the original, then more commentary was attached to the commentary, and certain truly monkish copyists then proceeded to interpolate other things besides commentary. Then some of the more learned appear to have made an attempt to purge the chapter from added matter, but in doing so, failed to purge the commentary, the result being that there are comments which are explanatory of nothing whatever, either in the text or in the interpolations.

I have made an attempt to separate all these parts into their proper places, and so restore the chapter to something approximating to its original form.

It will give some idea of this task if I state that out of 290 lines which it occupies, in Dr. Budge's text of the Theban recension, I have eliminated 220 lines as commentary, or other interpolated matter, thus leaving only seventy lines as actually belonging to the original chapter.

This restoration being completed, the next point to force itself into notice was that strange variation in the personal pronoun, so regularly seen in the chapters of the *Book of the Dead*, the speech in the first, second and third persons, usually indicative of dramatic origin.

But the seventeenth chapter has not the appearance of

Drama, it is much more like the Hymns of the Preface and of chapter fifteen, yet the variations of the pronoun seem to follow a fairly regular plan.

It seems to me that a possible explanation may be found in the idea that the seventeenth chapter of the *Book of the Dead* is of the nature of a Cantata, intended to be sung in parts taken by two soloists and a chorus.

The next question that arises is, under what circumstances, or upon what occasion, was this Cantata intended to be performed ; for it is certainly no ordinary hymn. It is a "pæan," a song of triumph, and one of the solo parts represents the victor himself.

But the victory is not a material victory, it is a spiritual victory ; and the song is of the Triumph of the Soul that has attained to perfection and I cannot but conclude that this Cantata may have been one among the very few things in the misnamed *Book of the Dead* that really was connected with the ancient Egyptian funeral rites.

The principal solo part represents the Man made Perfect, transformed into the Divine Image, the Master, called in the Egyptian language TEM, TEMU or ITMU, which I have translated throughout by the word "Adept," because though derived from the Latin, the word "Adept" has had a wider use as signifying the Man Illuminated by Divinity, than the more Northern and English word "Master" which has many other significations.

Before giving the ancient title of this Cantata I feel constrained to offer some explanation of one of its clauses, that in which the chapter is said to deal with "Playing at Chess, sitting in the Shrine." There is certainly no mention of chess or any other game in either chapter, commentary, or interpolated prayers. A possible explanation is that this game (not exactly chess, but some game the name of which is usually so translated) had a symbolic idea attached to it : the squares on the board, the men, and the moves, symbolising the interplay of the forces of Nature, which the Man made Perfect was able to control.

This was, I believe, an ancient signification of chess very widespread in the East ; and Omar, the Tent-maker, invented no new idea when he wrote :

We are but chessmen, destined, it is plain,
That great chessplayer, heaven, to entertain.
Us men it moves about the board of Life,
Then in the box of Death shuts up again.

CHAPTER XVII.*

TITLE

The beginning of the triumphant exultation of the
Manifestation and return in the possession of Divinity.

Of the Glory of the things in the Amentet of Perfection.†

Of Manifesting into Day by every Transformation of his
desire.

Of Playing at chess sitting in the Shrine.

Of Manifestation as a living Soul.

THE RUBRIC

Osiris " — " shall recite [it] after he hath come to
moorings [in the harbour of Death].

Glorious are the things which it shall do upon Earth when
all the words of the adept are fulfilled.

Here follows the Text of the original chapter severed from
all its various interpolations.

First Singer :

Solo :—" I am the Adept in Being.

" I am made ONE.‡

" I exist in the primeval waters.

" I am Rā at His coronation, at the beginning of His
reign.

" I am the Great God self-existent.

" [The God of the] primal waters producing his Names.

" [Which are] the Circle of the Gods as God.

* ANI—B.M., 10,470, sheet 7-10; NEBSSENI—B.M., 9,900, sheet 13. "Text of the Theban Recension," Professor E. A. W. Budge, p. 50.

† Or Beauty.

‡ UA-KU-Ā.

- "I am he that cannot be compelled in the Gods.
 "I am yesterday, and I know the Dawn of to-morrow.
 "I am that Phoenix in the City of the Sun.
 "I am the Keeper of the reckoning of the things that
 are.*
 "I am the 'Unknown' in his manifestation.
 "I have placed his twin plumes in my crown."†

Chorus :—"OSIRIS '——' is true of voice in his Land.
 "He has come into his city."

First Singer :

- Solo* :—"I have wiped away my Separateness.
 "I have burst my [bonds of] Sin.
 "I am pure in my vast twin cradles‡ in [the city of] the
 Royal child,
 "On the day when Initiates make offering
 "To that Great God who dwells therein.
 "I have advanced upon the path.
 "I know the chiefs in the Pool of Truth.
 "[O] Dwellers in the presence, accord to me your hands,
 "For I am that God, and I come into being§ within you.
 "OSIRIS has filled for me the 'EYE'¶ when it was
 emptied,
 "On the day when the twin warriors fought.
 "When I lifted up the [eye]-lashes in the time of the
 rain,
 "[That] I might see Rā born from yesterday
 "In the womb of Mehe-urīt.¶
 "His strength is my strength.
 "My strength is his strength.
 "Homage unto ye,
 "[O ye] Lords of Truth,
 "Judges, behind OSIRIS.
 "Who grant the stripping off of Sin.

* Lit. "of what is." † Lit. "on my head." ‡ Time and eternity.
 § KHEPER-N-I. ¶ UZAT. ¶ Lit. "great fulness."

" Dwelling in the train of ' Her
 " Whose peace is her protection.'
 " Behold me ! for I came before ye
 " [And] ye wiped away all my Sin.
 " As ye did for those seven Shining forms
 " Who followed their master SEPA,*
 " [For] ANUBIS builds the throne
 " Of ' Her [whose peace is her protection']
 " On that day of ' Come thou hither ! Lo ! a man wins
 [the way] to Amentet' !
 " [Yea, even] I, am his soul.
 " In the midst of the Pillars of Flame.†
 ‡ " I am that taloned Cat
 " Beside whom is the tree§ in the City of the Sun.
 " On the Night of the destruction there, of the opposers
 of NEBREZER."

Chorus :—" Hail ! Dweller in his Egg.
 " Burning in his disk.
 " Shining forth from his horizon
 " [As] Glittering Gold from the mine.
 " Peerless [among] the Gods
 " Floating above the pillars of light.||
 " Giving breath from the fire of his mouth,
 " Lighting up the two Earths with his shining form.
 " Darting [rays] from his Eye,
 " Himself unseen.
 " Heaven revolves in the flame tongue of his mouth,
 " Showing forth the unseen heavenly Nile."¶

First Singer :

Solo :—" I am strong upon Earth before Rā,
 " I enter the Harbour beautiful with OSIRIS.

* A form of ANUBIS (as guide).

† ZAFI.

‡ From NEBSENI, B.M., 9,900, sheet 14.

§ ISESHED.

|| SHU.

¶ HAPI.

"Are not your offerings with me,
 "As with them that preside at their altars,
 "Because I am one of the train of NEBREZER.
 "As [in the] Book of Transformations it is written.
 "I fly as a Hawk. I cry as a Semen [bird],
 "I guide along the Æon as NEHEBKAU."

Chorus :—"OSIRIS* hath given him the double crown† [and] joy
 of heart within [the city of the] 'Royal child.'
 "He hath guided the pathway of the Æon.
 "The New Year feast is brought to him
 "In the Crystal of TANENET."

Second Singer :

Solo :—"The Adept hath built thy dwelling-place.
 "Yesterday and to-morrow‡ is the foundation of thy
 temple.
 "The fulness of time is attained.§
 "HORUS purifies, Set consecrates.
 "Set purifies and HORUS consecrates."

Chorus :—"OSIRIS '——' hath come into this Earth, He hath
 seized it with his feet. He is the Adept.
 "He is in thy City.
 "He is behind thee, Rehu,
 "Shining Gate of the radiant head,
 "Open|| to his strength.
 "[Yea] it is forced back¶ by the unseen watcher.
 "The watcher of OSIRIS who** is ISIS.

* Lacuna in NEBSENI.

† URERET.

‡ Egyptian RWRWTI, "the Twin Lions," Emblems of Yesterday and To-morrow.

§ Egyptian PEH-EN PERWT, literally "The Round has attained."

|| HEM, the Egyptian expresses the forcible "turning back" of a gate on its hinges, but has no particular connection either with opening or shutting.

¶ HEM-SU.

** ENTUF, "who," masculine to agree with "watcher," but referring to ISIS for explanation.

" [When She] found him [dead].

" [Her] hair covered his face as her distraught kisses* wandered† on his brow.

" He was conceived by ISIS,

" Suckled by Nephthys.

" They soothed away his fretfulness."

Second Singer :

Solo :—" Youth follows thee, with courage in his hands.

" Thou stretchest out thine hand unto the Æons.

" The Arms of [the] Initiates encircle thee.

" The kin of the opposers are ensnared for thee.

" Their hands despoil the fiends for thee.

" Thy sweet companionship is granted thee.

" Thy Creation is in the place of Battle in the City of the Sun.

" Every God has fear of thee [for] mighty is thy courage.‡

" Cursed is he by every God, who shooteth at thine ark.§

" Thy life is as thou desirest.

" Thou art WAZYT, lady of devouring flame,

" [And] whosoever comes to thee is dazed|| [by thy blinding light]."

The ancient commentary is much too long to be given here, more particularly as the greater part of it is only useful to the student who desires to go deeply into the whole subject of Egyptian symbols.

I propose therefore to make some comments of my own, quoting from the ancient commentary wherever it seems desirable and useful so to do.

Referring back to the beginning of the chapter we find in the first sentence : " The Adept in being." This refers to the man

* Lit. " mouth."

† TEKHTEKH = " to wander distractedly about a place."

‡ SUEFSHEFET.

§ For SEN read SENYT—" Ark, strong box, cabin, coffin."

|| ANED signifies the " blinding quality " in either " Light " or " Darkness."

who in the symbolic language of Egypt was said to have entered into the city of Abydos ; which signifies that he has entered into the inmost shrine of the unmanifest First Cause and has become one with that First Cause. This to the Egyptian was to be "in being," all else was merely to exist. The two ideas "to be" and "to exist" are more widely separated in the Egyptian language than in ours.

The idea of God "producing his Names," which are the Gods, needs no explanation, but in its own words tells us plainly how much and what sort of a polytheism is to be found in ancient Egypt as soon as ever we begin to look a little under the surface.

"He that cannot be compelled in the Gods" is again the first cause that lay behind them, and of whom they were the attributes for the purpose of manifestation. He is the "God behind the Gods."

The Egyptian believed that the Gods were liable to be compelled by the powers of magic. The priest did not pray to the Gods, he believed he could attain the power to command them. But God, the "God behind the Gods," was not to be so compelled.

To Him was offered Prayer, and Praise, and Reverence, but to Him only, He could not be compelled by magic power.

The "Phoenix in the City of the Sun" is the Symbol of the Resurrection.

"I am the unknown in His manifestations, I have placed His twin plumes on my brow": these twin plumes are "beginning" and "end," the alpha and omega of the Apocalypse. They are also a part of what I may call the Pillar symbolism, to which I shall refer again.

"I am pure in my vast twin cradles." These two cradles are "time" and "eternity," and they also enter into the Pillar symbolism.

"I have advanced upon the path. I know the chiefs in the pool of Truth." These chiefs are, as we are told in the ancient commentary, the Pillars, on each side of the Gate of Paths. I will quote here from the commentary, and then in my turn comment upon the quotation; for the symbolism of these two Pillars, the Pillar symbolism to which I have already referred, is perhaps

the most interesting thing to be found in the whole of the ancient mystery symbols. It is also the most far-reaching, for almost all other religious symbols, both ancient and modern, are rolled up and contained within the Lore which has gathered round these two Pillars, which in Hebrew sacred history became the Yakin and Boaz of the porch of Solomon's Temple. They are also the pillars of Hercules of classic mythology, whose geographical representatives were Ceuta and Gibraltar.

In the symbolism of Christianity they also have their representatives, varying in form according to that peculiar aspect of the Pillar symbol which they have been held to illustrate. Moses and Elijah on the mount of transfiguration, St. John the Evangelist, and the Virgin, standing on either side of the foot of the Cross, and from a very different standpoint they are also represented by the two crucified Malefactors; the "good thief" and the "bad thief," representing the unbalanced and ignorant following of those good and evil natural impulses, which must alike be controlled by the man that would enter without hindrance at the true door of the temple. The old Egyptian commentary says: "The Path is the Gate of Paths; the Southern Gate-Post is Naárudef and the Northern Gate-Post is Áat" (the one meaning an absolutely sterile place and the other something of the nature of an enclosed park or farm), "and moreover the pool of Truth is 'Abydos' (*i.e.*, the Shrine of unmanifested being or cause) or, the path is that upon which the Adept advanceth when he journeyeth to the garden of Elysium, which bringeth forth the elemental food of the Gods who are behind the shrines (or Heroes that have overcome), and moreover, this Sacred Gate is the gate that is between the Pillars of the Divine Light, it is the Northern Gate of the Duat, in other words, it is the great two-leaved door whereby the Adept passeth, when he traverseth the Eastern Horizon of Heaven."

These two Pillars are to be found inextricably mingled with every form of the ancient mysteries. They are the pairs of opposites, as their Egyptian names indicate: "Desert, and cultivated land," "sterility, and fertility," "open space, and enclosed space." They have also an astronomical illustration, in which they become the Northern and Southern poles, between which lies

the path of the Ecliptic, and in human life they are exemplified in Man and Woman.

In the sentence "OSIRIS has filled for me the Eye when it was emptied (that is of its tears) on the day when the twin warriors fought," we have again a reference to the two Pillars, they are the twin warriors, the ever-contending forces of creation and destruction, attraction and repulsion, decay and renewal, life and death, whose everlasting struggle is the cause of all phenomena and all change, whose reconciliation was to come when the initiate had entered the Shrine of the Unmanifest, when the Eye that was filled by the earthly life was emptied of its tears and refilled by a divine life which the two contending forces could not shake or change.

This "Eye" or more literally "Eye Socket" is one of the many names by which the Egyptians spoke of that idea which is more familiarly known to students as the Divine Pleroma, so frequently met with among the Gnostics of the first century. It is the fullness or expansion wherein is the Divine presence, the "fullness of the Godhead" in the Epistles of St. Paul. "Mehe-Urit," spoken of a little further on in the same clause: "When I lifted up the Eye-lashes in the time of the rain that I might see Rā born from yesterday in the womb of Mehe-Urit," refers to the same thing, the word meaning "great-fullness," the final "t" being the indication of a feminine personification; we are also told in the ancient commentary that "Mehe-Urit" and the UZAT, or "Eye Socket" of Rā are the same.

Anubis builds the Throne of "Her whose peace is her protection" on that day of saying "Come thou hither! lo! a man wins to Amentet." "Her whose peace is her protection" seems very distinctly to represent the ancient Egyptian idea of a Church Triumphant.

"Amentet," to quote from the ancient commentary, "was made for Divine Souls." "It is that which Rā gave, and every God (or Hero) who cometh thereunto hath arisen and fought for it." Amentet therefore is the place of final reward.

"I am that taloned cat beside whom is the tree in the City of the Sun" is a sentence so well known as being the most ancient example of the "pun" that few writers on the *Book of*

the Dead have failed to give it serious thought. The Commentary explains it thus: "That male cat is Rā himself, for he is called 'cat' by reason of the Saying of 'SA' concerning him:—'His likeness' (MĀ) is in that which he hath made'—so his Name became MĀ (*i.e.*, cat)"—the two words being identical in Egyptian.

"Lighting up the two earths with His shining form," the "two earths" are the upper and the lower worlds, the world of the Gods, and the world of Men, symbolised by Upper and Lower Egypt, they also are an aspect of the two Pillars.

"I am strong upon earth before Rā. I enter the harbour beautiful with OSIRIS," indicates the idea that the perfected man has entered a condition wherein "Life and Death," again the two Pillars, are no longer twin warriors in a state of battle, but twin brothers in a state of reconciliation.

The man lives! "He is strong upon earth before Rā," the man is also dead! "He has entered the harbour beautiful with OSIRIS." He has attained a condition where life and death are reconciled.

A great English poet has spoken of Death as the crossing of a harbour bar. It was thus that the Egyptian also symbolised it, but with what a difference! To the English poet death was a putting out to sea, to the Egyptian it was the entering of the harbour, and so strongly did this thought take hold of the Egyptian people that though in ancient times the word "MŌNI," meaning to "enter harbour" or "come to moorings in a place of safety," is only used for death in a poetic sense; yet we find that in later times, in what is known as the "modern Coptic" language, "MŌNI" has become the ordinary equivalent for our word "Death."

"The New Year feast is brought to Him in the Crystal of Tanenet," is an expression of considerable difficulty. Brugsch considers that the word "Mosy" indicates the Eve of the New Year, and became the name of a ceremonial repast which celebrated the birth of the year, and it was probably therefore eaten at midnight. We are told in the commentary that "Mosy" in the Crystal, or as I have translated it the "New Year feast in the Crystal," means "Heaven and Earth," and is also the "Eye of Horus."

One gathers that the crystal probably represents "Heaven" and the repast "Earth," and some special aspect of Earth represented by the Eye of HORUS. Earth as an element represents in ancient philosophy, not merely the planet on which we live, not merely also the cultivable soil that we may dig up with a spade, but the element of the fixity of Form, the element of eternal Conservation. We learn elsewhere in the *Book of the Dead* that "HORUS is the Divine food of the Sacrifice," the probability therefore seems to be that this was a sacramental meal in which a wafer stamped with the symbol of the Eye of HORUS or sacred UZAT was presented on a paten of crystal, representing originally the disk of the sun in the midst of the circle of the sky, the symbol of the Eye of God, the one fixed and enduring, changeless centre of all things, of which the sun was the great astronomical symbol.

"Yesterday and to-morrow is the foundation of thy temple. The fulness of time is attained. Horus purifies, Set consecrates."

Yesterday and to-morrow are again the two Pillars, the past and the future, reconciled in an everlasting "present," an eternal "to-day."

"The fulness of time is attained," is a very obscure and difficult sentence. In Egyptian it is PEH-EN RERET, literally the "Round has attained," or the "Circle has attained." In the duties of Horus and Set we have again the reconciliation of the two combatants.

"The Shining Gate of the radiant head" is again the same great gate between the two ancient Pillars, the Gate of Paths is its name on earth to men, because it is the gate of beginnings, that is of human birth. But for Divine Souls it had another meaning, because the Divine life began when the earthly life was over. But whether we take it as the gate of men or Gods, the Unseen Watcher who opens it is ISIS, for she represented the force that presides over beginnings, she was the personification of "Beginning," and of "Cause," as Nephthys was of "End" and of "Effect."

Therefore is it that ISIS represents eternal Motherhood, and because Maternity has always been symbolically connected with sorrow, the mystery of ISIS was also the Mystery of Sorrow.

We read in the commentary that "because of the mystery that is in her, she arose and let down her hair," this was the most universal sign of mourning used in Egypt, and this is what is alluded to in the passage "when she found OSIRIS [dead] her hair covered his face as her distraught kisses wandered on his brow."

The remaining portion of the chapter is a descriptive eulogy of the condition which the Egyptian Initiate hoped to reach when his lower life had run its course, a condition as remote from the vulgar conception of Heaven on the one hand as it was from the vulgar conception of Nirvâna on the other, though probably if modern thought could reach the real meanings of those great minds who originated the ideas of Heaven and Nirvâna and impressed them so indelibly upon the minds of the peoples whose faiths they belong to, we should find in the Egyptian final state a similarity to both, a reconciliation of both, a joy of motion without change, of fixity without passivity, of Ego without Self, a state of Eternal Rest, in the initiation of Eternal Energy.

M. W. BLACKDEN.

TSZE LOO said, "Does the superior man esteem valour?" The Master said, "The superior man holds righteousness to be of highest importance. A man in a superior situation, having valour without righteousness, will be guilty of insubordination; one of the lower people, having valour without righteousness, will commit robbery." Tsze-Mung said, "Has the superior man his hatreds also?" The Master said, "He has his hatreds. He hates those who proclaim the evil of others. He hates the man who, being in a low situation, slanders his superiors. He hates those who have valour *merely*, and are unobservant of propriety. He hates those who are forward and determined, and, *at the same time*, of contracted understanding." The Master then enquired, "Tsze, have you also your hatreds?" Tsze-Mung replied, "I hate those who pry out matters, and ascribe the knowledge to their wisdom. I hate those who are *only* not modest, and think they are valorous. I hate those who make known secrets and think they are straightforward.—*Confucian Analects*."

LENTEN THOUGHTS

THEOSOPHY persuades us that all religions are partial presentments of truth, coloured rays of light destined to merge eventually into the white radiance of Divinity. Every faith can thus teach us, and the season of Lent of the Catholic Church has lessons for those beyond its fold.

To the mind incapable of setting up as an object of devotion a God who can be measured with a carpenter's rule, Lent presents itself as a season of picking up broken threads, of self-examination, of communing with that Higher Self so apt to be obscured in the toil and stress of daily life, a season of deep devotion where the spiritual insight is developed. Through the vista of years the gracious message reaches us : " Come unto Me, ye weary, and I will give you rest " ; and so many of us are weary, weary of our responsibilities, of our pleasures, of our friends, but most of all weary of ourselves. The beautiful words of the writer of the *Imitation* find their echo in many hearts : " Oh God, who art the Truth, make us one with Thee in everlasting love. We are often weary of hearing and reading many things, in Thee is all we need or desire. Let all teachers hold their peace, let all created things keep silence in Thy sight, speak Thou to me alone."

So Lent properly used comes to us as a time of refreshment, of release from the various social engagements with which so many strive to fill the emptiness of their lives ; face to face with the Divinity that is inherent in us, we ask ourselves how often we have been true to it, we single out some quality we are deficient in as we gather up the tangled skein of the past year. Our meditation will not be profitless if we endeavour to gain some sense of proportion with which to regulate our conduct when the world claims us again.

Let us dwell on the relative value of the things of sense that pall as quickly as they charm, and on things spiritual, enthralling

hearts and intellect, on the grandeur of the divine ideal for man, and the grotesque inadequacy of his performance of it, on the fruit of the tree of knowledge awaiting the hand brave enough to grasp it, and the tinselled toys that arrest the seeker, toys that he must weary of and break himself before the first upward steps can be made.

Here we are confronted with a pitiless truth, the mis-statement of which has gone far in discrediting the teachings of the Christian Church. No man can redeem another; the sincerest love that ever welcomed sacrifice cannot impress this sense of fitness on the loved object; each climber must place his faltering feet on the upward path alone. All effort must be from within outwards; the sense of proportion only dawns when the mental eyesight strengthens, when the magnifying glasses so long applied to objects of the senses are laid aside, and they appear in their true aspect as delusions of form that perish in the using.

Then we turn to our great Master Jesus and reverently follow Him through the three temptations so typical of the difficulties in His disciples' paths. Watching the stern purity with which He repels the suggestions of Satan, we recall with shame the stones of which we have made bread, the pride that has hurled us from the pinnacle of God's temple in our hearts, the disloyalty that has bowed our knees at the shrine of many a false idol in the kingdom of the world, and contemplating the extent of our fall we learn the great lesson of humility.

All knowledge is power, and the power to help others is the pure gold transmuted from the crucible of evil. It is the sense of separateness that makes such an impassable barrier between ourselves and the souls around us, so ignorant of the things pertaining to their peace; the weakness we have surmounted, the sin we have lived down, only draws us nearer to them when we understand that man cannot, does not live by bread alone, but by every word proceeding out of the mouth of the God whose reflection in this world he was meant to be. The Easterns impress on us the same truth, "Let not the heaven-born merged in the sea of Mâyâ break from the universal soul." One we must ever be in the divine life that informs us, separated only in manifestation, in our dense imprisonment in matter, to become one again in the

day when our King makes up his jewels and the freed Spirit merges in the All-Consciousness whence it came and whither it must return. In the recognition of this Unity we make the mystical teaching of Lent our own, and, the forty days over, carry it back to elevate our daily lives.

ALICE C. AMES.

Ash Wednesday, 1903.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

MANY of our readers have been delighted with the stories of childhood recorded in the articles "A Little Lost Kingdom "

and "That Jack Rabbit " which have recently appeared in our pages. The following two stories, taken from *The Academy* of February 7th, may perhaps add to their pleasure. The first is taken from a reference to Anatole France's *Le Livre de mon Ami*, supposed to be the work of the author's imaginary friend Pierre Nozière, but in reality largely autobiographical. The writer of the article, who does not mention that this book was published as long ago as 1882, gives the following description of young Anatole's infant strivings after Saintship :

When a boy is six or seven, the interesting chapter of vocations begins. Most boys want to become soldiers or omnibus drivers. But Pierre Nozière was no ordinary boy. As his mother often read to him legends out of the "Lives of the Saints," he thought of gratifying his inordinate yearning for glory by becoming a saint. The tale of his endeavours after holy life is a most entertaining one. He began by refusing to take his breakfast. Then he thought of rivalling St. Simeon Stylites. "I climbed up to a small cistern in the kitchen, but I couldn't settle there, for I was quickly ousted by Julie, the cook." His next model was St. Nicholas of Patras, who distributed his wealth among the poor : he threw out of the window some new pennies, his marbles and his top : but his father simply shut the window and called him a stupid boy. Other misadventures followed : he was flogged for tearing open an old armchair in order to make himself a hair-shirt. His conclusion was that "it is very hard to practise holiness when living with one's

family," and that the great hermit saints were right when they went to the desert. He thought of building a hut in the Zoo, which, in his opinion, was no less than the Earthly Paradise, where all creatures lived together in peace.

* * *

THE second is one of three stories "swapped" at a casual meeting of three travellers, strangers, who next morning go their several ways. It is strangely like the experiences related by our colleagues recently about the "Aztec God" and "Jack Rabbit,"

Another
Jack Rabbit

and runs as follows :

It's the world outside experience that possesses me when I am alone. Here is my case! As far back as I can remember, a certain figure has appeared to me in my dreams—a man, twice life-size, clothed in skins, which flapped as he moved. I always knew when he was approaching, and he never frightened me. As a child I regarded him as a kind of nurse, later in life as a companion. If the room was dark when I awoke I could see him just the same. Even if my eyes were closed I could see him by means of the light that gleamed behind my eyeballs in those moments. I called him "My Old Man of the Woods," or "The Beckoner," for although his arms were still, his eyes seemed always to be calling me away somewhere. He never appeared when I was about to make a journey, only when I was languid, and inclined to stay at home and be comfortable. So vivid did this apparition become in after life that I made a drawing of it. A year ago --I know you will find this hardly credible—I went by invitation to a man's house in Bayswater. He had been stationed at some place in Africa—I think it was Gogo—and he had brought back with him a lot of photographs. He had turned the pictures in his room to the wall and pinned the photographs on their backs. One of them—I saw it the moment I entered the room—was an enlarged photograph of a tribal god. It was exactly like the drawing I had made of my Beckoner. Oh, no, he didn't think it strange!

The resemblance is extraordinary, but the difference is equally puzzling; for in the former cases the "Jack Rabbit" god was a bogey, a terror, while in the latter there was no fear. The simplest hypothesis is apparently "reminiscence of a past birth"—not an immediate birth of course, for it is hardly thinkable that there could be any immediate incarnation from the condition of the worshipper of a "tribal god" into that of a mind deeply interested in the transcendental problems of theosophy, or of the thoughtful teller of the tale in *The Academy*. This would give a long antiquity not only to the "Aztec" god, as we may

well believe, but also to the "Gogo" god, as we may also be inclined to believe from Mrs. Thornton's paper on the "Over-beliefs of the Ivory Coast." On the other hand, these three entirely disconnected experiences may be severally owing to other causes hidden in the infinite possibilities of the normally extra-conscious self, for "reincarnation" appears to be the label of a protean cosmos of causation resulting in what we momentarily are rather than the very simple chain of definite links, which the enquirer first supposes it to be.

* * *

As most Theosophical students in the West are specially interested in the Proem to the Fourth Gospel, they may like to see the latest translation, arrived at by a new stopping of the text, by Prof. Jannaris in his article on "The Fourth Gospel and John the Apostle," in *The Monthly Review* for January:

The Prologue to
the Fourth Gospel

First of all was God's *logos* (creative Word). Now the *logos* was with God, and so was (itself) God (creator); (not God's *logos* as read in the Old Testament, but) *this logos* was at first with God.

It created all things; yea, without it not a thing was created that was created;

It contained life; yea the Life.

It was the light of men; yea the light.

It shineth in the darkness (*i.e.*, in vain); yea, darkness comprehended it not. It became man (was transformed to man) . . .

. . . So God's *logos* became flesh (was transformed to man).

We have quoted this, not because we endorse its exegesis generally, but to show how the "and's" by being changed into "so's" and "yea's," for which they may legitimately stand in Hellenistic Greek, can give quite a different meaning to some of the familiar sentences. Of course the reader need hardly be told that the MSS. have no stopping.

* * *

THE following account of the sensations of the famous French writer Théophile Gautier, induced by taking a preparation of hashish or Indian hemp, may be of interest to our readers:

An Experiment
with Hashish

The vision was complex and extraordinary. My hearing was prodigiously developed. I heard the sound of colours. Green, red, blue, yellow sounds

poured in upon me in perfectly distinctive waves. . . . Every object I gazed at gave forth a note of harmony as of an æolian harp. I swam in an ocean of sound in which floated islets of light. . . . Such beatitude had never previously inundated my being. I so melted into the indefinite, was so absent from myself, so free of my "I"—that detestable witness which follows us everywhere—that I understood for the first time what might be the nature of the existence of the elementary spirits, of angels, and souls separated from the body.

I was like a sponge in the midst of the sea. Every moment waves of happiness poured through me, entering and passing out by my pores, for I had become permeable, and all my being was tinged with the colour of the fantastic surroundings into which I was plunged. According to my calculation this state lasted about three hundred years. . . . When the waves had passed, I saw that it had lasted only a quarter of an hour.

* * *

THAT so dangerous a game as hashish taking may occasionally be worth the candle cannot be gainsaid, for thereby a man may learn a lesson of greater value than he can acquire

The Inspiration of
Charlotte Brontë

from the reading of many books, but there is a safer way open to some, perhaps to many if they would only practise it, and the following is a good case in point. Mrs. Gaskell, in her *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, writes :

I asked her whether she (Ch. Brontë) had ever taken opium, as the description given of its effects in *Villette* was so exactly like what I had experienced—vivid and exaggerated presence of objects, of which the outlines were indistinct, or lost in golden mist, etc. She replied that she had never, to her knowledge, taken a grain of it in any shape, but that she had followed the process she always adopted when she had to describe anything which had not fallen within her own experience ; she had thought intently on it for many and many a night before falling to sleep—wondering what it was like, or how it would be—till at length, sometimes after the progress of her story had been arrested at this one point for weeks, she wakened up in the morning with all clear before her, as if she had in reality gone through the experience, and then could describe it, word for word as it had happened. I cannot account for this psychologically ; I only am sure that it was so, because she said it.

* * *

WE have heard the story of the successful negotiations carried out by an astute officer on the West Coast of Africa by the sudden uncorking of a sodawater bottle at the critical moment, whereby the savage plenipotentiaries were convinced that the white man's Ju-ju was

The Humours of
Ju-ju

vastly superior to that of native manufacture. This was funny, and the fun was at the expense of the Ju-ju worshipper; the story told by *The Athenæum*, of December 20th last, is not so funny, but what humour there is in it is still at the expense of the Ju-ju worshipper—on this occasion the militant Christian in command of one of H.M. gun-boats. *The Athenæum* writes:

The last file of the Sydney papers contains a passage of unconscious humour: "The natives of Malieta are, it is said, bitterly opposed to the introduction of Christianity among them, and as a result frequent disputes occur, many of which were investigated by H.M.S. Sparrow. . . . The Sparrow visited five places in the island of Malieta, namely, Anki, Sio, Uras, Kwi and Port Diamond. At the four first named villages the natives were found to be hostile toward the Christian religion, and it was deemed advisable to give them a salutary lesson. Numbers of the natives were taken aboard and shown the heavy guns. They seemed to recognise the awful character of the instruments of destruction and left profoundly impressed. As a further warning several rounds of blank shell were fired into their villages, the ordinary practice shells, which are non-explosive, were used for the purpose, and although no actual damage was done, the natives were very greatly alarmed, and fled in all directions. . . . Very little concerning the Christian religion is known at many places in the island, which is an extensive one, and peculiar views are held concerning the belief of the 'white man.'"

TSZE-CHANG asked about government. The Master said, "The art of governing is to keep its affairs before the mind without weariness, and to practise them with undeviating consistency." The Master said, "The superior man seeks to perfect the admirable qualities of men, and does not seek to perfect their bad qualities. The mean man does the opposite of this." The King, distressed about the number of thieves in the state, inquired of Confucius how to do away with them. Confucius said, "If you, sir, were not covetous, although you should reward them to do it, they would not steal." Tsze-chang asked, "What must the officer be, who may be said to be distinguished?" The Master said, "What is it you call being distinguished?" Tsze-chang replied, "It is to be heard of through the state, to be heard of through the family." The Master said, "That is notoriety, not distinction."

Confucian Analects.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE SOUL OF SENANCOUR

Obermann. By E. P. de Senancour. Translated with a biographical and critical Introduction by A. E. Waite. (London: 1903. Price 6s.)

THIS is the first appearance of *Obermann* in English, and as such the book can be highly recommended. Mr. Waite's version is probably as near an approach to the peculiar style of the author as the English language is capable of giving.

Obermann is a book which it is almost impossible to summarise. It consists of a series of letters from the imaginary "Obermann" to a friend, but they are really more like the long-drawn-out communings of a solitary mind, of a soul which is seeking itself in the gloomy shadow of a day in the world's history "unto which it was not born."

The day I lived in was not mine,
 Man gets no second day.
 In dreams I saw the future shine
 But ah! I could not stay!
 Action I had not, followers, fame—
 I passed obscure, alone.
 The afterworld forgets my name
 Nor do I wish it known.
 Composed to bear, I lived and died
 And knew my life was vain, . . .

so speaks the wraith of "Obermann," appearing in a vision to Matthew Arnold by the little mountain chalet where the letters are supposed to have been written.

Matthew Arnold says he returned to visit this spot to reawaken his memories of "Obermann," whose spell he had once so strongly felt,

And hear the wild bee's Alpine hum
 And thy sad tranquil lore!

Again I feel the words inspire
 Their mournful calm ; serene,
 Yet tinged with infinite desire
 For all that *might* have been.

It is this "might have been" that gives the dominant note of sadness throughout the letters—to live and die seeking vainly for the vaguest clue to the most elementary reasons of things !

Weary of myself and sick of asking
 What I am and what I ought to be.

Page after page of such self-searchings and endless complaints and yet no goal is found. Is there nothing worth living for ? he asks. Love ? a snare ! Marriage ? a most disillusioning episode ! Fame, influence, luxury ? Nothing arouses him from that terrible "*tedium vite*" which comes to those who have never truly *lived*, who have never grasped their life in both hands and staked all for all. Physically he seems to have been weak and sensitive, and if he had lived to-day he would have been the typical dyspeptic. He writes pages on the subject of his increasing insomnia. Will coffee stimulate his brain without keeping him awake ? Shall he give up his tea ? How much wine ought he to take ? He realises that "the very shadow of good sense is wanting" to his present mode of life—yet he says he sees "no great importance in improvement."

He has nothing to live for. His mind is craving for something to work upon that will really absorb it and employ all its faculties to the full. He searches for this something but is perpetually baffled, not knowing what he is looking for. At the same time, though the quest is useless, he is unable to quiet the restless questionings or allay the inner craving.

As Mr. Waite says, Senancour "sought without knowing it the perfect life of the transcendental world." The Catholic would say "that he suffered simply the common misery and daily experience of the soul apart from God, which at the same time has once known the light and has therefore no excuse for deserting it."

"Speaking for the school I represent," continues the translator, "it (this Catholic view) only requires to be restated in the terms of universal religion to expose the whole truth. . . . *Obermann* is a history of weariness, because it is a history of the want of proper occupation for the soul. The weariness of the dweller in marsh and morass and of the follower of the false marsh-lights."

Here it may be remarked that there are several passages in Letter

xlvi. which almost seem to be signs that his mind was half-unconsciously seeking after some of the occult sciences.

"You scatter," he says, "all my possibilities into the region of dreams. Presentiments, secret qualities of numbers, the philosophical stone, the interaction of starry influences, cabalistic science, transcendental magic, are all set down as chimeras by simple and infallible certitude. . . . The impossibility of aerial voyages, of igniting objects at a distance, of calling down the lightning—have all been demonstrated. We feel assured at the present day that the moon may influence tides but not vegetation; that the effect of the mother's longings on the unborn child is an old woman's tale, and that all who have seen this result have not really seen it. We know equally well that the hypothesis of a thinking fluid is nothing better than an impious absurdity, but also that certain persons, called priests, are permitted to produce before breakfast a kind of universal soul or sacramental nature which can be differentiated into an indefinite number of universal souls, so that each communicant can assimilate his own. . . . All ages and nations mutually accuse each other of error. Why should we endeavour to ridicule the ancients who regarded numbers as the universal principle? Do not forces, extension, duration, all properties of natural things, follow the law of numbers? . . . Pay attention to the voice of antiquity, though it was unacquainted with the calculus of fluxions. . . . Without the laws of numbers, matter would be a formless, undigested mass . . . their power and their qualities are nature, and the universal conception of these qualities is God. The analogies of these qualities make up magical doctrine, secret of all initiations, principle of all dogmas, foundation of every cultus, source of moral relations and of all duties. . . . I might trace out the affiliation of all cabalistic and religious ideas. I might refer the various forms of fire-worship to numbers. . . . If I were a proficient in astrology I could enforce many further points. Pythagoras said: Cultivate with assiduity the science of numbers; our vices and our crimes are only errors of calculation."

The number One, he says, is infinite. Two sets all thing at variance. Three is perfect harmony. Four has a striking analogy with the body. "It includes also all the sacredness of the oath. How is this? I have no idea, but seeing that a master has affirmed it, no doubt his disciples will explain."

Five is protected by Venus: this is why we have five fingers and five senses.

Seven is of primary importance. It is the union of two perfect numbers. "All ancient mysticism is full of this number, which is the most mysterious of the apocalyptic series, as those of the Mithraic cultus and of the mysteries of initiation. Seven stars of the resplendent genius, seven Gākanbards, seven Amschaspands or angels of Ormuz. The Jews have their 'week of years' and the square of seven was the true number of their jubilee period. . . . Aristotle, Abelard, Heloise, Luther, Nostradamus and Muhammad died at sixty-three."

And so on, with remarks on the philosopher's stone and premonitions but always with uncertain faith and in a groping spirit.

How Senancour gradually frees himself from his "Slough of Despond" is explained by Mr. Waite and illustrated by numerous quotations from a later work, the *Libres Meditations*.

A great change comes over him, "the secret of which is expressible, and to be accounted for, by the three words, God, Immortality and Religion. . . . It is true that the Deity dwells for Senancour in heights that are inaccessible to man. . . . We cannot affirm what God is; in so far as we can define Him at all, it is by affirming that which He is not. Yet in Him alone is reality to be found and either human reason is but delirium or the Divinity reigns. Apart from the faith in Him there is no true grandeur and even no interest possible to man. But albeit in His essence God is unknowable, in His works He is manifest, and the mere act of living is in a certain sense the attainment of a measure of the knowledge of Him whose seal is set upon all that environs us. In certain strange books of Rabbinical theosophy—in the great book of the Zohar above all—I have met with this doctrine of the unknowable God in whose knowledge we advance for ever; and though the conception was not reached by Senancour along this bye-way of reading, it finds in both an expression which is analogous because it comes out of the heart of both. French naturalist or inspired Jew of Cordova, the abstract doctrine was combined intimately and wonderfully with a wonderful intimacy of possible union between the Divine and man, which lifted, in the one case, the exclusive doctor of Israel into contact with universal religion, and in the other, the melancholy recluse of Paris, exiled from his mountain air, into the fellowship, not simply of Rabbi Simeon, but of Plotinus, and, apart from all official Christianity, apart from all conventional doctrine, into the fellowship of the Seraphic Doctor and of the author of *The City of God*. . . . These things are not

of doctrine but of *experience*, and their mode is one of sudden awakening and instant quickening. . . .” In his later years Senancour comes “to see that great or little, in all and through all, the outward world manifests the divine which is beyond us.”

There is much more of great interest in the critical introduction, but space will not allow of further quotations. Let us hope for the sake of the English reader that Mr. Waite will also translate the *Libres Meditations*, so that those who come under the spell of “Obermann’s” world-weariness and despondency may with him come out into the freedom and light of his wider faith—resigning “all too human creeds, and scan simply the way divine!”

What still of strength is left, employ
That end to help attain,
One common way of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again!

A. L. B. HARCADISTLE.

COMMON SENSE IN EDUCATION

Education in Accordance with Natural Law. By Charles B. Ingham.
(London: Novello & Co.)

THIS little book will be received with much pleasure and interest by many readers of this REVIEW. The author is an enthusiast in the cause of right education, has had many years’ experience in practical educational work, and is besides an old friend and pupil of the author of *The Secret Doctrine*. He regards the work of education as one of the most important pursuits in which a man can engage, and his book is full of practical suggestions in regard to points of detail. It is written in a clear and vigorous style, and its sturdy optimism is calculated to refresh and stimulate those who are engaged in the difficult and complex work of which he treats.

Mr. Ingham points out that the work of the educator is to deal with children *as they are*, and he prescribes a course of training suited to the need of each. “No reproaches are reasonable against the child because of habits towards which his natural temperament or hereditary tendencies may have inclined him.” The question of the incentives which should be used in education is ably discussed, and the distinction clearly pointed out between arbitrary and artificial incentives imposed from without, on the one hand, and those which are in accordance with natural law and spring from within. It is shown that parents are mistaken when they think that a highly

qualified educator is not needed in the early years of childhood. "A faulty foundation would endanger all that is based upon it." The education of children does not fulfil its purpose unless it lifts them to as high a level of thought and sentiment as they are capable of reaching, and unless it produces some definite effect in changing the aimless method of spending leisure hours, of which we see so many examples in all ranks of life. In order to produce any permanent effect on these evils some energy must be expended in modifying the source from which they spring, and this source is an undeveloped condition of mind and character.

Mr. Ingham deals with the question of the most important subjects of education in early childhood, bearing in mind "that in the child the early efforts of Nature are made to establish channels of communication between the inner consciousness or self, and the outside phenomenal world"; and explains how the subjects which he prescribes may be used for this purpose. We find throughout the book a clear recognition that the object of education is not to impose from without any ideal, however perfect it may seem to ourselves to be, but to develop the inner life, and to afford opportunities for healthy growth.

The passage on the time element in education (pp. 62-68) is most interesting and useful, and gives an important clue, not only to right method in education, but also to the self-training of students.

With regard to individual character, is Mr. Ingham quite right in assuming (p. 51) that "the units of all ranks of Society are alike in the beginnings and early stages of existence"? It is clear of course that differences in the characters of very young children could not be the result of birth in any particular rank of life, but it is not so clear that such differences do not exist. In fact, Mr. Ingham has, throughout the book, a little underestimated, or at any rate somewhat ignored, the importance of the age and individual character of the Ego as a factor in his problem. Education and environment are only one side of the question; the other side is the Ego himself. The implication on p. 10, that all men and women might have been led on the right path, assumes that education and environment cover the whole ground, whereas we must suppose that the Ego himself will have something to say on the matter. It is a well-known fact that, when two children receive almost exactly the same early training, they frequently show very different characteristics in later life.

S. C.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHILETS

Theosophist, March. "Old Diary Leaves" are occupied this month with the preliminaries of the Judge trouble, and the Colonel's journey to Europe for the meeting of the Judicial Committee; with notes by the way of the late Bishop Bigandet, the commencement of the first Pariah School, the straightening up of the complications as to the Colombo Girls' Schools, and the adventures on the voyage. A visit to Berlin showed the Colonel the real state of affairs in Germany at that time—that the leaders of thought were exclusively busy with progress on the physical plane, and were not at that stage of development where the Theosophical doctrines were needed. How much advance has taken place since 1894, the recent formation of the German Section and its promise for the future will show. Next follows one of Mr. Leadbeater's Chicago lectures on "Man and his Bodies"; then "The authority of a Purāna on the existence of Mahātmās," by V. Rama Sastri; the conclusion of S. Stuart's "Thoughts on Religious Systems," and that of the very important series of "Why should a Vedantin join the Theosophical Society?" In this the author, G. Krishna Sastri, says, "I have purposely retained the Sanskrit words for fear of degrading their sense by using inappropriate English words in the absence of appropriate ones." The result of this principle is, of course, to make his work utterly incomprehensible to merely English readers, but (for an Indian magazine) this is not to be regretted. That a learned Hindoo should take the trouble to put the connection between *The Secret Doctrine* and his own Sacred Books into such language as may commend itself to his Hindoo brethren is of far more practical value than that the result should be enjoyable to a European. We gather that in what he calls Anubhavādvaita, the work of a Southern Indian "saint" who died no longer back than 1901, he has found the view which gives due value to the three great systems of Dvaita, Vishistadvaita and Advaita, each in their own time and place, and thus reconciles each with the other and all with the Theosophical mode of thinking. The conclusion he arrives at is that "a Vedantin should join the Theosophical Society for his own sake as well as for the sake of others." Amen, with all our hearts. The number contains also (in addition to some shorter papers) the continuation of Miss Grewe's commentary on *Light on the Path*, in which she moralises over each precept in succession in a very edifying way, but without any great expenditure

of thought; much as the older commentators on the Bible like the Rev. Thomas Scott, in the days before criticism was invented.

Prasnottara, January and February, contains the Report of the Indian Convention, held in December last under Col. Olcott's presidency. We read that "the best of feelings prevailed, and the Presidential address, with the Reports of the General Secretaries of Sections, created the impression that the wave of prosperity is still bearing our movement on its crest." The Secretary laments that "a number of branches have become quite dormant, and that of these a large proportion are of very recent formation." We gather from the *Theosophic Messenger's* lists that something of the same kind goes on in the United States. In our last month's number we recorded a suggestion that if there were no dormant members there could be no dormant branches. We are aware that in many cases an Indian branch goes into Pralaya by reason, not of the dormition, but of the actual removal of its active members from the place. Still, we think there is reason to enquire if, in forming a new branch *anywhere*, it is sufficient simply to get together a few people who vaguely think they would like to know more about Theosophy, without making sure that amongst them there is at least one who actually does know something about it to begin with, and is anxious, whilst learning more himself, to teach the rest. Without at least one such "active member" the meetings can hardly be expected to do anything but die out when the novelty is gone by and it is felt that nothing in particular comes of them. But I think I had better say no more, it is a ticklish subject—even in England. The General Secretary reports that Miss Eüger's establishment in Lahore has been fruitful of exceedingly happy results, and that the new Charitable Dispensary has given relief to many poor sufferers. The financial position is "on the whole tolerably satisfactory," which is as much as we can expect a Treasurer to say. I knew a priest in a poor mission who used to say he "lived on his deficit!" and the trouble of most voluntary school managers I have known, has been to keep their accounts from shewing such a surplus as would stop the bulk of next year's subscriptions.

Central Hindu College Magazine, March, gives its juvenile readers a picture of a sporting whale, and some rather languid looking whalers in the act of harpooning it. "In the Crow's Nest" contains a short record of the College work, which appears to be progressing well. Miss Ward contributes an illustrated sketch of the Tower of

London, and Mrs. Lloyd a short life of Sir Walter Scott, and the remainder of the magazine contains much instructive and useful matter.

Theosophic Gleaner, March, is an interesting number, opening with a good paper on "Impersonal God" read at the Theosophical Society at Srinagar, Kashmir. Here is a note on a point often misunderstood: "To have pure mind it is absolutely necessary we should be strictly moral . . . not with the morality of men of the world, as defined in the Penal Code, but higher and absolute morality. The old precept, 'Love others as you love your brother' is inadequate, I say 'I *am* he whom I am going to injure.' All objects are differentiated from each other by name and form only. The same Divine Essence is in all men; so that when I am going to injure another, I am doing that harm to *myself* in another name and form." Narrain Rai Varma gives a short but valuable paper on the "Three Refuges" of the Buddhist, summed up thus: "We take refuge in our Lord, the Perfect One, because He reveals to us the Truth. We take refuge in the Truth, for this is our salvation. We take refuge in our monks, because if they are truly monks they illustrate to us the Truth."

We learn from the "Notes" that Mrs. Besant's tour brings her back to Benares on the 21st April; and that Mr. G. S. Arundale passed through Bombay on his way to Benares on the 20th February, without making any stay there.

Also from India, the *Arya* and *Indian Review*, the last with a truly amusing sketch, by the Editor of the *Deccan Post*, of the tribulations of a young Hindoo who should try to observe his caste-regulations in England—not to speak of those of his English hosts.

The Vahan, April. The "Enquirer" concludes the subject of kârmic suffering. Amongst replies to the question as to whether a member of the Theosophical Society can conscientiously join a Dissenting "Church" a very needful limitation as to the *authority* claimed by the various writers is given under the initials I. II., who says: "To take a personal example, gladly and reverently would I participate in the rites of any Church, Christian, Hindoo, Buddhist, or Mohammedan . . . because I believe that all such rites are efficacious to those who take part in them with 'faith,' . . . but if the querist feels any lingering suspicion that to join a 'church' is inconsistent with membership in the Theosophical Society—is in short a dishonest action; then, whether he is right or wrong in the view, I should advise that he does not permit any *Vahan* answers to influence

him in his decision against such a step." Other questions are, "Why do we die prematurely?" "How does giving utterance to a thought help us to get rid of it?" and "What explanation can be given of the mastery over thought required by the *Voice of the Silence*?"

The Lotus Journal, April, commences, as in duty bound, with the latest news of Mr. Leadbeater. Then we have an address to the Lodge, by Mrs. Hooper, on "Our Attitude towards Nature"; Mr. Leadbeater's lecture "The Life after Death," the preliminary to the more elaborate study contained in his forthcoming work, *The Other Side of Death*. The Editor's promising "Outlines of Theosophy for Younger Readers" is continued, and the whole number well keeps up its level.

The original contents of the March number of *Theosophia* are "Science and Theosophy," by B. Sybrandy; a careful study of Hinduism and the spiritual revival hoped from the efforts of the Society, by J. W. Boissevain; and an abstract of the Convention Report for 1902, furnished by M. J. van Manen.

We find from our little Belgian friend *Theosophie*, that Mrs. Burke spent a day and night in Antwerp, and during this short time presided at two separate meetings, and "literally gave and sacrificed herself" to answer all the questions put to her. Fortunately she was able to proceed next day on her journey, so that the sacrifice, though laudable, was not quite so literal as the words express. J. C. Chatterji, Dr. Pascal, and others, furnish short and well-chosen paragraphs.

Der Vahan, April, opens with a "Lotus Day" rhapsody of an allegorical description by Michael Bauer, following which is a fairly lengthy article by A. von Ulrich on "Life in Unorganised Matter," dealing with the researches in crystalline formation of Professor von Schrön. The writer had the opportunity of visiting his laboratory and examining the preparations and results at first hand. This Review and *The Theosophist* are noticed as usual at considerable length and reviews of new books supply a considerable portion of the reading matter.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, for March, has a paper, "Christendom and Culture," by R. E., and translations from Mead and Max Seiling--the latter on the interesting question of "Goethe and Occultism."

Theosophy in Australia, February, we are glad to see keeps up its Questions and Answers. W. J. writes on "Scientific Religion," and "A Vision of the Path" is anonymous.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, March, has the conclusion of Miss Davidson's "Illusions." It is not a criticism on her in particu-

lar, but one does wish that all writers would agree to give Wordsworth's "Ode on Childhood" a holiday for a few years—one does get so tired of the Heaven that lies about us in our infancy! Marion Judson speaks sound sense on "Karma, and the Forgiveness of Sins," and also on the "Seven Races of Man," whilst "Philaethes" is responsible for "The Law of Correspondence," and for "The Dual Aspect of Manifestation."

Also received *Sophia* (Santiago), January and February; very nicely got up and printed, and containing a good selection of articles and short and useful answers to questions; *Revista Theosophica*, February; *Theosofisch Maandblad*, March; *Metaphysical Magazine*, January—March. This now comes out as a Quarterly, and has a very important article by H. Carrington on psychical research amongst other valuable matter. The general reader will, I think, best enjoy a delightful rhyming caricature of the "long prayers," under which I used to suffer in my childish days. Also *Anubis*, an Astrological Magazine which prophesies all kinds of evil to Shamrock III. from its day and hour of launching, and is thus entitled to such credit as the recent accident may seem to reflect on it; *Light of Reason*; *Light*; *The Astrological Magazine*; *The New York Magazine of Mysteries*.

THE third and highest part of the soul, called the mind or the apex, that is, the highest summit of the spirit, is the simple and God-like basis or groundwork of the soul sealed with the image of God. When considered in relation to this spiritual basis of the soul, life is called super-essential through which both the spiritual and active life are perfected. From the mind itself the three higher powers flow, and re-flow again into it, as rays of light emanate from the sun. Here, in truth the likeness of God shines out in a wonderful way. For as the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost are three Persons, but one God, so the memory, intellect and will are three powers, but one mind.—BLOSIVS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ALREADY, when its first issue appeared, we acquainted our readers with the admirable programme and excellent contents of *The Hibbert Journal*, and now that three issues lie

A Theosophical
Quarterly

before us we are glad to state that our expectations have not been disappointed, and that we possess in the new Quarterly an unpartisan arena for the serious and unprejudiced discussion of the great issues that press upon the will and thought and feeling of our present-day civilisation. It is true that our own programme is almost identical with that of this new periodical, and that for upwards of a quarter of a century our colleagues throughout the world have been endeavouring as best they may most earnestly to grapple with the same problems, so that there is nothing new to learn as to the general need for co-operation in this truly humanistic and philanthropic endeavour; but there is very much for most of us to learn of the various ways in which trained minds approach these problems, and how they find difficulties which the untrained mind can not even suspect in many solutions which are accepted as satisfactory

by the majority. Moreover, for those of us who aspire to write or speak or even talk about "Theosophy," there is very great need of constantly familiarising ourselves with the *manner* in which men of good feeling and ability, who are trained in their respective faculties, put forward their views for the consideration of their thinking fellows. *The Hibbert Journal* is a very good aid to the student of Theosophy in this respect; indeed we have not seen a more excellent "introduction" to the general subject of Theosophy in its unspecialised sense than the article of Sir Oliver Lodge in the January issue. All of which is very encouraging; we can see on all sides that the ideas we love are gaining ground, the spirit we admire is spreading far and wide, and the faces of our best thinkers are set in the direction to which we have long turned our own. And if our own labours are not appreciated by our more talented brethren, we are content, because we have not worked for appreciation of ourselves, for we have known that our work was for the most part rough and ready and our materials often ill chosen; we have, however, worked and shall continue to work for the great building, passing in time from unskilled labourers to skilled artisans, and from these again to foremen of departments, but, in no matter how humble a capacity we may be employed, yielding to none in our love of the great work, and in loyalty to the Master Mind, the Great Architect of things.

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IN the January issue of *The Hibbert Journal* C. G. Montefiore has an excellent article on "Jewish Scholarship and Christian Science" which deserves the closest attention

The Higher
Anti-Semitism

of all unprejudiced minds. As he says: "With very few honourable exceptions, the Christian scholar, and more especially the German Protestant scholar, simply ignores what the Jewish scholars have to say." In this connection, and especially in connection with the "Babel-und-Bibel-Frage," which is still agitating the learned and thinking world, the following speech made by Dr. Schechter, one of the most learned Rabbinical scholars of the day, at a recent banquet at Cincinnati, in honour of Dr. Kohler's election to the presidency of the Hebrew Union College, may prove of interest to our

readers. The speech is taken from *The American Hebrew and Jewish Messenger*, of April 3rd.

Since the so-called emancipation, the Jews of the civilised world have been lulled into a fancied security which events have not justified. It is true that through the revelations in the Dreyfus case, anti-Semitism of the vulgar sort has become odious, and no lady or gentleman dares now to use the old weapons of the times of Drumont and Stoecker. But the arch-enemy has entered upon a new phase, which Boerne might have called "the philosophic 'Hep-Hep.'" And this is the more dangerous phase, because it is of a spiritual kind, and thus means the excision of the soul, leaving us no hope for immortality. I remember when I used to come home from the *Cheder*, bleeding and crying from the wounds inflicted upon me by the Christian boys, my father used to say, "My child, we are in Góles (exile), and we must submit to God's will." And he made me understand that this is only a passing stage in history, as we Jews belong to eternity, when God will comfort His people. Thus the pain was only physical, but my real suffering began later in life, when I emigrated from Roumania to so-called civilised countries and found there what I might call the Higher anti-Semitism, which burns the soul though it leaves the body unhurt. The genesis of this Higher anti-Semitism is partly, though not entirely—for men like Kuehnlen, Budde and Noeldicke, belong to an entirely different class—contemporaneous with the genesis of the so-called Higher criticism of the Bible. Wellhausen's *Prolegomena and History* are full of venom against Judaism, and you cannot wonder that he was rewarded by one of the highest orders which the Prussian Government had to bestow. Afterwards Harnack entered into the arena with his "*Wesen des Christenthums*," in which he showed not so much his hatred as his ignorance of Judaism. But this Higher anti-Semitism has now reached its climax when every discovery of recent years is called to bear witness against us and to accuse us of spiritual larceny.

Some time ago I saw in one of the numerous sheets of this country a reference to the Hammurabi Code, concluding with the words, "this means a blow to Orthodoxy." I hold no brief for Orthodoxy in this country or elsewhere. But, may I ask: is there any wing in Judaism which is prepared to confirm the reproach of Carlyle, who, in one of his anti-Semitic fits, exclaimed, "the Jews are always dealing in old clothes; spiritual or material." We are here between ourselves, so we may frankly make the confession that we did not invent the art of printing; we did not discover America, in spite of Kayserling; we did not inaugurate the French Revolution, in spite of some one else; we were not the first to utilise the power of steam or electricity, in spite of any future Kayserling. Our great claim to the gratitude of mankind is that we gave to the world the word of God, the Bible. We have stormed heaven to snatch down this heavenly gift, as the Paitanic expression is; we threw ourselves into the breach and covered it with our bodies

against every attack; we allowed ourselves to be slain by hundreds and thousands rather than become unfaithful to it; and we bore witness to its truth and watched over its purity in the face of a hostile world. The Bible is our sole *raison d'être*, and it is just this which the Higher anti-Semitism is seeking to destroy, denying all our claims for the past, and leaving us without hope for the future.

CAN any section among us afford to concede to this professorial and imperial anti-Semitism and confess "for a truth we and our ancestors have sinned"; we have lived on false pretences and were the worst shams in the world? Forget not that we live in an historical age where everybody must show his credentials from the past. The Bible is our patent of nobility granted to us by the Almighty God, and if we disown the Bible, leaving it to the tender mercies of a Wellhausen, Stade and Duhm, and other beautiful souls working away at diminishing the nimbus of the Chosen People, the world will disown us. There is no room in it for spiritual parvenus. But this intellectual persecution can only be fought by intellectual weapons, and unless we make an effort to recover our Bible and to think out our theology for ourselves, we are irrevocably lost from both worlds. A mere protest in the pulpit, or a vigorous leader in a paper, or an amateur essay in a monthly, or even a special monograph will not help us. We have to create a real live, great literature, and do for the subjects of theology and the Bible the same as Germany and France have done for Jewish history and philology.

In this matter the excellent *Jewish Encyclopædia* (New York: Funk & Wagnalls), three of the projected twelve volumes of which have already appeared, should be carefully studied by all Theosophical students who desire to understand the mind of one of the most interesting races of the world.

* * *

THE following curious Dinka legend of anthropogenesis (cut from *The Daily Telegraph* of April —*), induces us to speculate

A Curious Dinka
Myth

as to whether it is a far-off barbarous echo of such myths as we find preserved in the *Timæus* of Plato, in the Trismegistic secondary literature, and in some of the so-called "Gnostic" schools, or whether these all derive from some more ancient deposit of general "Atlantean" mystery-lore taught to that ancient child humanity in gross forms suited to its infant intelligence.

Among the appendices to Lord Cromer's reports on Egypt and the

* In thanking our numerous colleagues who kindly supply material for the "Watch-Tower" notes, we would urge them always to append the *date* of the journals and publications from which they take their information.

Soudan for 1902 is an interesting note on the religious beliefs of the tribes dwelling along the banks of the Bahr-el-Ghazal. The Dinka, it says, though the most difficult of all to approach on such subjects, appears to have a most elaborate list of gods and demi-gods. At the head of the divine community are Deng-Dit (Rain-Giver) and Abok, his wife. They have two sons, Kur Kongs, the elder, and Gurung-Dit, the younger, and a daughter called Ai-Yak. Their devil is called L'wal Burrajok, and is the father of Abok, the wife of Deng-Dit. There are other relatives also. Their story of the origin of mankind (or, it may be, of the Dinka tribe) is curious and poetical. Deng-Dit gave to his wife Abok a bowl of fat, and she and her children, softening the fat over the fire, proceeded to mould from it men and women in the image of the gods. Deng-Dit warned her against L'wal (the devil) who was suspected of having evil intentions towards Deng-Dit. But Abok forgot, and with her children went to gather wood in the forest. There L'wal found the bowl, drank the greater part of the fat, and from the remainder proceeded to mould caricatures of men and women with distorted limbs, mouths, and eyes. Then, fearing the vengeance of Deng-Dit, he descended to earth by the path which then connected it with heaven. On discovering the result of her neglect, Abok hastened to her husband, who, greatly incensed, started in pursuit of L'wal. The latter, however, had persuaded the bird Atoi-toish to bite asunder with its bill the path from heaven to earth, and he thus escaped from the divine wrath.

* * *

A SCIENTIFIC colleague sends us the following very suggestive paragraph copied from *The Journal of the Chemical Society*, May, 1903, Abstracts, p. 258. "Absorption of Gravitation Energy by Radioactive Matter," Robert Geigel (*Ann. Physik*, 1903, [iv.], 10, 429-435):

A small lead ball was suspended from one arm of an accurate balance and counterpoised. If a watch-glass with a layer of radioactive material was suspended below the lead ball, the latter, as shown by the altered swing of the pointer, became apparently lighter, the loss of weight being 0.05-0.2 mgrm. on a total weight of 6.5 grams, according to the thickness of the layer of radioactive material. This loss of weight is attributed by the author, not to any electrostatic repulsion or to the impacts on the ball of particles emanating from the radioactive material, but to the absorption of gravitation energy by the latter.

The answer to the question: What is gravitation? has so far not been caught even by the most clairaudient brain of searching mortals; it is therefore somewhat rash to dogmatise upon what Stallo would have called a "reified concept."

DR. S. H. VINES, Professor of Botany at Oxford University, has recently indicated the presence in the pineapple, the papaw, the fig, the pitcher plant, yeast, bacteria, and in seeds* of *enzymes* or digestive agents which are closely allied to the *trypsin* occurring in the intestines of animals, since they both peptonise and proteolyse actively. But in the *Annals of Botany* of January of this year the Professor gives an account of detailed investigations going to prove that these peptonising and proteolysing enzymes, hitherto regarded as the peculiar property of animals and insectivorous plants, are of practically *universal* occurrence in the vegetable kingdom, being found in seeds, fruits, bulbs, milk-juices, foliage-leaves, stems and roots; they occur not only in many natural orders of flowering-plants, but were also clearly observed in the mushroom and in the hart's-tongue fern, and will probably also be found to occur in the algæ and the mosses. But in the case of most plants examined, though not in all, it was found that the *higher* proteids or albuminous substances could not be digested by the enzyme present.

It seemed to me at first (says the professor), that I had come upon an altogether new type of enzyme, an idea that occasioned a certain amount of temporary misgiving as to the accuracy of my observations. But it was pointed out to me by my colleague, Prof. Gotch, that within the last year Cohnheim has described an enzyme, formed in the mucous membrane of the small intestine, which actively proteolyses peptone and casein but does not act upon the higher proteids. It is to this enzyme, termed "erepsin" by Cohnheim, that the apparently new proteolytic enzyme of plants would correspond. It would appear, then, that plants form two distinct kinds of proteases, the one a trypsin, the other an erepsin.

Referring in a later paragraph to the case of insectivorous plants, he says :

The peculiarity of these plants is now limited to this—that their enzyme should be poured out at the surface, so that it digests proteids supplied from without by the captured insects; whereas in ordinary plants the enzyme is retained within the tissue to digest, and so to render mobile the proteids that are formed there.

As showing how plants, like men and animals, can be rendered

* About ten years ago Prof. Green discovered a vegetable trypsin in the fruit of a species of cucumber (*Cucumis utillissimus*).

altogether insensible to the effects of poisons applied in large quantities by the method of *gradually* accustoming them to the absorption of the poison, beginning with an exceedingly minute quantity and steadily increasing the amount, Mr. G. Masee, of the Royal Gardens, Kew, has made the following interesting experiment with members of the Gourd family. It was found that a watering of 1 part of carbolic acid in 5000 of water at once killed the plants when applied *directly*. So in order to induce immunity from the effects of the poison he began by watering the plants with the latter in the proportion of 1 in 10,000 for the space of one month; subsequently they were watered during the first week with 1 in 8,000, the next week with 1 in 7,000, until finally a weekly watering of 1 in 5,000 *rendered the plants completely immune from the effects of the carbolic acid however applied*. Thus, by these latest investigations Science disclosed to us fresh links of union, fresh ties of intimate relationship existing between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The unity, the oneness underlying manifested life is thus being proved by discovery after discovery in the realm of exact scientific research.

W. C. W.

* * *

To turn to a very different field, two tendencies are making themselves felt in the world of philosophy, both of comparatively recent growth and both interesting and significant for the student of Theosophy. One of these seems to have its most active life centre in America, and represents what, in relation to the past, might not without reason be described as a return to the teleological view of many philosophical problems. Or perhaps, more accurately, it ought to be described as a very able and systematic effort to reinstate teleology in something not very remote from its old position in philosophy. One of the strange fads of our age seems to be the requirement that old things which have once been dismissed to the limbo of "superstitions" by the "enlightened," when once more they assert themselves in virtue of the inherent and inextinguishable vitality given to them by the truth they express, must undergo the rite of baptism and come forth wearing a new name. Now the new name of our old friend teleology appears to be *Pragmatism*, and it seems that Professor

Fresh Tendencies
in Philosophy

James among others inclines a good deal to this view of things. Put very briefly and inadequately, the main point about Pragmatism appears to be a well-warranted insistence upon the importance of the rôle played by "values," as measured in terms of interest or emotion, in the actual working of consciousness, and *therefore* the validity of the claim that these considerations of "value" shall not be ignored in philosophy or in any systematic attempt to understand and unify the whole of experience.

THE second new movement of ^{* * *}special interest to us is an Oxford one and centres round an able and cogent effort to reinstate the fact of personality (or perhaps what we should Personal Idealism term individuality) in its due and proper place in philosophy. As I daresay most of our readers who take any interest in philosophy know, the dominant tendency of German Hegelianism has throughout been to eliminate and to disregard the individual, to treat him as a merely temporary, passing time-phase of the Idea, appearing like a bubble on the ocean of eternal ideation and vanishing like a bubble when death dissolves the organism in which the Absolute Idea has temporarily come to self-consciousness as a given person. This direction of Hegelian speculation is illustrated in the fact that, for all practical purposes, most Hegelians believe as little in the existence of a soul in man or in survival of any conscious personal identity after the death of the body, as the most out-and-out materialist. This of course comes from the fact that—like some of the later philosophical developments of Buddhism—they consistently ignore and shut their eyes to the meaning and significance of individuality *as a factor in that experience* which they seek to explain.

The central point of this Oxford movement, that which to me seems its vital significance for the philosophical future, lies precisely in a frank, straightforward attempt to take into account this neglected factor and to work out its significance for Idealism. It is at the least a most encouraging sign that such an attempt should be so ably begun, and though perhaps the strong influence of the theologising tendencies at Oxford may lead to some mistakes, I for one shall follow with the keenest interest the further growth of the movement.

B. K.

VICARIOUS SUFFERING

I **BEGAN** to read Miss Kislingbury's article on "Some Thoughts on Vicarious Suffering" in the January number of this **REVIEW** with great expectations. The subject has presented difficulties to me, and I know to others, so great, that there have been times and seasons in our growth when we were inclined to reject the doctrine *in toto*, and say, vicarious suffering is a mere corollary from the Christian dogma of vicarious atonement, and vicarious atonement was the product of that subtle theologic brain of the middle ages that ever strove to reduce the teaching of Christ to formula and credo—to metamorphose the soul of religion into the body of the doctrine.

I must say, however, that my expectations suffered some disappointment, for I could not feel that I had received any fresh light from my perusal of the writer's words. The paper was apparently written with the idea of adducing evidence that vicarious suffering is a fact at the present day, rather than of grappling with the logical difficulty which the doctrine presents.

The logical difficulty, I take it, is this: "Everything that we have sown must ripen into harvest in due season." Not one jot or tittle of the fruits of our actions, be they good or evil, shall we evade. This is karma—the corner stone on which the ethics of Theosophy rest. Now, seemingly, if the doctrines of vicarious atonement and vicarious suffering are truths, a portion of the fruits of our evil actions are taken from us and laid upon the shoulders of another. "Christ suffered for our sins"; "He was made sin for us"; "We are saved by his blood"—quotes Miss Kislingbury. If this is so, then we escape some portion of our evil karma. We reap, not what we have sown, but something more of the good than we have sown. How then is eternal justice satisfied? If vicarious atonement be true, what becomes of the corner stone of Theosophical ethics?

This is the difficulty I should expect to find faced by any writer in the REVIEW on the doctrines in question, no matter what the explanations may be that he has to offer for the consideration of his readers; but this difficulty is ignored in Miss Kislingbury's paper, she leaves the matter where she found it. It is true there is one hint given that seems to point in the direction where I conceive the solution of the problem will be found. The priest, we are told, explains to Lydwine "the law of the solidarity of evil." But this is taken from one of the books Miss Kislingbury is reviewing; Miss Kislingbury herself does not notice the matter.*

To me it appears that the seeming logical inconsistency of the two doctrines of karma and vicarious atonement arises out of the tacit assumption that the individual man is a separable and separated unit, and that an imaginary line might be drawn round his karma, cutting it off from that of the rest of the world. So long as we confine ourselves to the consideration of man as an isolated being, we can find no way whereby the two truths can be reconciled. But the higher he rises the more fully does he realise that he is not a unit. Looked at from above, he is a ray of the Spirit struggling downwards through ever-denser media. It is these denser media, and these alone, that create the "illusion" of separateness. These transcended, the separateness ceases to be. The karma, then, of the one is seen to be the karma of the all, and the karma of the all, the karma of the one. The Elder Brothers of a race, therefore, may take up a part of the karma of those who are following them without violating the principle of justice in the remotest degree. They, having attained to sufficient strength, assume a portion of the karma of the world in order to hasten the coming of the "Kingdom of God."

Thus, it seems to me, may be resolved in the higher spheres any apparent discord between the doctrine of the atonement and the workings of karma.

But, it may be contended, although this line of thought may offer an explanation of the workings of karma considered from above—an explanation of the way in which a Christ may assume a portion of the karma of the world consistently with justice and the law—it by no means suffices to explain how one man may

bear the sufferings of another so far as his individuality and personality are concerned ; and, as between man and man, it is on these planes that karma is generated. If vicarious suffering is a truth, we have still to reconcile it with the karma due from man to man on the mental, the astral, and the physical planes.

I think this contention is answerable on this wise :

The doctrine is that the vicarious suffering of the one makes less the suffering of the other ; the burden assumed by the one is so much taken off the burden of the other ; and the logical difficulty is that this transference relieves the other of a part of the penalty of his evil-doing. But why should the other not be relieved of a part of the penalty of his evil-doing ? What law is it that says the penalty of our evil-doing is an unalterable quantity ? I know of no such law. And that there is no such law is surely evident when we consider that its existence would preclude any exercise of mercy, or even of help, one to another, from the scheme of things. But it comes within our experience that man does show mercy to his fellowman without any violation of the principle of justice. By the assumption that the penalty of our evil-doing is an absolute and unalterable quantity, we refuse to allow the Elder Brothers of the race that prerogative which we ourselves exercise.

The argument, it will be perceived, runs parallel with that for the freedom of the action of the Gods midst a universe of invariable law. We ourselves find law no obstacle to the exercise of free-will. We work by means of it from above it. Those whose evolution is far more advanced than our own work by means of the laws from above them. This is the argument from analogy that has been used in asserting the divine freedom of action, and the reconciliation of the doctrine of karma with that of vicarious suffering may be attained, I conceive, by a like process of reasoning.

If, then, the truth of this matter may be made out along these lines, does it not follow that he who exercises the divine prerogative of mercy thereby himself becomes a Christ in that he takes to himself the karma of him to whom mercy is shown ? So perhaps we may see a deeper meaning in our great bard's lines :

It is an attribute to God Himself
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

This I leave as a suggestion ; will someone, seeing further
than I, take it up ?

POWIS HOULT.

NOTES ON VICARIOUS SUFFERING IN CHINA

THE article in the January number of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW recalled the attention of the writer to certain little known though very common customs among the Chinese, which will probably interest students of comparative religion. It is not my purpose to submit any theories or explanations, but simply to record certain facts, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions.

It is one of the commonest beliefs among the Chinese, that one life may be given for another, and that suffering has a merit which may be transferrèd. It is well known to Western students of Chinese manners and customs that by a legal fiction a condemned Chinese criminal may purchase a substitute to suffer death in his stead, but it is not so generally known that it is a common practice in that mysterious land for a child to offer its life to the gods in the place of a parent who is supposed to be marked for death. The custom is called "tsieh shou," or "borrowing years." When the sickness of the parent is serious a witch doctor is consulted, and if she declares that the years of the parent are ended, the children will each contribute so many of their own years to the account of the father or the mother, that they may live longer. I heard of one case where three children contributed ten years each, or in other words, each child agreed to have its life shortened by ten years that their parent might live for thirty years more. In another instance a son offered his life for his mother, who was sick. The old lady recovered, and the boy died of cholera in the following summer.

This is a recent occurrence, and the aged mother is now inconsolable because she says she has bought her own life at the expense of her son's. When a sacrifice of this sort is about to be made the details are duly drawn up in proper form and presented to the god with the appropriate offerings and worship. The deed of gift, if one might so style this transfer of life, is burned during the ceremony, and in this way transferred to the spirit world. Sometimes the fact that so and so wishes to substitute his or her life for the parent is only announced verbally to the presiding deity.

There is another custom, still continuing, the idea that life may be given for life, suffering for suffering, that is not so commendable, and which is nothing more nor less than black magic. A child is taken sick, the witch doctor (the Chinese believe that the god takes possession of her body and speaks through her) declares that nothing can save it but the substitution of another life; she conducts the parents of the sick child to a temple of her own choosing, where with appropriate ceremonies a paper or a mud image of a child is deposited, and the gods are begged to *take the life of some other child in some other place* that the sick child may recover. Of late I believe that in some places this custom has fallen into disuse because of the failure of the witches to secure the life of the child on whose behalf their aid was sought. In that case they announce that though the substitution was made it was not accepted. The existence of a belief in the power to thus substitute one life for another is however most significant.

The only authority for the above beliefs in Chinese literature, so far as I know, is to be found in a Chinese version of the history of Kuan-yin. This history has never been translated, which is a pity as there are some most excellent sentiments in it. It is some ten years or more since I read the work, but my recollection of the main incidents, as bearing on the subject of this paper, is clear. The first section of the book details the sufferings of Kuan-yin because she adheres to her determination to become a nun, and refuses to accede to her father's wish that she shall marry. In the latter part of the work Kuan-yin, who has reincarnated as a Buddhist priest, sacrifices her right eye and her right hand to

make medicine for the relief of her father's terrible agonies, it having been declared that nothing less than such a sacrifice on the part of a very near relative would avail to save the tortured king (Kuan-yin is represented as a princess, the daughter of a powerful monarch) and each of his other relatives having with one accord made excuse, when asked to make the sacrifice.

C. S. M.

A MODERN MYSTIC: GEORGE MACDONALD

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 228)

GOD, the God of the mystics, "closer than breathing," and "nearer than hands and feet," is so transcendently the great fact of life to Dr. Macdonald that he very often expresses himself in a manner ruffling to the orthodoxy of the "unco' guid," who are accustomed to hear quite indifferently from their pulpits that the Almighty marks the fall of a sparrow, but think it queer and unbecoming when the phrase is altered and God spoken of as being present at the deathbed of a sparrow. Who talk quite easily of the infinite compassion and nearness of God, but are shocked at the familiarity, as of a child with its father, of the old epitaph, adapted and used by Dr. Macdonald in *David Elginbrod* :

Here lies old Thomas Hildebrod.

Do Thou unto his soul, O God,

As he would do if he were God,

And Thou wert Thomas Hildebrod.

For how few of us are yet able to exercise true magnanimity, that virtue which we find explained as, "not the magnanimity that pardons faults, but the magnanimity that recognises virtues. He who gladly kneels with one who thinks widely different from himself, in so doing draws nearer to the Father of both than he who pours forth his soul in sympathetic torrent only in the company of those who think like himself. If a man be of the

Truth then, and then only, is he of those who gather with the Lord.”*

“There are many who do not enter the kingdom of heaven just because they will not believe the tiny key handed to them fit to open its hospitable gates.”†

For, “In God we live every commonplace as well as every most exalted moment of our lives. To trust in Him when no need is pressing, when things seem going right of themselves, may be harder than when things seem going wrong.”‡

“The only mistake worse than thinking well of himself is for a man to think God takes no interest in him.”§

In these days of advancing enlightenment of thought do we not often see demonstrated the truth of the following observation? “Those who believe they have found a higher truth, with its higher mode of conveyance, are very apt to err in undervaluing, even to the degree of wishing to remove, the lower forms in which truth, if not embodied exactly, is at least wrapped up. Truth may be presented in the grandeur of a marble statue, or of a brown-paper parcel. I choose the sculpture; my last son prefers the parcel. The only question is whether there is truth—not in the abstract, but as assimilable by the recipient—present in the form.” Yet, “To the man who sees and knows the nobler form it is given to teach *that*. Let those to whom the lower represents the sum of things, teach it with their whole hearts. *He* has nothing to do with it, for he cannot teach it without being false. The snare of the devil holds men who, capable of teaching the higher, talk of the people not being ready to receive it, and therefore teach them in forms which are to their own souls an obstruction. There is cowardice and desertion in it. They leave their own harder and higher work to do the easier and clumsier work of their neighbour. It is wasteful of time, truth and energy. The man who is most careful of the truth that lies in forms not his own, will be the man most careful to let no time-serving drag him down—not to the level of the lower teachers, for they are honest, but to the level of Job’s friends, who lied for God: nay

* *St. George and St. Michael*, p. 583.

† *What’s Mine’s Mine*, p. 315.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 237.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 276.

lower still, for this will soon cease to be lying for God, and become lying for himself.”*

Of all arts the art of the teacher of ethics is most complicated. To give or to withhold, to be ready to help the souls around to take their next step upwards, yet not to be so far ahead of them that they refuse to step at all. This, the art that Sokrates esteemed as the highest of all men’s interests, is also that one which carries with it the greatest need for the virtue of intuition, and the quality of fine judgment; above all men a teacher needs to know when to labour and how to wait. If rash interference with people’s present valued ideals in the attempt to provide them with more advanced ones is a folly, and preaching deliberately to them what is no longer believed is dishonesty and mental corruption, it is also true that the act of giving them what they are not able to comprehend or appreciate is a mistake for which a heavy penalty is always exacted. To teach in the kindergarten the reasoning and philosophy of the college is to destroy the usefulness of the one, and discredit the work of the other. Tact, which has been defined as the courtesy of the soul, is nowhere more necessary than in the science of dealing with souls. As well as toleration and integrity, discrimination is a quality enjoined on the teacher. For, “what misses the heart falls under the feet. A man is bound to *share* his best, not to tumble his seed-pearls into the feeding-trough, to break the teeth of them that are there at meat.”†

A psychic difficulty which is almost like a besetting sin to sensitive souls lacking in self-assertion is described by Dr. Macdonald so simply and vividly that it will seem to many as the record of a personal experience. “He felt . . . that she disliked and despised him, and it was only with a strong effort that he avoided assuming a manner correspondent to the idea of himself he saw reflected in her mind, and submitting himself to be, as it were, what she judged him.”‡

And a little further on: “He heard everything he would have said as he thought it would sound to her, and therefore he had no utterance. Is it an infirmity of certain kinds of men, or

* *Guild Court*, p. 240.

† *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 107.

‡ *Thomas Wingfold*, p. 420.

a wise provision for their protection, that the brightest forms the truth takes in their private cogitations seem to lose half their lustre, and all their grace, in the presence of an unreceptive nature, and they hear as it were their own voice reflected in a poor, dull, inharmonious echo, and are disgusted."* It is at least a most discouraging and disabling experience, and yet in what manner it may, on some occasions at least, prove "a provision for protection," is shown a little further on where it is written: "To explain to him who loves not is but to give him more plentiful material for misrepresentation."

So Plato says that reasoning, the only road to Truth, springs from Love. And here we have a key to the futility of religious discussions, which usually do not spring from love.

From the within out is the burden of Dr. Macdonald's teaching of the development of the human soul; always, over and over again, is expressed in different words the great central idea which is the emphasis of Robert Falconer's boyhood, that: "Nothing will do for Jew or Gentile, Frenchman or Englishman, Negro or Circassian, town boy or country boy, but the kingdom of heaven which is within him, and must come thence to the outside of him."†

If such a thought could be emphasised for a generation or two in the Sunday schools and kindergartens, the high schools and colleges of Europe and America, how little need would there be for preaching to an indifferent world the doctrine of mutual responsibility and human brotherhood! The graduates of such teaching would not mistake the temporary personality, the evanescent, decaying garment, for the eternal, ever-invisible Man, "unborn, perpetual, ancient, undiminishing"; and they might grow to understand some of the mysterious purposes of evolution such as Dr. Macdonald hints of when he says "When once through the thousand unknown paths of creation the human being is so far divided from God that his individuality is secured, it has become yet more needful that the crust gathered around him in the process be broken."‡

This recalls a passage in *The Growth of the Soul* where the

* *Ibid.*, p. 448.

† *Robert Falconer*, p. 128.

‡ *Malcolm*, p. 80.

author expresses a similar idea regarding the difficult and mysterious problem of the purpose of manifestation. "In the broad view," he says, "of the whole evolutionary scheme, the all-important distinction between the spiritual existence out of which the human race emerged in the beginning, and the spiritual existence to which it will ultimately return, is to be discerned in the individualisation of consciousness."*

Or, framed in the beautiful language of *In Memoriam* :

So rounds he to a separate mind
From whence clear memory may begin,
As through the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.
This use may lie in blood and breath. . . .

We remember, too, that Nirvāṇa has been defined as "the perfection of individuality."

And the perplexity of reconciling the absorption of the soul into the Divine with the retention of the dearly-bought individuality is thus tentatively treated by Dr. Macdonald: "Might not the Brahmin who died longing for that absorption into Deity which had been the dream of his life find the grand idea shaped to still finer issues than his aspiration had dared contemplate? Might he not inherit in the purification of his will such an absorption as should intensify his personality?"† (Surely this last word should be individuality, according to modern usages?)

The reason given, or rather guessed at, for the strange identity in separateness of the twin heroes of *The Flight of the Shadow* is that: "By their not being one they were able to love, and so were one."‡

"Love is God's being, and a creative energy in one," is said in another place.§

"Love," says the great physician, Empedocles, the father of physiology, "Love is the principle of principles; the four elements are merely its agents, and Discord its accomplice; it is the ineffable, invisible, incorporeal God, flashing through the whole world with rapid thoughts."

Dr. Macdonald's attitude towards women is as uncom-

* *Growth of the Soul*, p. 307.

† *Robert Falconer*, p. 244.

‡ *Ibid*, p. 248.

§ *Donal Grant*, p. 618.

promising as it is towards other questions usually considered through a haze of self-interest and mental dishonesty. He is almost alone among male writers of fiction inasmuch as he neither flatters and rhapsodises about woman, nor belittles and slanders her. He is not afraid to indicate how unutterably bad a depraved woman may bring herself to be ; he delights to show how an ordinary-seeming woman may develop in herself noble character ; he struggles hard to picture the loveliness of a saintly woman. Yet he has to confess that : " Most women affect me as a valuable crude material out of which precious things are making. For now they stand like so many Lot's wives,—rough-hewn blocks of marble, rather, of whom a Divinity is shaping the ends."*

It is the same thought which Ruskin has expressed more fully and decidedly in his writing for women and girls, and especially in that essay, entitled *Of Queen's Gardens*, wherein he draws with so sad yet firm a hand a picture of the cultured selfishness which is still the conventional ideal of education for women.

Dr. Macdonald differs from Isis in believing that sex is not a thing of the body merely, he asserts " that it goes back to a difference deep in the heart of God himself." And it is perhaps psychologically owing to this that his portraits of women are distinctly inferior to those of men. He seems to draw a woman as a painter might sketch an object imperfectly seen in a poor light. Sometimes his heroines seem to lose themselves in a fog of veneration ; models of docility and dutifulness, they become mere copies of the virtues of their husbands and fathers, without any individuality of their own, " as sunshine unto moonshine, and as water unto wine." It is a weakness of art, not a fault in perception, which brings about this result. When he gives his imagination a perfectly free rein to draw the ideal in womanhood, as in a confessedly mystic story, we get a picture of strong purity, grace and loveliness, which recalls a conception by Burne-Jones. But it is hard for him to make the link between the ideal and the real woman, the woman of the day. And he feels, as one so sensitive must, the absolute falsity, the awful wrongness of the ideas concerning woman and womanhood, the dominance of which has made the world the place of sorrow that we know. Of men in

* *Stephen Archer.*

general he seems to ask—as literally of a domineering husband “What right had he to desire the fashioning of any woman after his ideas? Did not the angel of her eternal Ideal for ever behold the face of her Father in Heaven?”*

Of the relations between men and women nothing has been said saner, or more suggestive of thought, than the following, which is put into the mouth of a woman, who says of a certain man that he “was always reasonable, and that is more than can be said of most men. Some indeed who are reasonable with men are often unreasonable with women. If in course of time the management of affairs be taken from men and given to women—which may God for our sake forbid—it will be because men have made it necessary by their arrogance. But when they have been kept down long enough to learn that they are not the lords of creation a bit more than the weakest woman, I hope they will be allowed to take the lead again, lest women should become what men were, and go strutting about in their importance. Only the true man knows the true woman, only the true woman knows the true man; the difficulty between men and women comes from the prevailing selfishness, that is untruth, of both. Who, while such is their character, would be judge and divider between them, save one of their own kind? When such ceases to be their character they will call for no umpire.”†

“To save man or woman the next thing to the love of God is the love of man or woman: only let no man or woman mistake the love of love for love.”‡

Of the ordinary marriage in which two atoms of the “prevailing selfishness” unite, and the weaker goes to the wall, Dr. Macdonald speaks with the horror of a sensitive soul: “This dull, close, animal proximity,” he says, “without the smallest conscious nearness of heart and soul—and so little chance, from very lack of wants, of showing each other kindnesses—surely it is a killing sort of thing!”§

Parenthood Dr. Macdonald treats as the most sacred fact, next to God Himself, at the heart of the universe. It is always the direct type and symbol for him of the relation existing

* *Ibid.*, p. 51.

† *Flight of the Shadow*, p. 226.

‡ *What's Mine's Mine*, p. 327.

§ *Stephen Archer*.

between God and the soul. He seems to feel it as at once so human and so divine that language falters in speaking of it. In one of those little poems which are like the wandering whispering airs of spring, a promise of a beautiful fulfilment, he places the symbol of this relationship in a few simple words. It is called "The Father's Hymn for the Mother to Sing," and the three verses following are a part of it :

My child is lying on my knees;
 The signs of heaven she reads :
 My face is all the heaven she sees,
 Is all the heaven she needs. . . .
 If true to her, though troubled sore,
 I cannot choose but be :
 Thou, who art Peace for evermore,
 Art very true to me. . . .
 Lo ! Lord, I sit in Thy wide space,
 My child upon my knee ;
 She looketh up into my face,
 And I look up to Thee."

Dr. Macdonald's books for children are as simply original as are his other writings. Nothing could be better calculated to develop in a child's mind a practical sense of the Golden Rule, to show him that it is possible "to think only pure and beautiful thoughts, to speak only pure and beautiful words, and to help all who are weaker than myself," than a study of *Ranald Banner-man's Boyhood*, *A Rough Shaking*, *At the Back of the North Wind*, or *The Princess and the Goblin*. While to a child with a spark of imagination the last named two will open the gate of a veritable realm of faery ; sitting by the warmth of the Great-great-grand-mother's wonderful fire of roses, or dancing in the moonlight with the enchanted Princess, a child must feel its whole being flooded with that "light that never was on sea or land," must watch again the glimmering lamps of half-forgotten memories. As to little Gibbie alone on Glashgar it may happen that "a link in the chain of his development glided over the windlass of his uplifting."*

It must be admitted that Dr. Macdonald has not altogether succeeded in escaping the besetting sin of modern authors. A

* *Sir Gibbie*, p. 75.

man whose works number as many volumes as do his can hardly have kept himself quite clear of the errors incident to over-production, with its accompaniments of triviality, dulness and didacticism. Occasionally also, even in the most interesting of the books, a sudden horror is let loose, and mars the translucence of the story ; it seems as if the author sought to throw up the high lights of his story by introducing shadows that become almost grotesque in their grim unnatural blackness—that are not true shadows at all, but real black. It seems as if, for instance, a good laugh in “ the terrible chapel ” of the story of Donal Grant, would blow the whole thing away like a hideous nightmare, when to be asked to consider it seriously gives pain.

On the other hand, it often happens that a thought or phrase, which, on first reading, seemed fantastic or too fine-spun, will on a nearer view flash out as a lamp, lighting up some obscure corner of human consciousness or human experience.

We are all of us, even those who think themselves most free, so steeped in race-thought, so surrounded and hemmed in by the beliefs and customs of the world, that it is no marvel if the sensitive souls who respond the most quickly to the higher vibrations, should also be involuntarily influenced by the very conventions which, with the act of reason, they would most quickly repudiate. Therefore, if Dr. Macdonald's thoughts and phrases seem sometimes cast in a mould which some of us think we have exchanged for a better mould, or if some of his books remind us of life and philosophy strained through a very fine sieve, let us without discouragement, turn to those other volumes from which we cannot fail to bring away a livelier sense of the loveliness and unity of truth, a keener and stronger appreciation of the underlying significance of all the events of life, and a higher conception of the divine grandeur and simplicity of the Christ spirit. Should any reader be unfortunate enough to get hold first of an unattractive later work let him go back without fear to some of the earlier, and particularly to some of the Scotch stories, *Alec Forbes*, *Robert Falconer*, *Sir Gibbie*, and *David Elginbrod*, reading them in the order given—or even *Sir Gibbie* alone ; and he must be very insensible if he do not find some strange sweet airs blowing over the waste places of life.

There is no more baffling and irritating query in the whole range of human interest than the one which an indifferent mind always launches with a great air of triumph against anyone who has come to be in earnest. It is exasperating because of its obtuse self-satisfaction, so baffling because it demonstrates the width of the gulf fixed between human minds. "What is the use," says the "practical" person, "of thinking about such unpractical things? What good is there in wasting time considering whether you have a soul or not, when you *know* that you have a body that must be provided for? Thinking will not fill your pockets, will not give you meat and drink, and enjoyment. *These* are the real objects of life, and all the rest is foolishness, weakness, and waste of time."

Dr. Macdonald, it may well be believed, is of the opposite opinion. "If," he says, "a man may not know the things of God, whence he came, what shall he understand?"

KATHERINE WELLER.

THE WILLOW WEAVER

"I SHALL give you twenty-four hours to vanish in, *Campion*," said the elder and superior to the younger and inferior. "I can't do more for you than that. Let me tell you very few men in my position would do as much."

He held his finger up impressively.

"It is for the sake of your father, that I do this. You ought to be grateful. Twenty-four hours in which to vanish! Of course you must carefully choose your method of vanishing. Under the circumstances, I know the way I should take were I in your shoes, but I hesitate to advise you to take it."

The last sentence was in the man's mind, not on his tongue; it produced the most effect, because the whole gist of his speech was contained in it, and it was the point about which he was (half unconsciously) anxious. A respectable citizen can hardly suggest to a lad fifteen years his junior that he shall take his own

life; it would be difficult, though rather easier, to say to a man of equal age: "Under your circumstances, I should blow my brains out"—and *Campion* was so young. It might become known, too, that such advice had been given; then people would question the adviser's motives, and what would become of that valuable business asset, his respectability; he had foolishly risked it a little already, but that was not known to people whose opinion mattered. It would take wing with the soul of the young man; and his income might even suffer in consequence. Besides, he would not like to remember he had advised suicide as a course of action; of course it did not matter if he only thought how conveniently it might smooth the state of affairs.

There were reasons why he did not want this young man, the only child of a very poor and respectable widow, to stand in the dock and have all the circumstances which led to his standing there sifted publicly by a painstaking gentleman intent on obtaining for his client, if not acquittal, at any rate as light a sentence as possible. This young sinner's immediate superior was not his own master; his employer was uncompromising and old-fashioned in his views. He was a man who practised no form of dishonesty or immorality that might not decently be practised by people of honest and moral repute. He would be hard on *Ralph Campion*, on general business principles; but he would be much harder on one whose years and standing should be a guarantee for his good behaviour and influence over others, if the conduct of such an one did not stand the test of public scrutiny. And the personal element would come in, for this man was not only the employer of *Ralph Campion*'s superior, but also his father-in-law, and there was his wife's attitude to be remembered, besides that of her father; all this might affect his reputation, his business prospects, and his domestic life very seriously. He felt kindly to *Ralph Campion*. There was the whole point. The affair began with the kindly impulse of a rather coarse man of the world, who had "married well" from his point of view, and prospered socially and financially by so doing; prosperous himself, he saw no prosperity of any type other than that which he pursued, and had pursued since he was *Campion*'s age. Therefore he was kindly according to his own lights. His moral code had nothing to do with his

inner convictions; he had no convictions as to the nature of righteousness; his morality was to "get on," and it was a tremendous outer bulwark against obvious criminality. His twelve year old son was "backward and delicate" to quote the scholastic advertisements; he sent him to Ralph Campion's father for tuition, because the little vicarage stood in a bracing air. He liked and vaguely honoured his boy's tutor—irrationally indeed, for he had certainly not "got on" from the standpoint of the financier. When the man died, he obtained for his son, young Campion, that position of trust which he had betrayed. The boy was then nineteen; it was three years ago. The patron did more; still moved by kindness, he took a great deal of notice of his young subordinate. He liked the lad; he confided in him to some extent, increasingly so when he found him to be rather silent; he liked his refinement, at which he laughed—liking it, despite his laughter, as coarse people sometimes do like a quality they do not possess. He gave him worldly precepts whereby he might in the future prosper in business. He "chaffed" him gaily concerning the young ladies of the neighbourhood; pointing out matrimonial prizes, which he might have some chance of winning. He showed him a side of life he would probably have passed by unheeded; in so doing (here was the crux) he showed him a side of his own life that was not generally known. His protégé became in some respects his tool, in some his victim. He found out that betrayal of trust before others did so, because he knew which man to suspect, because he knew the circumstances that might cause him to be specially tempted. The story was rather vulgar—sordid—common. From coarse kindness to selfishness; from selfishness, by way of fear, to that which was in thought—murder. But yet he liked the boy, and he was sorry for him.

"You mustn't suppose I think you a blackguard, Ralph," he said. "In my private capacity, not as your business head, you know, we're as good friends as ever, my boy. I know how things go, bless your life! I know how one gets let in for what one never meant to do at the start. That's one pull a man has, who isn't always all that I suppose he ought to be. He knows from his own experience, that whatever he may do, he has really heaps

of good points; and he applies that reasoning to other people when they don't go quite straight, you know. But if you're here when Mr. Warrener comes back, I shall have you arrested. I must! I don't know this now, you understand."

The young man drew lines in the ashes of the hearth with a small brass poker. He did not look in the least the sort of person from whom one would expect a criminal to be made; he had what some people call a "nice face"—comely to look upon, refined, rather sensitive, grave; by no means weak, nor yet unintellectual. He looked as though he could think; he looked as though he could love; and he looked as though he could be ashamed of himself, and admit the fact both to himself and other people. These are good signs. He was as white as a sheet, and for the moment he seemed to be stunned rather than repentant.

"If," he said slowly, speaking quietly and unemotionally, "If I do not vanish, but stay here and pay the penalty—I've behaved very badly, and I'm willing to pay it—will you let bygones be bygones—afterwards?"

"Bless my soul, Ralph Campion, you must be a raving ass! It is the 'penalty,' as you call it, that counts. It is not the thing in itself so much. I don't for a moment suppose you to be much worse than other young fellows. I should think you're better than most."

"I hoped when you'd paid a debt you were given a receipt, and there was the end of the matter."

"My good fellow! You're old enough, and you've seen enough, to know things aren't done in that way in this world. I say I don't think you in the least a worse, or perhaps a more dishonest man than I am myself; not the least! But—excuse my bluntness—it's the prison that sticks, it's not the sin."

The young man gave a little start and shiver; the other's "bluntness" had suddenly brought the whole position, and its future developments, home to him. It was the difference between theoretic and practical knowledge; his white face grew green-white, his hands became limp, and he laid the poker down. These two people sat in the superior's country house on the outskirts of a big, smoky town. Young Campion was asked there as a guest in order that his host might tell him he knew him to

be a criminal. The boy—for he was very little more than a boy—went there suffering qualms of conscience, bred of gratitude. He knew his host had not quite the influence on his life that—let us say—Campion's father would have wished to have, but he did not think of excusing his own behaviour on that account. He knew he had been, and was, doing wrong; it worried him, and he was ashamed of accepting the kindness which led his superior to ask him to stay with him from Saturday till Sunday evening. "My wife's away, staying with her mother," he said to Ralph Campion. "I'm alone. You're looking out of sorts. You'd better come down to me this afternoon; besides, I have something to say to you quietly."

So, on Sunday afternoon, when Campion was feeling particularly ashamed of himself and very unhappy and perplexed, he said—quietly—what he had to say, and thereby gave his unsuspecting guest a nervous shock which some people may think to be accountable for what followed. That is a matter of opinion; and "thought is free." As aforesaid, there were reasons, serious reasons more important than the life, death, happiness or pain of young Ralph Campion, why his ill-doing should not be found out till he was dead and incapable of speech.

It was a damp November day; the land was vivid brown and green—green fields, wet brown earth, brown stubble, brown rushes by a little bluish-brown canal, brown-green boughs, with bright brown leaves clinging to them here and there. There had been much rain, the earth was sodden and reeking; there were black, purplish-grey clouds, shot with dull green in the East, and a pale silver-yellow sky in the West. It was early afternoon; the light was clear save where the smoke wreaths of the town brooded in the distance; there was no sunshine.

Ralph Campion looked at the brown-green earth; he did not see it. For the last few minutes his mind swung between two pictures: one of a little wind-swept churchyard where was the grave of an upright man whose name he bore; the other of a wee grey stone house, very bleak and trim, standing on a shelterless hillside; therein lived his thin little, meek little, old mother, dressed in a scanty black gown and a widow's cap, reading her Bible at night and praying God for her only son; she did not

pray for her husband because he was dead, and she disliked Popery. At last Ralph Campion's eyes filled with tears, and he felt it was time to go. Therefore he rose.

"Very well," he said, "I don't feel very grateful; but I should be so if you could hush it up when I have vanished, so that my—my mother mightn't know."

"I shall hush it up if I can." And no man knew better than he how sincerely he spoke the truth, and how earnestly he regretted it would be impossible to do so. There was no need to tell Ralph it was impossible.

"Even if the young idiot were dead it wouldn't be safe not to come out," he thought. "But it would be much safer. If Carry and her father got to know what led up to his playing the fool like this, and how far I'm responsible (though, of course, I'm not really responsible) there'd be the devil to pay."

Carry was his wife, who was staying with her mother. Aloud he said :

"I've ordered the dog-cart for you. The thing to do will be to say good-bye cordially, you see. Then I shan't know anything till this time to-morrow, when Mr. Warrener comes back."

"If you don't mind shaking hands," said Ralph Campion, listlessly, "of course I don't."

So they shook hands, and the host shouted cheerful and jocular good-speeds after the parting guest. Campion left the cart half way to the station; he told the groom to drive on and leave his portmanteau in the cloak room to be called for. He struck straight across the sodden fields, and walked townwards. It was ten miles to the town; his boots were clogged with dank clay when he reached the first houses on the outskirts. They were hideous little brick boxes, in an unmade road leading nowhere.

Beyond them lay a patch of flat, foul, be-trampled, houseless, roadless, grassless ground. It was an expanse of thick sticky mud; on it stood pools of dirty water, held by the clay from sinking into the earth; old bricks (why are ancient broken bricks so peculiarly sordid and depressing in appearance?) and bent rusty tin cans. Over the whole brooded a raw, poisonous, yellow-black fog. Across the waste ground crawled the canal

that started in the clean green-brown country; here it ran between a clammy grassless towing path and a brick wall. "Ran" is too jocund a word to describe its action. It crept stickily along, a slimy glaze coating its surface, whereon floated the hairless swollen body of a drowned cat.

Ralph Campion stood at the side of the black canal, and looked at the sheer drop of the brick work. This might be a place in which to vanish. Very few of the words he heard that afternoon lingered with him; but the thought fashioned by the reputable citizen who wished that he was dead, pursued him during the ten mile walk, and was with him still. It was the unspoken words which Campion remembered; he knew as well as the other the way in which he must disappear. Oddly enough, it never struck him he might have demanded protection as a price for silence; he did not realise that family and business complications might be the result of evidence elicited by cross-examination; simplicity and generosity clave to him still; perhaps this was why the Gods were sorry for him, and dealt with him mercifully. The place was lonely; it was growing dusk, there were no barges about; the street was but just finished, the houses were unlet. Only—he could swim. He did not want to live to face public shame, and loneliness, and bitter remorse; this was a man who wished to live an honourable life, and leave an honourable name. But though he wished to die, his body would struggle for life; and this conviction struck him with fear lest he was not this body which willed otherwise than he; if so, perhaps he could not kill himself. Well! if there was hell the other side, at any rate there was not prison; and his friends staring at, and cutting him. There could be no superior persons among lost souls. The thought was momentarily cheering.

His body would struggle to live, perhaps poison would be the better way; but drowning might mean accident or murder, whereas if he bought poison—. He took a silk scarf from his pocket and tried to tie his wrists, but his hands were cold and he was clumsy. He flung his watch, chain, and purse into the water—when his body was found their absence would suggest robbery and murder; he kept a little silver loose in his pocket, lest poison should after all prove to be the better way.

Suddenly he noticed what, till now, he had not seen. There was a tumble-down hut within a few paces of where he stood ; coming towards it was a woman with a huge bundle on her bowed shoulders. As she drew near he saw she carried willow withies ; she was a tall old woman, very poorly clad ; her feet were naked, and in spite of her burden she walked with a stately step, as lightly as a girl.

This young man was poor, and a criminal to boot, but he was also a gentleman ; when he saw the woman, he, though he was thinking of his sins, his despair, and his coming death, showed to her, half mechanically, what all should show at all times, especially to a woman very old and poor, namely, courtesy and helpfulness.

" Let me carry those to the hut," he said. " They are surely much too heavy for you."

" Take them," she replied briefly. He took them ; they were indeed very heavy ; he threw them on the ground by her door.

" You had better enter my hut," she said gravely.

Now there was no reason why Ralph Campion should enter her hut ; in fact there was every reason why he should not do so. Nevertheless he went in. It was not very dark there ; by no means so dark as the waning light warranted it should be. There were willow withies on the floor ; the woman sat on the ground, leaned against the door-post and began to weave them.

" Do you weave baskets ? " said Ralph Campion.

" I do," she answered. " By some I am called the Willow Weaver."

" You weave fast."

" Naturally. I have had much practice."

She twisted in a bent twig as she spoke.

" That twig is crooked," said Ralph. His behaviour was irrational ; but a sudden need of hearing human speech had come upon him ; and besides, he liked her voice, which was soothing, soft, and deep, like organ notes in the distance.

" It is so," she replied.

" Why don't you throw it away ? "

" I throw nothing away. I suffer no waste. I put all my willow twigs to use—crooked or straight."

"But the crooked ones spoil the shape of your basket."

"It is true. They spoil the shape of the basket. I shall put a straight one by the side of the crooked. That balances it a little."

"Still, the whole basket is awry."

"It is so."

"It is a pity."

"It is a pity. But it cannot be helped. It will be so till I find and pluck nothing save straight fair-growing withies."

"Where do you pick them?"

"From the floating island in the lake."

"I don't know it. Where is the lake?"

"There," she answered. She waved her hand towards the waste ground with its slimy clay and broken bricks.

"There! Where?"

"There—there—there—my child!" she answered, smiling gravely, and waving her hand again at the immediate foreground. Campion saw she was subject to hallucinations. She was probably much alone, and certainly very poor. He felt impelled to do what was obviously the very last thing he should have done. He drew out the silk scarf, and his loose silver.

"I will give you these shillings," he said, "if you will tie this tightly round my wrists; and promise, whatever happens, never to tell a soul you have done it. Indeed, it will probably be the worse for you if you do tell."

"I will not take the money," she replied. "To tell you the truth I have no use for it. But I will tie the knot you bid me tie. It is thus with me: the knots with which men charge me to bind them, I can by no means refuse to fasten; but I cannot undo them. That they must do for themselves."

"Tie this knot," he said, with a faint piteous laugh. "And let it remain tied till I ask you to undo it. But first—since you do not want it—"

He flung the silver into the canal.

"Now take my thanks for what you are going to do for me, since you'll take nothing else. Here's the scarf."

She took it. He crossed his wrists, and held them out. She tied the scarf loosely—once.

"I am pleased to do you this service," she said kindly, in her solemn, perfect speech, that seemed unsuited to her poverty and her humble trade. "Chiefly I am pleased because of the honour which is mine, that I should take the place of the dweller in that grey small house on the hill yonder. For I suppose, were she here, you would beg her, rather than me, to tie this knot."

His crossed wrists fell apart; the silk scarf fluttered to the ground.

"My God! No!" he said, shuddering. "What do you mean? Who are you?"

"The Willow Weaver."

"Do you know *her*?"

"Of whom do you ask me, my child?"

"My—my mother," he faltered; and now the tears were in his eyes, his throat was choking, and he turned his face from her.

"Surely!" she made answer, "I know her well. And because such a mother as this makes my weaving easier, I, the Willow Weaver, shall be mother to her son to-night."

"I do not deserve it," he muttered.

She did not heed him; she wove apace, seated as before, leaning on the door-post of her hut. He fell beside her, kneeling, and holding out his hands to her pleadingly:

"Willow Weaver," he cried. "If you know about her, do you know about me too? Or must I tell you?"

She laid down the basket and the withy she held, and touched his brow lightly with her palm.

"Surely!" she said, "I know about you. Child of so many prayers, of such vain hopes, of so many innocent womanly ambitions never now to be fulfilled, is it not an evil thing that the loving unwise heart in that hill cottage should break through you? Is it not an evil thing in the eyes of a Willow Weaver, that one crooked twig should make the whole weaving awry? Yet these things are so, and may not now be changed."

She spoke with sober and stern tenderness. He flung himself on the heap of willow withies, and hid his face from her.

"I know it," he sobbed. "Do you think you need to tell me that? I was going to kill myself when you talked to me

of my mother. And what more can I do? What more can I do?"

"You can turn the tide by the waving of your hand," said she. "You can stay the flight of the earth through space; or you can kill yourself. Behold! the one is as possible as either of the others. Will you mend the broken heart in the hill cottage by the way of the black canal? Will you wipe out the shame of a soul by the death of a body?"

He moaned, and thrust his fingers through his hair, clutching and twisting it.

"Be wiser, child," she said. "My words are harsh, my thought is gentle towards you. I said I, the Willow Weaver, would be your mother to-night. What do you see from my hut door, my child?"

He raised himself obediently from the withies, and told her what he saw.

"And yet there is more to be seen here," she said. "Because there is more I spoke to you harshly, pointing out the ill you had wrought. For I knew that here, even here in this very spot, there is another country whereof you are native born, and wherein you live. Therefore, son of that good mother of whom you and I know, lie at peace upon these withies, cut from the floating island in this lake whereon we look; I shall sing you a Cradle Song that you may sleep. When you wake the Child's Song shall never wholly leave your ears on this side of that death you sought but now, and you shall break heart and brain with longing after it in vain. This, for the sake of that good mother, is the Willow Weaver's mercy to you; and you shall find that men too have mercy on those who hear in broken snatches the Child's Song."

The power of the woman was upon him; meek and dazed as a tired babe he lay upon the willow withies; he heard the sound of the twigs as she twisted them in and out in her weaving. He could neither move nor speak; he wondered dreamily whether he lay in a trance or swoon, or whether this was death, and thus the problem of his vanishing was solved without effort of his own. He felt either the light cold touch of her finger tip, or the touch of a willow withy between his brows. Suddenly, how and when he did not know, he saw that other country of which the Willow

Weaver spake; he had not moved from the spot; he felt sure his body lay on the willow withies in the hut by the canal. He knew it lay there with a burden upon it of sin and folly, of ignorance, shame, and remorse; but they belonged to the place of their brooding; and he, reaching forth in order that he might know, knew them as apart from himself, like a school task learned well or ill, with praise or the rod for its reward. He saw the other country; and this was the fashion of that which he thought he saw, whether he saw it as it was, is another matter.

On every side lay the broad shining levels of a lake of silver, he did not know whether it was water, or silver fire that had no heat, but was still and cool as the hour before a summer sunrise. He saw no shores nor any boundary set to it; as far as his eyes, or some other sense than sight, would suffer him to perceive, the waters lay. From the lake rose a many-petalled pink blossom; about each petal quivered a delicate fringe of many-coloured flame, and at the heart of the fiery flower that sprang from the water's breast was music. As he saw these things his life passed into them; or else they were the body of his life. Thereupon a certain knowledge came to him; but it was knowledge the man was never able to tell to any one, not even to himself. He heard a high clear voice singing, so he afterwards remembered, but whether it was the Cradle Song of the Willow Weaver, or the speech of the wordless music at the blossom's heart, he could not tell.

It is my belief (I, who tell these things) that the words, and indeed the whole matter, were by no manner of means such as are here recorded. He told me the words he heard were something like to these; but he admitted they were not really like them either in sound or sense.

This is what he crooned in the day that came after, when men said his mother-wit had been stolen by the Folk of Peace:

Thou mak'st thy cry to me, thou mak'st thy plea;
 I watch the waters of a changeless sea.
 Upon its breast I mark a Shadow fall,
 Wherein a myriad shadows toss and crawl.
 Weep'st thou because their turmoil will not cease,
 O passing ripple on the Lake of Peace?
 I watch the toiling shadows fight and strive,

I hear the murmur of a Dream-World hive.
 Why is their warfare more to thee, than me,
 Thou wave that risest from a boundless sea ?
 No shadow-battle stirs the silent breast
 Of the deep waters of the Lake of Rest.
 Where mourning shadows throng the dreary side
 Of the black river's foul and sluggish tide,
 I see the shining of the Silver Peace,
 I hear its music bid their moaning cease.
 Thy fair is foul to me, thy foul is fair ;
 Thy songs are cries, thy joys are pain-fraught care ;
 Thy griefs are gladness, and thy woes are gain,
 Thy deaths are jewels in an age-long chain. *
 Thy sins but shadows on the waters wide,
 Thy virtues gleams upon the silent tide.

* * * * *

When those twenty-four hours in which Ralph Campion was to vanish were ended, he came wandering, hatless, over the green-brown fields in the drenching rain ; he was soaked to the skin, but he did not seem to know this. He asked to see his superior and elder, who was even then in serious consultation with his father-in-law and employer. When this man—Mr. Warrener—heard Ralph Campion was there, he was glad. He was a plain-dealing person, and he thought when people did wrong and were found out, it was good for them to be punished. His son-in-law, on the other hand, was sorry and alarmed.

"Show Mr. Campion in," said the older of the two men who were discussing Ralph Campion's sins. Mr. Campion came in, dripping. He smiled, greeted his hosts, and tried to explain what had happened and why he had not vanished. The two listeners looked at each other silently ; to do the younger of the twain justice he seemed to be shocked and dismayed. There was a pause. The elder laid his hand on Ralph Campion's shoulder.

"Sit down, Campion," he said gently. "Sit down and keep quiet. You're dripping wet, you know ; you'll be ill, you must see the doctor. I'll send for him at once. There's no need for you to worry about anything."

Then he drew his son-in-law out of earshot.

"This must be hushed up," he whispered. "You see what's happened to him. Didn't you see it yesterday ? Where are his

people? They must be sent for; and the doctor too. I'll telephone to him at once. Whether this is a cause or an effect I don't know. Be charitable and assume the first. Anyway we will say nothing; he's not responsible for what he did."

It was more of a truth than he knew. The other man, white as a sheet, assented eagerly.

Certain superstitious folk of Celtic blood said the son of the sorrowful, patient little old widow, who lived with his mother in the small grey house on the windswept hill above the churchyard, had wandered in the "gentle places" whence no man ever returns to the human habitations; only the bodily seeming of such a man comes back; he is away with the "good people"; at night he dances in their mystic rings and makes merry with them in the heart of the hills. This, said they, was the case with Ralph Campion; for he had the look of eternal childhood on his face, and the fairy fire was in his eyes. But they were wrong: it was with him as the Willow Weaver said, the Cradle Song of the Children of the Lake of Peace would not wholly leave his ears; and because he could not recall nor sing it perfectly he wandered bewildered, trying vainly to interpret its broken snatches, with labouring brain, and longing, breaking heart.

MICHAEL WOOD.

PLATO once said: "With your favour, sir, it is not always the part of virtue and bravery to preserve either your own life or your neighbour's. He that is a man in good earnest must not be so mean as to whine for life, and grasp intemperately at old age: let him leave this point to Providence. The women can tell him that we must go when our time is come. His duty is to consider how he may make the most of his life, and spend what there is to the best advantage."

MARCUS AURELIUS, *Meditations*, 46.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF TRI-UNITY

THE doctrine of the Trinity is by many stated to be a dogma that must be accepted submissively by the human intellect as a thing beyond its power to grasp. To this idea enlightened thought strongly objects; and the ground of its objection is as follows.

The human mind is the creation of God, Who is Truth and Reason. Consequently, Truth can never be contrary to Reason.* It may be in its fulness above the *comprehension* of the highest reason of limited creatures; but it must be capable of *apprehension*; else the truth about reason is denied.

The mind that has seldom, or never, been exercised upon metaphysical problems lacks the power of apprehension, not on account of inherent inability, but on account of want of practice, and of the necessary training to develop the required ability. Besides, minds differ; some being strong on the analytical side, and some on the synthetical. Everyone can see differences; but it takes natural gift, and the careful cultivation thereof, to see uniformities.

Metaphysically, there are two ideas of "One": that of a singularity, and that of a unity. The former is a purely abstract idea. A "One" which exists alone, having no "Other"—never, by the nature of the case, in any relation to another, because there is but itself, and so perfectly simple and homogeneous that it can contain in itself no power of division, or forth-putting in lower manifestation as "Many"—is an idea which even human (trained) reason can *see* to be "unable-to-be." It would be (if it could be) like the Point-Being in *Flatland* which is thus described: "He is himself his own world, his own universe; of any other than himself he can form no conception; he knows not Length, nor Breadth, nor Height, for he has had no experience of them;

* See Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, pp. 14 ff. of Bohn's edition.

he has no cognisance even of the number Two; nor has he a thought of plurality; for he is himself his One and All, being really Nothing" (p. 91).

Such a being would be Anti-God—the very reverse of all that Is, the most practical concept of the Devil.

The other idea of "One" is that of the Unity; the All considered in the light of its perfect interior harmonisation; made up of elements all in perfect union; so that, though "Many" as to content, it is "One" as to Itself in Itself. Destroy the harmony, the unifying, in such a concept, and you get as a result, a complex of un-unified elements which, *ex hypothesi*, will necessarily (in so far as they are cognisant of each other) be in a state of disunity, strife, and opposition, each convinced that it alone ought to be, and eager to extinguish every "other" in order that it alone may "Be." Here we have another conception of the Devil.

Thus arises the metaphysical idea of "Two" which is concerned not at all with *quantity* but only with *quality*. If there be ten thousand of one sort and ten thousand of another, the state, to the metaphysician, would be a duality; because it is the "sorts" and not the number of each sort that is regarded.

If there be "Two" that are not antagonistic, but have found, each of them, their true relation to the other, and know that "each supplies defect in either," we should, speaking metaphysically, call them not "Two," but "One"; a unity, the result of a unit-ing. In no sense would they act as a true "Two." Each would be "at-oned" to the other; and for all practical purposes, and in the estimation of reason, they would be "One."

But why, if this be so, are they two in any sense? Why not one single thing with no idea of Two-ness?

Because to be so would involve a most extraordinary loss of much that is very good. First, can we not understand that in the very consciousness of *complementariness* a great deal of very sweet and beautiful realisation arises? To be rich, with no conception of poverty, would be a slighter thing than to be rich in the presence of poverty, and so with all the possibilities of joy in the supplying of the lack of those who were poor. Consciousness, on which realisation depends, depends itself entirely on ex-

perience of a contrary. One who had not even the consciousness of want, would not realise, or rejoice in, his fullness. The highest quality of joy conceivable to reason arises from the making of the "not me" as happy as I am; that is, from the supply of need, the bringing together of fulness and emptiness, and the making of them One. The emptiness gives to the fulness the ability to realise the delight of fulness; and the fulness gives to the emptiness the delight of now being full, of the ending of the distress of emptiness in the joy of realised fulness.

We have approached the problem thus far from the human, rather than the divine, side of Tri-unity. The "One" is the fulness; the "Two" is the emptiness; and the "Three" is their union, the new state made possible through both being "at-oned." And it should be observed carefully that the "One," "Two," "Three," are here used in a qualitative, and not a quantitative sense. The sum of a quantitative one, two, three, is six; but in the qualitative sense, "Two" means another "One," different from (complementary to) that which we called "One"; a new state—we might almost say a new Being—resulting from the unifying, the "at-one-ment," of the "One" and the other "One." So the sum of the qualitative One, Two, Three, is not six, but either One or Three. As two units and their union it is Three. As a true unit, a true union, it is One; as are oxygen and hydrogen when they unite to form water.

Now this principle is of universal applicability to all mundane things, and it is so because—for human reason—it is the root idea of the nature of the Source of all mundane things. But as applied to the Source Itself, our opposition is not of good and evil, supply and need, in the ordinary human understanding of the words; but rather of being and manifestation, idea and form, spirit and embodiment.

For everything that can come into human consciousness must be (in a sense) *concrete*. Pure thought, abstract power, unembodied love, are concepts which we reach, not by direct cognition, but by direct cognition of *the embodiments* of these ideas, from which we then abstract the embodiment; whereupon—by a necessary process of mind—the abstract concepts alone remain. We do not *know* these abstracts as abstract, but we know what

to call them ; and—knowing this—our mind (if we are not trained thinkers) sometimes falls into the mistake of supposing that we know them because we can name them. But if they were actually apart from embodiment, we could not even name them ; no faintest concept of such ideas would ever arise in our minds. For the abstract, as abstract and apart from embodiment, could only be for a mind—if such could be—also abstract and apart from embodiment.

On the higher ground of the Being of God our illustration from oxygen and hydrogen fails. No absolutely perfect illustration can be—*ex hypothesi*—possible ; for hydrogen is not that through which oxygen manifests, but is itself of like plane with oxygen. Thought and word form a better illustration. This is the illustration which God Himself has given us. For the Son is the Word by Whom the Father (the Thought) is revealed. We cannot think of Being apart from Quality. Only through Quality, Sort, Nature, can we know Being. The Father supplies the Potential, the Basal Source, the Power ; the Son supplies the Quality, the manifested Nature, the Character. The Spirit is the going forth of these Two into Operation, whereby arise the Works or Wonders which manifest the Quality of the Son and stand in the Basal Power of the Father.

It is the teaching of the greatest of all Mystics (Jacob Boehme) that the Father's property should be there, but hidden ; giving basis as a dynamic, but not giving quality ; because this property is in Itself, and as apart from that of the Son, a fierce, angry, wrathful quality ; at least it appears thus when manifested as quality. But what would be of such a quality when manifested remains (when in Its right place as a hidden basis) Power, Might, Strength, the unassailable potential and dynamic of the second element of Being, the quality of the Son. In every Being there must needs be these two elements—Power and Quality, Basis and Nature ; the former the hidden dynamic, the latter the manifested characteristic. And these Two are One ; that is, Two for limited apprehension ; One to perfect apprehension.

And, for limited apprehension, the going forth of these Two into operation is a third concept ; for we can conceive of Them as in Themselves, apart from their operation ; and we can

conceive of Them as operating. This third concept, for us, is the Holy Spirit. The Son manifests the Father to Himself (perfect comprehension); the Spirit manifests the Father and the Son to us (imperfect apprehension). So, as orthodox faith has rightly expressed it, the Father is One; the Son is One; and the Spirit is One (not One, Another, and a Third); and all the "Ones" are One.

It would require greater space than that at our disposal to suggest how the separation in human thought of these Three arises from the conditions of limited faculty. What to God is One, to man is Many. It is permitted to us to think and reason thus in order to realise our faith, and show that it is not unreasonable. For humanity is, as yet, not perfectly unified with the Father; or, in other words, not yet grown up to the "full grown-man," which is "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." "But of His fulness have all we received"—in its wholeness, as yet, only potentially, just as in the babe is (potentially) the whole man; in realised consciousness we have as yet received only as much as we are capable of consciously receiving; and in the evolution we shall receive ever more and more and more, until God is, not only in divine consciousness (this He is ever) but in full human consciousness also, All in All. And, necessarily, when the whole content of each is alike, All are One.

These brief suggestions are offered, not as the conclusion of the whole matter, but as slight suggestions towards arriving at a reason for the faith we hold; lines of thought which, if followed up earnestly, and under the guidance of the Wisdom given to all who ask it, may lead to fuller understanding.

GEORGE W. ALLEN.

GLIMPSES OF THE EIGHTH MUSE

(CONTINUED FROM P. 257)

I DO not know when or where I should end if I narrated in full all my minor, momentary adventures on what I suppose to be the astral plane of the Theosophists. How I have found myself carcering along at a great pace, in the company of others, through the low brushwood of a thick, and apparently impassable forest, crying out or hearing others cry out (I forget which) that it was the astral plane: how I have spun along, seemingly in a train, watching for a moment the pink faces of houses (a case of very vivid astral vision) as they flew by, houses like nothing in the world that I have ever seen, except, perhaps, on a very much more modified scale, in Tangier; how once, to prove to a bystander that we were not on the physical plane, I raised my right arm (I seem generally to like doing conjuring tricks during sleep) and bringing it down on the middle of my left, succeeded in making the two arms, after a moment's pause, *pass through each other*; or how, finding myself near a cliff's edge, one night, during the sleep of the body, in the company of an earth-friend, I was doubtful for a moment on which plane we were, and was about to try the flying-test (one can, apparently, always fly on the astral plane, and I am beginning to use it as a regular test, when in doubt), when my friend sped on ahead of me to the cliff's edge, and taking a tremendous leap, described in the air one of the most splendid human-curves I ever saw, while I quickly followed; or how, finding myself on board ship, and spying in the distance a light on the sea, I leapt from the ship, and flying in the direction of the gleam found that it emanated from a very beautiful figure, whose exact appearance I cannot remember, but who was bathed in a light almost as snowy-white as that I described in a previous account; these incidents I just mention, and others I

omit, because I do not wish to be mistaken for Mr. Bailey, the New Voice from Eurasia, who, according to Mr. Belloc in his book, *The Path to Rome*, "does not end at all, but is still going on."

Before, however, proceeding to describe one or two more classes of experience, I must first mention a most remarkable case of sleep-clairaudience, which occurred to me a day or two ago, just before I began to try to sort out the details of this story. I was just waking up last Sunday morning (January 4th, 1903) when I suddenly found myself conscious of a great stillness, of the kind that seems to envelope one after taking a couple of breaths of laughing-gas, a stillness which was only broken by slight scraping sounds and vibrations in the ears, such as I have remarked above to be characteristic of the process of anæsthetisation. The chief other phenomenon I observed was that my body (what body I cannot say, as I was nominally asleep), was prickling and pulsing in a very marked manner, and these sensations continued, if I mistake not, until the phenomenon which I am about to relate ceased. I immediately knew that I was, astrally speaking, "switched on," and that I was about to get a clairaudient message. In a moment it came, both in matter and manner one of the most extraordinary astral communications I have ever received. The voice was marvellously near and clear, and the person from whom it came seemed to be close to me. And yet, at the same time, there is also a sense in which, I think (however madly contradictory it may seem to say so) the voice seemed to come from a distance as if spoken through a telephone. Anyhow there is no doubt as to whose voice it was. It was the voice of my dentist in London, and he was speaking of some dental operation he was just going to perform on me. "You know, Mr. Calignoc," he began, "I'll just—" and he went on talking quite fast for what seemed about half a minute, speaking several sentences, that is to say, and apparently accompanying his remarks in his ordinary manner, with a dental examination. Shades of unhappy hours I have spent in Wimpole Street! I did not attend much to what he said after the first sentence, and, in any case, I think the remarks were far too technical for me to recall them. But to *how* he said it I attended very much indeed, and I

can only say that I am inclined to place it very high among my psychical experiences. The reality of the aural effect was intense, past anything I have ever known on this plane, I was going to say. The gentleman I am speaking of has, in physical life, a peculiarly sympathetic and pleasant voice, and this voice, with all its shades and variations and undulations of tone, I heard that Sunday morning. (He may smile if he reads this account, but I am here concerned only with the hardest of hard facts, not with smiles.) Meanwhile, I lay perfectly still and listened, for I knew that I was "focussed" to a nicety, and that any movement on my part (even that involved in the effort of speaking) might throw this extraordinary example of astral *rapport* out of gear. As he finally drew away, or rather, perhaps I should say, as I drew away (for I do not know that he did), and began to wake up, another voice just started to speak to the left of his, as it seemed, but I did not catch what it was talking about. Then I woke and took the time immediately, and found it to be as nearly as possible a quarter past seven, a quarter past seven on the morning of January 4th, 1903, when this (to me) extraordinary phenomenon occurred.

A word as to the psychical effects of opium in my case. Till the end of 1900, the greatest amount of opium I had ever imbibed was that comparatively infinitesimal quantity to be found in the cough mixture of the enterprising chemist or the rough-and-ready practitioner. The effect upon me of the gentle, insinuating cough-mixture was, I remember, in one case at least, that, before going to sleep, I had a fairly vivid vision of a palatial chamber, crammed with page-boys, of classic profile, all dressed in green and gold. This multiplication of object seems to be a characteristic effect of opium both in its primary and secondary stages. At the end of 1900, *i.e.*, at the beginning of the illness I have already spoken of, in the absence of a correct diagnosis and treatment, I was simply drenched with this drug. The primary effects were, of course, pleasant enough. I seemed to be lifted a quarter of an inch above the body, and consequently, for the moment, out of all pain. Before this continued administration of the drug began to prove seriously baneful, an amusing incident occurred. One night (I think it was in the middle of the night,

and that I had waked to take food), on smoothing down the bed-clothes just next to my face, I caught sight of the most absurd little man, not more than three or four inches high! He appeared to be wrestling with something, and, in fact, he was trying to roll along a small object, that looked like a milk can, in the direction of my face; just as porters roll milk cans about, while the train waits aimlessly at country railway stations. Directly he caught sight of me, however, he relaxed his toil, and a look of the utmost mischief came over his face. By some quick motion that I could not see, and by some contrivance the working of which I could not follow, he managed to give me a squirt on one of my cheeks from the milk can. Perhaps it was not a milk can after all, but a bay-rum bottle, and the mischievous little man was the barber-king in fairyland. Anyhow, I felt the cold shock so clearly on my face, that I burst out laughing and touched my cheek with my hand; but, of course, the skin was perfectly dry, and my little knight of the milk can had vanished, insignia and all. My nurse asked what was the matter, and I told her, but I am afraid neither she nor anyone else, to whom I have imparted the story, believes, as much as I do, in the real existence of the little man. He reminded me, however, of the story told of Anna Kingsford. This extraordinary lady is said to have *heard* something rustling about among her papers. She at once investigated the matter and discovered a gnome, armed with a shovel, fooling about. Asked what he was doing there, he made a feeble excuse and vanished. I do not, however, remember what language he talked.*

I will readily confess, however, that I am not half so strongly convinced of the "reality" (I wish I knew what that word meant!) of my opium-experiences, as of certain of the visions which I have already narrated, and I am inclined to believe that some of the opium-experiences, at least, were phantoms born of a diseased and poisoned body, though I also think that people are

* Since writing the above I have come to understand that Anna Kingsford's gnome talked French! But Anna Kingsford had been to see Madame Blavatsky that day. My opium-gnome, if genuine, was certainly astral, as the "little red fellows" seen by Manxmen in their native isle must also be, I fancy. But Anna Kingsford's gnome, unlike mine, *rustled, and spoke French*. Does not this argue something quite out of the way for a gnome, *viz.*, a power of rustling and a knowledge of French? I am afraid I see a master-hand at the back of Anna Kingsford's gnome. Whose that hand was, I will leave readers of Olcott's *Diary Leaves* to guess.

far too ready to put things down as unreal, which, if accepted as real, would oblige them entirely to reconsider their views of Life, and to construct a new and more suitable Theory of the Universe. If the creatures I saw during my opium-phase were real entities, which my bad physical state made me capable of seeing, but did not entirely, or did not at all, create, then I must have come very near crossing the borders of, at least, the Seventh Sphere again, if not (who knows ?) of the Unspeakable Eighth. For my experiences became, after some days of this opium business, literally hellish. De Quincey has told the world something of the sorrows of opium. I do not know that they could possibly be exaggerated. It was not a question of dreams. I was only too glad to be asleep, because that happily, at the time, meant unconsciousness. But my waking life was a continual prey to one long-drawn pageantry of phantasmal horrors. Yet, again, that is far too delicate and formal a piece of phrasing to convey the real state of the case. *They* did not merely pass in lurid procession before me, they crowded in upon me, making a monstrous hedge about me, and cutting me off from pleasant traffic with the delightful world. I can only hope that those, who left me *alone* then, did not know what they were doing. I can only hope that the faces (so many), that I saw then, do not really exist. When I say that I finally preferred to endure, for a while once more, the most ghastly, excruciating, physical torture rather than take any more opium, the more psychically-educated among the readers of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW may know where I was, and what I suffered. I can only remember, off-hand, one real literary effort made to depict such a state as mine then was, and that, marvellous though it is, I do not find at all adequate to the facts, which are indeed more suited to be blotted out from the Book of Life than recorded in it. In one of his finest flights (I believe some people think the finest), Tennyson impersonates Lucretius beset by foul fiends on his latest day :

Now thinner and now thicker, like the flakes
In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce
Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour
Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bear
The keepers down, and throng, their rags and they

The basest, far into that council-hall
Where sit the best and stateliest of the land.

It is difficult to believe, after this, that the poet had not been through some such experience himself !

A few days after I ceased to take opium, and a day or two after I had undergone a medical examination under chloroform, I had a dream, which for two or three reasons is thoroughly worth recording. I dreamt I was walking down *the lower part of the hill at the top of which I was born*, when a dark-skinned man caught me up and passed close to me, whispering in my ear as he did so, "*Don't you know you've got cancer ?*" Immediately I hurried after him and began to argue with him about the matter, racking my brains for reasons on the other side to pit against his cruel suggestion. My dream ended on the spot, but, for some days afterwards, I suffered very much, mentally and morally speaking, from this dream. I had gone through so much physical pain during the previous few weeks, and, at intervals, during the previous few months or even years, that I did not think I had strength to bear any more. Also I was in such a weak, nervous state that I could not bring myself to ask the doctors point blank if they thought I had cancer or not. I once tried to put the question to a medical relative who came to see me, but he did not rebut the notion quite as decisively as I had hoped, but merely remarked, I think, that it was curious that I should have thought of that. So I imagined he was trying to break the truth to me very gradually, and this increased my mental anxiety tenfold. I used to wake at about four o'clock every morning for some days after that, and, lying there alone in my room in the Nursing Home to which I had been transferred, worry for hours over the pros and cons of the matter, knowing well that similar psychical warnings I had received in the past had sometimes proved only too true. However, in the eagerness of my heart, I found two arguments against this particular dream being true, and, in the light of my present knowledge, I might possibly have added others. I argued, in the first place, that a benevolent spirit would not have broken the truth to me in such an off-hand, brutally callous way, and that, consequently, if it was a spirit at all, it was a malevolent one and might very well be lying. The other alternative, of course, was that it

might be malevolent, and yet, on this occasion, be telling the truth. As to that I argued (knowing very little about the possibilities of karma) that higher spiritual powers would have prevented it committing such a gratuitous assault upon my peace. Finally, however, if I remember rightly (it is difficult to "speak by the card" about the exact details of one's own illness), I came to the conclusion that I was doing the dream an injustice, and derived much comfort from the discovery. Those who have read the *Annals* of Tacitus, will recall how, in the first book, a dream-story, similar to mine in its important features, is recorded. The night before Caecina was attacked by Arminius, the German patriot, "a ghastly dream," says Tacitus, "disturbed the general. He seemed to see Quintilius Varus, covered with blood, rising out of the swamps, and to hear him as it were, calling to him, *but he did not, as he imagined, obey the call, he even repelled his hand*, as he stretched it over him." (Church and Brodribb's Trans.) So also, in my case, I thought the important feature in my dream might not be the uncommonly unpleasant question, "Don't you know you've got cancer?" but rather *the fact that I instantly combated the idea*. And so, as in Tacitus' story, Caecina, after undergoing, it is true, a terrible time, finally "pulled through," and triumphal honours were decreed to him; so I also finally, in spite of a very generally adverse medical opinion, turned out not to have cancer, and triumphal honours, in the way of restoration to perfect health, were decreed to me. I have little doubt that, as a matter of fact, my unpleasant dream was due to my miserable faculty for "tapping the Zeitgeist," especially at awkward moments. In any case, regarded from a strictly Theosophical point of view, it was altogether a queer, as well as a severe, piece of karma. But karma for what? That is the sort of question one is tempted to ask.

I may add, by way of conclusion to the tale, that, a few days later, when I felt stronger, I told the dream to my medical relative, who probably still thought my case hopeless; and, of course, I got in return the hollow laugh I expected. It is difficult for some people to act a part when they are caught unprepared.

ROBERT CALIGNOC.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

MAN'S DEEPER SELF*

IN the preceding chapters we have gained some insight into the structure of human personality through the analysis of some of the accidents to which it is subject. We have studied on the one hand the insistent ideas, the hysterical instabilities, the splits and alternations which seem to destroy that inward unity to the sense of which we instinctively cling ; while on the other we saw how, in certain cases, specially fortunate individuals had extended the grasp of that inward concentration, and had integrated the personality still further by utilising uprushes of subliminal faculty to supplement or to crystallise the products of supraliminal thought.

We have now to consider that most important and most constant of all the phases or alternations of personality, *viz.*, *sleep*.

A physiological definition of sleep has never yet been achieved, and our increased knowledge of hypnotic sleep—induced in apparent independence of any or all of the supposed physiological requisites of slumber—renders its attainment even more problematical.

Considered psychologically, sleep is the suspension of waking consciousness ; but this is a purely negative definition and we are called upon to seek its positive characteristics, regarding it as an alternation of personality, analogous to those which our previous analysis has abundantly shown it to resemble, and co-ordinate with the waking phase. Both phases, sleep and waking, appear to have been differentiated alike from a primitive indifference ; from a condition of lowly organisms, which merited the name neither of sleep nor of waking. Indeed, sleep may rather claim to be regarded as the more primitive of the two ; for

* *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Frederick W. H. Myers ; 2 vols., Longmans, Green & Co. Price £2 2s. See also the article "Science and the Soul" in the last number.

it is sleep rather than vigilance which pre-natal and infantile life suggests; and even for us adults, however much we may associate ourselves with the waking state alone, that state has at least thus much of secondary and adventitious characteristics, that it is maintained for short periods only, which we cannot artificially lengthen, being plainly unable to sustain itself without frequent recourse to that fuller influx of vitality which slumber brings.

Our review of sleeping faculty must thus begin from the red end of our spectrum of consciousness—the red end which represents the deepest powers which waking effort can exert upon our physical organism. Indeed we must begin below that limit, for most assuredly in sleep some agency is at work which far surpasses waking efficacy in this respect. For the regenerative quality of healthy sleep is universally recognised as something *sui generis*, and the wonderful renovation which even a few moments of sleep will bring about far surpasses the utmost which hours of lying down in silence and darkness can accomplish.

Again, as regards muscular co-ordination and control, these normally in sleep are neither needed nor possessed, but in somnambulism, the person can accomplish feats of accurate co-ordination and even of strength utterly beyond the utmost limit of his waking powers to accomplish. Similarly the power of visualisation is often very greatly intensified both at the onset of sleep, in dreams, as well as in the first moments after awakening. Sometimes indeed the creative power of the imagination, and the faculties of inward audition, vision and the like, are greatly exalted in sleep and may be turned to practical account, as was done by R. L. Stevenson; while both permanent nervous injury, or nervous benefit, and even stigmata, may be produced by unwillful self-suggestions in dream, as shown in cases observed by A. Faure, Dr. Holbrook, and Dr. Kraft-Ebbing.

The permanent result of a dream thus shows that sometimes—contrary to our usual notions—the dream has not been a mere superficial confusion of past waking events, but has an unexplained potency—drawn, like the potency of hypnotic suggestion, from some depth in our being which the waking self cannot reach. And this comes out even more forcibly in the fairly numerous

class of cases in which a dream has been the starting-point of "conversion" in a religious sense, or of a sudden, marked and complete change of moral character.

Moreover, many cases prove beyond any doubt the existence of some connection between dream memory and hypnotic memory, a connection which points, as Mr. Myers abundantly shows, towards the existence of some subliminal continuity of memory, lying deeper down than the evocable memory of ordinary life. Indeed in every recorded instance where there has been any *unification* between alternating states, it is, as he points out, the memory *furthest* from the waking life whose span is the widest, whose grasp of the organism's stored-up impressions is the most profound. And the observed facts even indicate that many impressions, which have never even for a moment come within the apprehension of the supraliminal consciousness, are nevertheless retained by the subliminal memory, and are occasionally presented in dreams with what seems a definite purpose. Of this Mr. Myers cites several most striking instances, and the fact itself is altogether beyond doubt.

In these cases—such as Prof. Hilpricht's, for instance—we seem to reach the utmost intensity of sleep-faculty within the limits of our ordinary spectrum; but Mr. Myers then goes on to give us a series of intensely interesting cases in which the information conveyed in a dream lies altogether beyond what could have been normally known. The cases of Mr. Squire, Mr. Watts, Canon Warburton, Mrs. West, Mrs. Boyle, and numbers of others which have been most fully and carefully investigated and verified, illustrate the fuller emergence in the dream phase of our personality of those latent faculties such as telepathy, telæsthesia, clairvoyance, clairsaudience, precognition, etc., of which some sporadic signs and intimations have been noted in our analysis of previous chapters.

To sum up our study of sleep; we have seen that in sleep there may be an increased co-ordination or centralisation of muscular control, and also an increased vividness of inner perception as well as of creative power. The dreaming self may undergo sensory and emotional experiences apparently more intense than those of vigilance, and may produce thereby lasting

effects upon the waking body and mind. Further, in sleeping or hypnotic states memory may be both wider in range and fuller in content than the waking memory; and also the power of inference and argument may be intensified in sleep, as is proved by the solution in sleep of problems which have baffled waking effort.

If then we attempt some generalisation—[admitting for the moment as an hypothesis the existence of a spiritual, or as Myers calls it, metetherial world]—we might perhaps think thus: Sleep is the infant's dominant phase; the pre-natal state resembles sleep rather than waking and so does the whole condition of our lowly ancestors. And as the sleeping state is the more *primitive*, so also it is the more *generalised* and the more *plastic*. Out of this dreamy abeyance between two worlds, the needs of the material world are constantly developing some form of alert activity, some faculty which was potential only, until search for food and the defence against enemies compelled a closer heed to "the life of relation," lest the relation should become only that of victim to devourer.

We shall thus have two phases of personality developing into separate purposes and in separate directions from a parent stem. The waking personality will develop external sense organs and will fit itself progressively for the life of relation to the external world. It will endeavour to attain an ever completer control over the resources of the personality, and it will culminate in what we call *genius* when it has unified the subliminal as far as possible with the supraliminal in its pursuit of deliberate waking ends.

The sleeping personality will develop in ways less easy to foresee. What, on any theory, will it aim at, beyond the familiar intensification of recuperative power? We can only guess, on my theory, that its development will show some increasing trace of the soul's less exclusive absorption in the activity of the organism. The soul has withdrawn from the specialised material surface of things (to use such poor metaphor as we can) into a realm where the nature of the connection between matter and spirit—whether through the intermediacy of the ether or not—is more profoundly discerned. That same withdrawal from the surface which, while it diminishes power over complex muscular processes, increases power over profound organic processes, may at the time increase the soul's power of operating in that spiritual world to which sleep has drawn it nearer.

It is a natural and easy transition to pass from the study of normal sleep to the examination of that great experimental modification of sleep which, under the names of *mesmerism* or of *hypnotism*, has yielded such an immense harvest of fertile and suggestive observations. Accordingly, it is to the study and analysis of the phenomena known as mesmeric or hypnotic that Mr. Myers devotes his fifth chapter, which is a very full one,

so much so that such a summary of it as our space will permit must be almost unduly condensed.

Mr. Myers first shows that hypnotism is an experimental development of the sleeping phase of personality; then, reviewing the various accredited modes of inducing hypnotic effects, he shows that these resolve themselves, on close examination, into suggestion and self-suggestion. Further it becomes evident on reflection that suggestion from hypnotisers resolves itself also in turn into self-suggestion—a conclusion which leads Mr. Myers to define “suggestion” as *a successful appeal to the subliminal self*.

Next, by careful analysis of the main achievements of hypnotism, we are shown that these, all of them, seem to imply an increased subliminal *vitalisation* of the organism; and again, that self-suggestion is exercised most effectively when it is supported by strong faith in some external vitalising or succouring power—a point which leads the author to the conclusion that man's spirit does actually draw in energy from some spiritual environment.

Our previous study, especially that of sleep, had shown the obvious desirability of reproducing and consolidating by experiment some part of that sporadic and spontaneous faculty which comes to the surface especially in vision and in sleep-waking states. But were it not for the knowledge which hypnotism has almost accidentally brought to us we should find it hard indeed to devise any appropriate scheme of experiment. However, hypnotism has been discovered and opens for us an easy road; but we must still remember that we are only likely to reach experimentally the “middle level” centres of the subliminal self. But this is enough to prove that hypnotism is no disconnected or extraneous insertion into experimental psychology, but rather a useful name for a group of necessary, although empirical and isolated, attempts to bring under control that range of submerged faculty which has already from time to time spontaneously presented itself to our notice.

Having thus established the legitimacy and orthodoxy of hypnotism, Mr. Myers then proceeds to speak of the various leading discoverers and investigators and their methods, reaching eventually the conclusion stated above that these are all

ultimately reducible to self-suggestion, and that "suggestion" in all its forms may be defined as a successful appeal to the subliminal self.

In this way Mr. Myers is able to present the puzzle of the capriciousness of successful suggestion—which is a very marked feature of the observations—as part and parcel of the larger problem of the relationships of the supraliminal and subliminal self—a conception which throws some light upon this bewildering subject. For we have seen that the subliminal self is specially concerned with the sleeping phase of personality, and we may therefore expect that hypnotism will involve some developed form of sleep. For the hypnotic trance is not identical—as some extremists have held—with ordinary sleep, since therein the subliminal self comes to the front in response to our appeal, and displaces just so much of the supraliminal self as may be needful for its purposes.

Charcot—the great rehabilitator of hypnotism—supposed that its stages followed a fixed physiological law, but this has since been completely disproved and hypnotic states have been shown to resemble rather alternating personalities of shallow type. Indeed the tendency of modern research has been rather to prove that hypnotism is far more a psychological than a physiological phenomenon.

But beneath and between the awakenings into limited, partial alertness, which constitute these hypnotic stages, lies that profound, hypnotic trance which can be best described as a scientific or purposive rearrangement of the elements of sleep; a rearrangement in which what is helpful is intensified, what is merely hindering or isolating is removed or reduced. A man's ordinary sleep is at once unstable and irresponsive. You can wake him with a pin-prick, but if you talk to him he will not hear or answer you until you rouse him with the mere noise. That is sleep as the needs of our timorous ancestors determined that it should be.

Hypnotic sleep, on the contrary, is at once stable and responsive; strong in its resistance to such stimuli as it chooses to ignore; ready in its accessibility to such appeals as it chooses to answer. Prick or pinch the hypnotised subject and although some stratum of his personality may be aware, in some fashion,

of your act, the sleep will generally remain unbroken. But if you speak to him—or even speak before him—then, however profound his apparent lethargy, there is something in him which will hear.

All this is true even of the earlier stages of trance. Deeper still lies the stage of highest interest—that sleep-waking in which the subliminal self is at last set free—is at last able not only to receive but to respond; when it begins to tell us the secrets of the sleeping phase of personality, beginning with directions as to the conduct of the trance or of the cure, and going on to who knows what insight into who knows what world afar.

In order to test and explain the scope of his definition of hypnotism, Mr. Myers then proceeds to lead us, in considerable detail and with wonderful care and knowledge, through a very wide survey of hypnotic results, which is far too elaborate and crowded with detail to admit of summarisation. It must suffice to say that he fully and amply establishes the validity of his definition, as well as illustrates the value and practical utility of the point of view which it expresses. Incidentally we are presented with numerous instances of the suggestive or hypnotic induction of supernormal powers, such as clairvoyance and the like; but even apart from these, the whole trend of the survey shows that the effects of suggestion—however capricious or grotesque these effects may sometimes be—are essentially effects of *vitalisation* and imply that some energy is added, though in an irregular fashion, to both organic and psychical operations.

This naturally brings us to the next stage of our inquiry: the question as to the nature and source of this energy which both telepathic suggestion and self-suggestion imply. And after a careful discussion of the whole subject, Mr. Myers comes to the conclusion that no real explanation of hypnotic vitalisation can be given except upon the general theory that a world of spiritual life exists, with which the deeper self of man is in relation and upon which it can draw. Or to state the theory more fully in Mr. Myers' own words:

Each man is essentially a spirit, controlling an organism which is itself a complex of lower and smaller lives. The spirit's control is not uniform throughout the organism, nor in all phases of organic life. In waking life it controls mainly the centres of supraliminal thought and feeling, exercising

little control over deeper centres, which have been educated into a routine sufficient for common needs. But in subliminal states—trance and the like—the supraliminal processes are inhibited, and the lower organic centres are retained more directly under the spirit's control. As you get into the profounder part of man's being, you get nearer to the source of his human vitality. You get thus into a region of essentially greater *responsiveness* to spiritual appeal than is offered by the superficial stratum which has been shaped and hardened by external needs into a definite adaptation to the earthly environment. . . .

The ultimate lesson of hypnotic suggestion, especially in the somnambulant state, is, therefore, that we thus get, by empirical artifices, at these strata of greater plasticity—plasticity not to external but to internal forces—where the informing spirit controls the organism more immediately, and can act on it with greater freedom.

This conception seems to throw a light upon a fact repeatedly observed, but hitherto hard of explanation. The somnambulant state seems to be the introduction to two powers apparently quite disparate—the self-sanative and the telæsthetic. The highest development of sleep thus involves at once more penetrative bodily recuperation, and more independent spiritual activity. The spirit is more powerful either to draw metetherial energy into the organism, or to act in partial independence of the organism. The cases already cited of “travelling clairvoyance” have, in fact, generally occurred during sleep-waking states, originally induced for some healing purpose.

take this to mean that the spirit can in such states more easily either *modify* the body, or partially *quit* and return to the body. In other words, it can for the time either pay the body more attention, with benefit, or less attention, without injury. I use the word *attention* because, in the impossibility of conceiving how a spirit can affect or control an organism, the most fitting term seems to be that by which we designate our own attempts at concentrating the personality. I would say in crude terms that the soul keeps the body alive by attending to it, and (as explained in Chapter IV.) can attend to central operations more directly than to superficial ones—to the activities of sleep more directly than to those of waking. Hence in deep states it can partially withdraw attention from the organism and bestow it elsewhere, while remaining capable of at once resuming its ordinary attitude towards that organism. Bodily death ensues when the soul's attention is wholly and irrevocably withdrawn from the organism, which has become from physical causes unfit to act as the exponent of an informing spirit. Life means the maintenance of this attention; achieved, in this view, by the soul's absorption of energy from the spiritual and metetherial environment.

And after briefly considering the wider bearing of the view here enunciated and its relation with the religious experience of the human race, Mr. Myers concludes this chapter with the eloquent words:

. . . It suggests—what narrower definitions have not yet suggested—the possibility of a world-wide faith, or set of the human spirit, which may make for an ever more potent mastery over organic hindrance and physical ill. Let the great currents of belief run gradually into a deeper channel. Let men realise that their most comprehensive duty, in this or other worlds, is intensity of spiritual life; nay, that their own spirits are co-operative elements in the cosmic evolution, are part and parcel of the ultimate vitalising Power.

In beginning his next chapter, which deals with the phenomena of *sensory automatism*, Mr. Myers remarks: "We have now reached a central node in our complex argument," and it therefore seems advisable to quote at some length his summary of its past course and to indicate its future development.

Several lines of evidence, already pursued, converge here to form the starting-point for a new departure. Our view of the subliminal self must pass in this chapter (Chapter VI. dealing with *Sensory Automatism*) through a profound transition. The glimpses which we have till now obtained have shown it as something incidental, subordinate, fragmentary. But henceforth it will gradually assume the character of something principal, persistent, unitary; appearing at last as the deepest and most permanent representative of man's true being.

First of all, in Chapter II., we realised that secondary streams of consciousness and memory, separate from the ordinary supraliminal stream, are in certain cases developed, and may even become permanent, thus either alternating with the original stream of memory or supplanting it altogether. . . .

In the next Chapter (III.) we approached the subject from a different side. Without entering upon any cases obviously abnormal, we traced the uprushes of the subliminal faculty which occur, helpfully and sanely, in the course of ordinary thought and life. . . .

In Chapter IV. we traced the varieties of subliminal action in that alternating phase of our personality which may be said to lie wholly beneath the threshold of waking consciousness.

We found that the state of sleep reproduced and varied the subliminal phenomena observed in waking hours. The pictures and utterances of some *dreams*, presenting themselves without our conscious elaboration, resemble confused fragments of the inspiration of genius. Pushed somewhat further, becoming more intense and more separate from waking life, dreams turn into somnambulisms (discussed in Chapter V.) and thus may develop into veritable fissions of personality.

For the most part, dream introduces us only to incoherent thought, somnambulism only to irrational action. Yet from time to time we have found in dreams indications of a memory which surpasses waking memory.

. . . . During various forms of sleep itself, moreover, something of unusual faculty seems to be exercised; mathematical or philological ingenuity may surpass its waking level; the senses may show a delicacy of which we had not judged them capable. And in the background of all this we catch glimpses of still higher faculty; of those supernormal powers of telepathy and telæsthesia on whose existence our belief in a unitary Self must ultimately be so largely based. . . . The subliminal self appears to exercise in sleep an increased control, and to be able thereby to carry the physical organism into higher vitality, the mind into readier communication, by supernormal methods, with other minds, and into scenes beyond the range of sense. Incidentally we perceive a new development of multiplex personality; a new power of alternating or combining streams of memory, of changing for a time or permanently the character and the will.

Our last Chapter (V.) was devoted to this hypnotic concentration and expansion of human faculty. . . . And here, more than ever—both in hypnotic phenomena and in the analogous cases of spontaneous somnambulism—we perceived elements of new supernormal faculty mingling with heightened faculty of familiar types.

Each, then, of these several lines of enquiry has led us, through widely varying phenomena, in substantially the same direction. From every side we have indications of something complex and obscure in the structure of human personality; of something transcending sensory experience in the reserves of human faculty.

We have come to a point where we need some further colligating generalisation; some conception under which these scattered phenomena may be gathered and exhibited in their true kinship. Some steps towards this the evidence now to be presented may enable us to take. Considering together, under the heading of sensory and motor *automatism*, the whole range of that subliminal action of which we have as yet discussed fragments only, we shall gradually come to see that its distinctive faculty of telepathy or telæsthesia is in fact an introduction to a realm where the limitations of organic life can no longer be assumed to persist. Considering again the evidence which shows that that portion of the personality which exercises these powers during our earthly existence does actually continue to exercise them after our bodily decay, we shall recognise a relation—obscure but indisputable—between the subliminal and the surviving self.

Mr. Myers then proceeds to define *automatism*, using it as the widest term to include the whole range of subliminal uprushes into ordinary life. Under *sensory automatisms*—which are dealt with in this chapter—he includes the products of inner vision or inner audition externalised into quasi-percepts; while he applies the term *motor automatisms* to all subliminal messages conveyed by movement of limbs, or hand, or tongue, initiated by an inner motor impulse beyond the conscious will.

But there is also a fundamental difference between Mr. Myers' point of view and that of ordinary psychology. While the latter regards the supraliminal life as the substantive or normal personality, of which subliminal life is the semi-conscious stratum, Mr. Myers reverses this view and regards supraliminal life as a special or privileged case of the whole personality, and holds therefore that each ordinary sense or faculty will appear as a special case of some more general power, towards which its evolution may be tending. Each sense organ is usually supposed to obtain fresh information only through its own end-organ, but we shall see that new and true perceptions are also generated within the brain.

Analysing the observed facts, Mr. Myers shows us that vestiges of the primitive undifferentiated sensitivity persist in the form of *synæsthesiæ*, e.g., when the hearing of some external sound carries with it the seeing of some form of colour. Now such percepts originate *within* the brain, and we can trace a regular succession of stages linking them, outwards, with ordinary vision, and inwards with sensory hallucinations. Going *outwards*, we have the series (to trace vision only): coloured audition, light flashes, due to mechanical stimuli of the optic nerve or eye, after-images and ordinary vision. Proceeding *inwards* we have coloured audition, memory-images, dreams, imagination-images, and finally visual hallucinations. We thus see that an hallucination is in reality an intensified internal vision. Now the faculty of internal vision varies very widely in different persons, and while hallucinations sometimes arise from well-known morbid causes, they are quite as common in health, and these latter, arising under quite normal conditions, are more instructive, as they are apparently spontaneous modifications of central percepts.

It used to be held that an hallucination was proof of some morbid condition; but this view has been shown to be quite unfounded by Mr. Gurney's extensive statistics of hallucinations occurring to persons "in good health, free from anxiety and completely awake." And the very full and complete investigation made showed conclusively that for the majority of hallucinations, as for the great majority of dreams, no special explanation

(either physiological or supernormal) can be offered; while in most of the coincident, veridical cases, the events coinciding with the hallucinations were unknown to the percipients at the time.

These veridical hallucinations also afford evidence of a development of fresh faculty, and some interesting questions arise as to the apparent spatial relationships involved.

Moreover mental visions can be controlled, *e.g.*, by hypnotic suggestions, and further actual hallucinations can also be thus produced, and since such suggested hallucinations involve at least a very great increase in the visualising power of the subject, they afford another example of that hypnotic evocation of fresh faculty which has already been referred to.

A simple empirical method of studying the correlation between the various types of internal vision may be found in crystal gazing, which seems to afford the readiest and easiest means of controlling the inward vision, and Mr. Myers devotes some interesting pages to this topic, reaching the conclusion that induced crystal visions illustrate all the various types of spontaneous sensory automatism.

Now, in order to have any objective validity—as some of these crystal visions experimentally induced have proved to possess—these visions must represent knowledge supernormally acquired, or else direct communication between the subliminal strata of two minds—in other words telepathy.

Further telepathy must exist if any disembodied intelligences exist; and on the principle of continuity, evolution from the lower carries with it the presumption of development into the higher. Thus the operation of telepathy is probably constant and far-reaching, as well as intermingled with ordinary methods of acquiring knowledge. We are thus led to a brief statement of the experimental investigation and proof of telepathy by the S.P.R., and thence Mr. Myers passes on to consider some of the hypotheses, such as brain waves in the ether, which have been suggested in explanation. These he discards as inadequate to meet the facts, and finally accepts, provisionally at least, the hypothesis of a “psychical invasion,” which involves the conception that different segments of the personality can operate inde-

pendently of and unknown to each other, and sometimes apart from the organism. The truth of the first part of this has been established by hypnotism, *viz.*, the independent operation of different segments, with separate streams of memory and consciousness working through the same organism. The second part, *viz.*, that these segments can sometimes operate apart from the organism, is in turn established by the study of the cases brought together in this chapter, which, however, form only an almost infinitesimal part of the total evidence available. It would take us too long to discuss or analyse these cases, besides which to possess their full convincing power they should be studied in the original. But what might be called the crucial test is furnished by the fact that appearances resembling in all respects those classed as veridical hallucinations have been experimentally produced, *not* by hypnotism, or in any abnormal condition of agent or percipient, but by the deliberate, voluntary effort to project himself on the part of the agent. This experimental fact is so vitally important in its bearing on the whole subject that one instance at least must be quoted here in full.

A certain Mr. S. H. B. (personally known to Mr. Gurney) had already once successfully attempted the experiment of projecting and rendering himself visible to others at a distance. Mr. Gurney then requested him to send him a note on the night that he intended to make his next experiment, and on the morning of Monday, March 24th, 1884, received from him the following note :

March 22nd, 1884.

Dear Mr. Gurney,—I am going to try the experiment to-night of making my presence perceptible at 44, Norland Square, at 12 a.m. I will let you know the result in a few days.—Yours very sincerely,

S. H. B.

The next letter was received in the course of the following week :

April 3rd, 1884.

Dear Mr. Gurney,—I have a strange statement to show you, respecting my experiment, which was tried at your suggestion, and under the test condition you imposed.

Having quite forgotten what night it was on which I attempted the projection, I cannot say whether the result is a brilliant success, or only a

slight one, until I see the letter which I sent you on the evening of the experiment.

Having sent you that letter, I did not deem it necessary to make a note in my diary, and consequently have let the exact date slip my memory.

If the dates correspond, the success is complete in every detail, and I have the account signed and witnessed to show you.

I saw the lady (who was the subject) for the first time last night, since the experiment, and she made a voluntary statement to me, which I wrote down at her dictation, and to which she has attached her signature. The date and time of the apparition are specified in this statement, and it will be for you to decide whether they are identical with those given in my letter to you. I have completely forgotten, but I fancy they are the same.

S. H. B.

This is the statement :

44, Norland Square, W.

On Saturday night, March 22nd, 1884, at about midnight, I had a distinct impression that Mr. S. H. B. was present in my room, and I distinctly saw him whilst I was quite wide awake. He came towards me, and stroked my hair. I *voluntarily* gave him this information when he called to see me on Wednesday, April 2nd, telling him the time and the circumstances of the apparition without any suggestion on his part. The appearance in my room was most vivid and quite unmistakeable.

L. S. VERITY.

Miss A. S. Verity corroborates as follows :

I remember my sister telling me that she had seen S. H. B. and that he had touched her hair, *before* he came to see us on April 2nd.

A. S. V.

Other cases are also cited by Mr. Myers, and he concludes the chapter with the following words :

In these self-projections we have before us, I do not say the most useful, but the most extraordinary achievement of the human will. What can lie further outside any known capacity than the power to cause a semblance of oneself to appear at a distance? What can be a more *central* action—more manifestly the outcome of whatsoever is deepest and most unitary in man's whole being? Here indeed begins the justification of the conception expressed at the beginning of this chapter ;—that we should now see the subliminal self no longer as a mere chain of eddies or backwaters, in some way secluded from the main stream of man's being, but rather as itself the central and potent current, the most truly identifiable with the man himself. Other achievements have their manifest limit ; where is the limit here? The spirit has shown itself in part dissociated from the organism ; to what point may its dissociation go? To what degree of intelligence, independence, perma-

nence, may it conceivably attain ? Of all vital phenomena, I say, this is the most significant ; this self-projection is the one definite act which it seems as though a man might perform equally well before and after bodily death.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE NEO-PLATONISTS

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 249)

AGAIN, if knowledge without virtue is vain, virtue without knowledge is insecure, and has no stable foundation. Therefore Plotinus says that it is Dialectic or Metaphysics—the science of Being—which supplies principles to the other two branches of philosophy ; to ethics as well as physics. Following Plato, Plotinus recognises three temperaments in mankind as peculiarly conducive to the ascent to God : those of the musician (or artist), the lover, and the philosopher. The musician and the lover must become philosophers by learning that the beauty which they pursue is in truth something apart from the sensible manifestation of beauty which here excites their regard ; that the presence of beauty in anything is the sure token of a divine origin ; that the love of beauty, however disguised or distorted, is at bottom naught else than the love of God, since “ God is the All-fair.” The philosopher, if he be worthy of the name, is both musician and lover as well ; it may be, not in the vulgar sense of the words, but certainly according to their higher and more universal significance. For the harmony of music is but an image of the universal harmony ; the love of man is as a spark from that great Love which lightens all the world—the strongest of bonds, which binds the universe together, and conjoins the mortal with the immortal.

And though the aim of philosophy be to detach the soul from the body, we shall not accomplish that aim by refusing to recognise and to enjoy the beauty which is manifest in body. The

love of sensible beauty is a necessary discipline of the soul, and we advance not by despising, but by outgrowing it, as the man outgrows the pleasures of the child. When we have indeed outgrown it, when we are aware that it is but as a shadow of the more excellent beauty of the mind, then, but not till then, we may "close the eyes of the body, and make use of another sight, which," says Plotinus, "all possess, but few employ." In this ascent, therefore, we lose nothing. All that we have truly loved remains to us, as we rise from the imperfect intimation to the more and more perfect realisation. This is what Plotinus means when he says that "the soul, divesting itself of everything foreign to God, ascends until it alone beholds God alone." For the things of which the soul thus divests itself are not realities, but obscurations of the reality, since God alone is in all things the innermost reality.

The happiness which the wise man seeks is something far removed from the vulgar conception of happiness. In this respect Plotinus goes further than Aristotle, who, while defining happiness as "an activity of the rational soul in accordance with the highest and most perfect virtue," makes it a condition that external circumstances shall be in some degree propitious. This concession to human weakness Plotinus absolutely rejects, and in the plainest language. "If we suppose two wise men, one of whom has all the advantages of nature and fortune, while the other is without them, is not the former the happier?" And the answer is: "No; if they are equally wise, they are equally happy."

There is a Stoic severity about this doctrine which at first hearing seems a little chilling. Yet if we are to take happiness in the high sense which these philosophers attached to the word, Plotinus was undoubtedly in the right. Happiness, according to his own definition, is "the possession in energy of the perfect life"; and the perfect life is obviously not that of the body or animal nature, which is neither perfect nor pure, being mingled at every stage with death. The perfect life is that of the immortal essence of the soul, energising in conformity with the divine Mind, and the possession of this life is in no way dependent on external circumstances. "He alone is truly happy who has the perfect life in energy, and has identified himself with it. That

such a man possesses happiness is proved by the fact that he desires nothing more. He finds his good within himself; and the Good Itself is the cause of the good in him. What he still seeks, he seeks as requisite, not for himself, but for something which belongs to him (e.g., his body). In adversity he is none the less happy. If he is afflicted, the affliction does not touch the inner man, but only that in him which hath not intellect."*

Plotinus goes still further. Happiness is a state of the soul, but does not necessarily imply the reflection of that state in our everyday consciousness. The wise man may be happy even when unconscious of his happiness; for happiness resides in active wisdom, and the higher part of man may be active without transmitting the knowledge to the animal. Intellectual energy may be active in us without our perceiving it. Perception implies reflection—a turning back of the thought upon itself, so as to reflect itself in the imagination as an object in a mirror. Now, if the mirror be removed, the object is still there, though no longer reflected. Even in this waking life we often act without being at the moment conscious of our action; in fact, unconscious energy—that which is forgotten in its object—is of all energy the most intense.

I find in Emerson a recognition of "the distinction of the outer and the inner self; the double consciousness; that, [within this erring, passionate, mortal self, sits a supreme, calm, immortal mind, whose powers I do not know, but it is stronger than I; it is wiser than I; it never approved me in any wrong; I seek counsel of it in my doubts; I repair to it in my dangers; I pray to it in my undertakings."†

Mayrce Maeterlinck has expressed a similar thought. "We possess," he says, "a self more profound and more inexhaustible than the self of the passions or of the pure reason." Our ordinary consciousness is "a plant of the surface," far distant from this "great central fire of our being." "I may commit a crime," he continues, "without the least flutter in the smallest flame of this fire; and, on the other hand, a glance exchanged, a secret thought, a moment of silence, may stir it in its depths, and cause it to overflow upon my life. It may be reached by a breath, yet

ignore a tempest. We must seek that which reaches it: all is there, for it is there that we ourselves are."*

Plotinus formulates his thoughts on this subject in the doctrine—which, I believe, is peculiarly his own—that our souls do not wholly descend; that, however far our consciousness and our energies may have become engaged in the life of this world, with its passions and its trivial aims, there is yet, in the inmost soul of every one, an essence remote from these temporary interests, an essence which dwells for ever in the divine; and that this essence, however little we may be aware of its presence, is indeed the true soul, the true self, in each one of us. It is this essence that is indicated in the famous maxim, "Know thyself"; a maxim of all the most essential and the most difficult to obey. We are happy in the sense of these philosophers, then/only, when our thoughts and our energies are in harmony with this divine essence.

It has been said that Dialectic furnishes principles to the other two branches of philosophy. In the Platonic sense, Dialectic means not merely a system of logic, but the application of a logical system to the science of metaphysics or ontology. Now as physics—the science of phenomena, or apparent being—is the lowest branch of philosophy, metaphysics—the science of real being—is the highest. Between these two is the place of ethics—the rule of right conduct—which leads us from the illusions of sense to the perception of true being, and by developing the divine nature within us, brings us into touch with the divine reality in all things. All reality is comprised in Mind, regarded as a universal principle. Thus we have two worlds: the world of Mind, or the Intelligible World, as it is commonly called; and the world of appearance, or the sensible world. The former includes in itself all real being; the latter is simply a manifestation of the former under material conditions and limitations.

This broad distinction being made, we find that the true, or intelligible, world is again distinguished into a triad of principles, of which the second emanates from the first, and the third, in like manner, from the second. This doctrine of the three hypostases, or substantial principles, must be regarded as the central

* *Le Trésor des Humbles : Novalis.*

doctrine of Neo-Platonic metaphysics. The suggestion of the doctrine may be found in Plato, but it was for the first time definitely formulated by Plotinus, and was accepted, substantially without change, though with some added details, by his successors.

Strictly speaking, the first of the three hypostases does not belong to the intelligible world, but transcends it. It is God in the highest; "that beyond which nothing is, and after which all things aspire."* It has no attributes, since it transcends even being; it is *no thing* in itself, but the cause of all things. This principle is necessarily beyond human comprehension, and the appellations which are given to it—the One, and the Good—indicate at most only something of the relation which the universe bears to the First Cause. Yet although it transcends all things, it is also within all things: the Unity which is not Being, but by which alone Being is possible; the Good to which all Being eternally tends, the supreme object of desire to all.

From this principle emanates the second, called by the Platonists Mind or Intellect. This second hypostasis is itself a triad, consisting of Being, Life, and Intellect; only as yet the three are unseparated, and together constitute but one essence. In other words, the Intellect which perceives, the Intelligible which is perceived, and the act of perception, are identical. Intellect looks ever within, towards the central source of its being, the first hypostasis. And looking within, it beholds all things in itself, and as itself. The thoughts of Intellect are Ideas, *i.e.*, the essential realities of which all things in our world are but shadows or imperfect manifestations. All these ideas are comprehended in Intellect, and are one with it, even as in every individual mind the thoughts that it contains are one with the mind that thinks them. Only whereas universal Mind is eternally active, and infallible in its action, since in it is comprised the truth of all being; our individual minds are intermittent in activity, impeded and deceived by the conditions of this partial life to which they have subjected themselves.

Intellect, or Mind, being then the first manifestation of the God who is beyond all things, a further degree of manifestation

* Proclus *Elements of Theology*, 113.

is reached in the third hypostasis, Soul, which is the utterance, or *logos*, of Intellect, as Intellect is the utterance, or *logos*, of the One. Proceeding from Intellect, Soul is also an intellectual essence; but whereas pure Intellect is stable, Soul is in motion. The function of Soul, says Plotinus, is to move towards and about Intellect. Pure Intellect knows itself wholly, and without transition; all that it possesses is ever present to it in energy, being indeed itself. Soul, although as an intellectual essence it possesses all things within itself, energises with transition, passing from one act to another. The activity of Intellect is internal; all that it produces it perceives as itself. Soul, on the other hand, alone of the three hypostases, produces itself externally, and its production is the visible universe.

In Soul again, as in Intellect, a triadic distinction is to be noted, though properly so only in its individual manifestations, such as human souls. As a universal hypostasis its nature is twofold. The higher, or pure, soul, looking unceasingly within and through itself to the hypostases which are beyond it, receives from them the principles which, by the agency of its lower power, the irrational soul, or Nature, it produces externally in the creation of the sensible world. These two aspects have their counterparts in every individual soul. The higher is that part of ourselves which, according to Plotinus, never descends, but, like the universal soul, remains always on high, looking towards Intellect, and acting with unimpeded energy, though we, in this lower life, are rarely conscious of its action. The lower, or irrational, soul in us is that faculty by which we are correlated with the external world, and of which the corporeal senses are the organs of perception.

Between these two faculties in the individual is the place of the third faculty—the rational soul. This is in a special sense the individual himself; possessed of reason and freewill, by which he is enabled to raise himself to the divine, but also to debase himself to the brute. The rational soul is therefore the seat of virtue and vice; the higher, or pure, soul being beyond virtue, since it is beyond the need of purification; and the irrational soul, considered simply, being below virtue, since it is without reason and therefore without responsibility. In our life the rational

soul is the special attribute of humanity, though there are not wanting signs of its presence in what we call the lower animals.

These faculties of the soul are not separate principles, but merely separate aspects of the activity in manifestation of one simple essence, the Soul itself. The lower faculties emanate from the higher, and it is often difficult, perhaps impossible, to draw an exact line of demarcation between them; as, for example, in our observation of the lower animals we continually find it impossible to distinguish between the actual exercise of reason and the irrational instinct, which is itself, so to speak, a vestige of reason irrationally produced. The pure soul, in its highest energy, is the true, the divine, self in each one of us. It relates us to the universal Soul, to the pure Intellect, from which it is hardly to be distinguished, and to the First Cause itself. If in this life we are commonly unconscious of its presence, it is because, in the words of Emerson, "the consciousness in each man is a sliding scale, which identifies him now with the First Cause, and now with the flesh of his body." The rational soul in us is the human self, which it behoves us to raise until it is indistinguishable from the divine, instead of suffering it to sink, as we often do, to the passions and appetites of the irrational life.

Not that the irrational life—the life of the body—is in itself evil, though it may be a condition of evil to the individual. Universal Soul, looking towards Intellect, is filled with "reasons" or productive principles proceeding from the Ideas which are in Intellect. These reasons it produces externally, in matter, as the body of the visible world; and this production takes place not as a result of deliberation, but essentially, as a light illumines the darkness, and without impediment to the higher life of the soul. Matter, in which the production takes place, is a vestige, at the furthest remove, of the infinity of the first Cause. Beyond it nothing is, and in itself it has no being apart from the forms and life which are ever manifested in it by the soul, and which are as a reflection of the true forms and life which subsist in the soul itself. Thus the generation of the material world is an essential activity of universal soul, an activity without beginning and without end; and, as Plotinus says, the soul does not create

through an inclination to matter, but contrarily: for if it incline to matter it must be from forgetfulness of intelligibles; and if it forget these, how can it make the world, since the intelligible world is its model for this world?

What is called the fall or descent of the soul is, therefore, not applicable to universal soul, but only to soul in its individual manifestations, since it is caused by an inclination to matter and the material life, and a forgetfulness of intelligible truth. It is the individual, rational soul which thus descends, losing consciousness of its own higher self, and dwelling in the midst of shadows which it mistakes for realities.

In conclusion, I will venture to say a few words on the relation of Neo-Platonism to Christianity. That Neo-Platonism had a considerable influence upon Christianity—an influence not merely contemporary with the Neo-Platonic school, but apparent in the mediæval Church, and thence transmitted even to our own times—is undeniable. But that the influence was reciprocal we have no grounds for believing. Plotinus himself, it can hardly be doubted, must have known something of Christianity,* but there is no evidence in his writings that he had paid any attention to the subject, or that it had influenced his thought in the smallest degree. It is true that in one of his books he exposes the fallacy of certain doctrines held by some of the Gnostic sects, but so impersonal is his treatment that he never mentions who were the advocates of these doctrines; we learn from Porphyry that they were Gnostic Christians. The doctrines, however, which he there refutes are distinctively Gnostic, and have never been accepted by orthodox Christianity.

But if Plotinus found it possible to ignore the claims of Christianity, the same attitude of quiet indifference to a new and revolutionary creed became impossible for his successors. In the days of Plotinus the ancient faith was still in the ascendant, but the rapidly increasing influence and power of the new faith were soon to compel the attention of the philosophers. To a superficial view it might seem that, having to choose between Christianity and Hellenism, they would have inclined to the former

* His teacher, Ammonius Saccas, is known to have been a Christian in his youth.

or, at least, to a neutrality not unfriendly to it. The new religion presented more points of similarity to their own ways of thinking than could be found in the creed of the pagan populace. It had assimilated, and was still assimilating, much of the wisdom of Greece. Yet the fact remains that in these Neo-Platonic philosophers—that is to say, in the wisest, most virtuous, and most intellectual men of the age—Christianity met its steadiest and most formidable opponents.

Their attitude was not altogether without reason. That the creed of the populace could never be the creed of philosophy, they well knew. Religion was not to them a set of dogmas, to be imposed upon all men alike. They knew that in all men the inward sense of religion, whatever its outward form, must vary with the stage of development to which each had attained. Freedom of thought was essential to philosophy, and this freedom the Hellenic religion did not refuse. Here, at all events, were no rigid lines of demarcation between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. The imperial government had respected the faiths of other nations, and had even received the gods of the aliens into their own Pantheon. Jupiter was no jealous god, and his worshippers allowed that even barbarians might adore the same divine presence under other names. And if this latitudinarianism meant indifference on the part of the many, it was not so with the more earnest and thoughtful. Its innermost significance was indicated by Proclus, when he declared that the true philosopher should be the high-priest of the universe, and not of this or that particular creed.

Christianity allowed no such latitude. By Christianity I do not now mean the ethical and spiritual teaching of Christ, but the body of dogmatic theology which his followers superimposed upon that teaching. Purer and more elevated than the popular creed which it was gradually supplanting, the orthodox Christian faith was becoming more and more rigidly defined. Not the spirit only, but the letter of Christianity was held necessary to salvation; and of the letter only one interpretation was to be deemed orthodox. You must believe, said in effect every Christian sect, not only what we do, but as we do, or it will be the worse for you.

Now this intolerant spirit, derived from Judaism, was foreign and not easily intelligible to the Greek mind. The Greeks did indeed regard those as impious who denied the existence of the gods, and the divine providence in the affairs of men. Even Plato (*Laws* x.) was not unwilling that such persons should be punished by law for their impiety, though in this point the Neo-Platonists would have refused to follow their master. But this condemnation of impiety was far removed from the zeal for uniformity in religious matters which found a crime in every difference of opinion. Moreover, it was at all times rather theoretical than practical. The condemnation of Socrates was only ostensibly an instance of religious persecution; and, to come nearer to the times with which we are dealing, the cruelties inflicted upon the Christians were undoubtedly due to political motives. It is more than probable that, could they have escaped the suspicion of disloyalty, and refrained from insulting and assailing the creed of their fellow-citizens, they might have worshipped God as they pleased without any interference on the part of the imperial government.

Their intolerance repelled the philosophers. The popular Hellenism, though, as I said, in itself less pure and less exalted than Christianity, presented no such barriers to the exercise of free philosophic thought. It was this consideration, I believe, which, beyond all others, determined the philosophers in their opposition to the new doctrine. Other considerations were, no doubt, mingled with it—respect for the old traditions of Hellenism, disgust at what they deemed the impiety of the Christians—but this was their leading motive. They were, as Mr. Whittaker has called them, “the champions of the old intellectual liberty of Hellenism against the new theocracy.” It must be owned that the subsequent history of the Christian churches has gone far to justify the position taken up in respect to Christianity by the Neo-Platonic philosophers.

WM. C. WARD.

THE OLD MONK'S TALE

IN a German monastery famous in the Middle Ages for its culture and learning lived an old monk into whose care the books and manuscripts were given. His face bore the expression of peace, but there was nothing in it of the high intellectual powers of the other monks, nor of that eager wish for learning which shone in the features of the young students. He fulfilled carefully his humble duty to keep away dust and moths from the treasures of science, handling them evidently with great love and reverence, yet without ever opening their pages.

Once there had been an eager competition among the young students for a prize of great honour and one of them was sitting in despondency alone in the library ; his haggard and pale face told of many a night's work spent in vain, only to see the prize carried off by a fellow student almost without an effort.

The old monk approached him with the sympathetic question : " What ails thee ? " and the youth, his heart full of his misfortune, poured forth a stream of complaints and accusations of himself and the world around him, although he felt sure the old man would not be able to understand the weight of his trouble. But in the aged monk's kind face had come a dreamy, far-away look ; when the young man had at last exhausted his flow of words, and there was a pause, the old man began :

" When I came to the monastery many years ago, I too was young and ambitious, and intended to do as the others did. I had made up my mind to become a learned man and worked day and night. When the others laughed at me for my hard understanding I thought I might make up for it by working still harder. Then came the dark day when I felt I could never master my task. After midnight prayers the others retired to their cells, but there was no sleep for me. I stayed behind in the chapel, my soul full of both prayer and rebellion against God, and the wide, empty space seemed not empty and wide enough for the fierce struggle in my heart.

"I know not how long it had lasted, when my attention was attracted by a light and a fragrance beyond earthly sweetness. At the same time I noticed that I was no longer alone. Hundreds, nay thousands, of men and women filled the seats around me, and all looked at a woman of more than human height and of celestial unspeakable beauty who stood in the midst of them. The light streaming from her grew stronger and stronger and shone on the gilded ornaments and the coloured windows, filling every nook and corner of the building, which now seemed to have increased to an immeasurable size.

"On a book which the lady held in her hands, I could read in golden letters the word 'Wisdom.' She began slowly to turn over its leaves. Then she tore off one and gave it to some one in the crowd, and another to someone else. A third got two leaves and others again even more; for some she had only half a page. When my turn came she tore off just a tiny slip for me. As I touched it I felt a slight shock, and looking up I found it was all dark again and that I was alone.

"But the paper was still in my hands. By the dim light of the ever-burning lamp before the Virgin I found that it was no longer a slip torn off, but had now become a tiny square full page. The next day by daylight I discovered on it strange characters and diagrams which I could not understand. Yet its fascination was so great that every moment I had to spare I was trying to learn to understand it. After a long while I saw a letter here and there.

"Later on I found that there were words, and one day to my surprise and joy I noticed that my tiny treasure had grown in size. The more I worked the more it grew, slowly and imperceptibly like the trunk of a tree grows. One does not notice it and yet every year it is getting stronger.

"Since then," concluded the old monk, "my mind has found peace."

He turned away from the young student to tend the manuscripts and books he loved so dearly, and which he knew the day would soon come when he would be able fully to understand.

GERTRUDE SCHACK.

SOME KÂRMIC PROBLEMS

IN our early Theosophical days we grasped the broad idea of Karma, and it is only as we plunge more deeply into study that we discover the innumerable complexities in the working out of the Good Law ; initial difficulties vanish as our vision clears, but new ones ever arise on the mental horizon, so that our ignorance seems to increase more rapidly than our knowledge.

In taking up some of these problems for study, we may assume that all Theosophists are acquainted with the three-fold division of Karma, and with the general workings of desire, thought and action.

The first type we may consider is an action which seems to be entirely out of relation to the character of the actor, as when a man of high character suddenly commits a crime. Such an action may be the result of a cause set going long ago in his past, a cause which has not found its opportunity of acting until many lives after the one in which it was generated. We have here an extreme instance of a general rule, that a man's actions often bear little relation to his present ideas. His actions are mostly the results of his desirings and thinkings in the past, modified but slightly by his desirings and thinkings in the present. A man is at one and the same time the reaper and the creator of Karma, and doing is reaping. As he acts he is sowing fresh seed for the future in his present desirings and thinkings, but the action as such is the harvest of past sowings ; it is the outcome of the man as he was, not of the man as he is. To judge a man by his actions is to pass judgment on the man of the past, not on the man of the present ; hence " Judge not " has been the maxim of the Teachers. None can judge a man aright, unless he can read his thoughts and desires, the outgrowth of his present character. Wide is the difference between our thoughts and our actions, our aspirations and our achievements.

The thought comes from what we *are* at the present time, we create it according to the powers we have evolved ; the action is fettered on all sides by its generating causes in the past, and is the manifestation of what we *were*.

The most startling discrepancies between present character and present actions arise in the more highly evolved types, and especially in persons whose evolution has been rapid.

In a far-off past a man has desired and thought an evil thing, and has completed it on the astral and mental planes (we will return to this in a moment). Now behind each man is a mass of mixed Karma, and only a certain amount of it can be worked out in any given personality. The Lords of Karma select out of this mixed mass such portions as are sufficiently congruous with each other to be worked out in a single type, within certain limitations of character and circumstances, and having regard to the persons in incarnation at the period of this particular man's life. The evil thing awaiting manifestation as action cannot find its opportunity for many lives—very possibly because the person or persons related to it do not take birth at the time when the man is on earth. Hence it is held over life after life. Meanwhile the man is making rapid progress, develops his character and strengthens all his powers. Yet this veritable sword of Damocles is suspended over his head, ready to fall. The opportunity for action comes at last, and the evil thing takes birth as an action. The saint sins, to the astonishment of himself and of those around him ; and all men question : " Why is this ? Surely his present strength should suffice to prevent such an act."

This brings us to the meaning of the phrase used above : " completed it on the astral and mental planes." An activity is composed of three stages—desire, thought, act ; we wish for a thing (desire), we think how to obtain it (thought), we grasp it (act). During the first two stages we enjoy comparative freedom ; as we are desiring, thought, prompted by experience, may step in and wrestle with the desire, may conquer and slay it, so that that activity is stayed and does not pass on into the second stage. Or we may reach the second stage, and be thinking how to accomplish our desire, and other thoughts, again prompted by ex-

perience, may wrestle with this thought and overcome it, and the activity is stayed at the second stage. But when the second stage is completed, and the thought is ripe for action, so that only the open door of circumstance is needed for the thought to burst through it into action, then freedom is past, and the moment the door opens the act will be done.

Sometimes a wall of circumstances is built between the completed second stage and the third, and the action waits; death may come, but still the action waits, standing on the threshold until the door opens. Many lives may pass, and the door may not open; suddenly, in some life, circumstances open the door of opportunity, and the man performs the action without another thought, aye, though fifty or a hundred lives may have intervened. Such an action is inevitable, for its generating causes are complete, and, however incongruous it may be with the tenour of the life in which it occurs, it must come.

It must be remembered that the condition of the inevitableness of an action is that the desire and thought stages are *completed*. If there is a moment in which the man can think before he acts, if the action be not instinctive—done without thought—he can resist. There are all grades of difficulty in resisting the impulse to do a particular act, but wherever there is time to think there is power to resist.

It may not be amiss here to note the fact that if a man who has some evil thing behind him awaiting birth as an act, be a man sufficiently evolved to remember his past, he may then destroy the evil Karma that waits on the threshold, he may burn up Karma by knowledge. For he can send against the completed thought a new current of thought of the opposite character, and destroy the evil ere opportunity has manifested the thought as act. In this way also, where the act is connected with a person, an ancient enemy, the enemy may be turned into a friend by sending to him streams of good will ere the meeting on earth takes place, and the old hatred seeking revenge may be made love seeking to bless.

The great Teachers of the world, knowing this possibility, have ever inculcated universal love and goodwill, and by obedience to Them a man may transform an ancient foe into a friend,

even though he wots not of his existence. For, taking it for granted that in his past he has generated some Karma of hatred, he may daily send out a wave of goodwill to all that lives, so that his love, outspreading in all directions, may quench any fires of hatred still fed by long-past wrongs.

Some interesting kârmic problems arise in connection with World-Teachers, the Divine Men who come into the world for its helping. For instance, let us consider the "working of miracles" by the Founder of Christianity, miracles being, as we know, manifestations of the subtler forces on the physical plane.

The Karma generated by a miracle is of two kinds. First, there is the good done by it physically and mentally; secondly, there is the effect of the miracle on the minds of the onlookers. Such a manifestation of super-physical power usually convinces a number of the spectators of the authority of the person wielding the power; as time goes on, the miracle becomes more and more of a difficulty in their minds, until in the majority of cases it comes to be regarded as a trick or a hallucination, and resentment too often grows up against the Teacher, who is regarded as a deceiver. This evil thinking grows out of the act of the Teacher, since if He had not performed the miracle, the antagonism would not have been generated.

Yet it may be necessary for the Teacher to gain by such means a hearing for his Message; it may be necessary, from the condition of the earth at the time, that there should be an exhibition of occult powers. Then the Messenger of the Great Lodge must, having undertaken the task, use the necessary means to win a hearing, and vindicate the reality of the invisible worlds, and hence He generates this mixed Karma of good and evil, working on for hundreds of years. We can see in the modern revolt against miracles, due to what is called "the scientific spirit," the weapon against Christianity forged by that past necessity. What can the Teacher do? He must strike the balance between the good and the bad results, and do the action which brings the preponderance of good as its result. He must deliberately take on Himself the evil Karma as part of the sacrifice He makes in helping the world. And the way this Karma works is to bind Him to the movement He has started, and He

must remain with His religion, guiding, loving, helping, until the Karma is exhausted that He generated in performing His work of salvation.

Many Messengers of the White Lodge, greater and lesser, have brought such reaction on themselves in the doing of the work—Mme. H. P. Blavatsky is a notable recent example. Out of this we may draw the general principle—one of the greatest practical importance—that no action done in an imperfect world can be wholly good in its results. “Every action is surrounded with evil as a fire is surrounded with smoke.” No action that we can do is wholly good. All actions generate mixed Karma, because, being done in an imperfect world, the best must cause some friction, and we can only strive to choose the lines of work in which the good most preponderates. We must study the Law in order that we may understand its workings, and then in all our activities seek the balance of good, cheerfully bearing the inevitable evil which must accompany all the good we do.

Nor must we forget the goal to which the universe is tending. It bears as fruitage not only Divine Men, but within its matrix a LOGOS is evolving, who will be the builder of a higher universe. Great as a LOGOS is, He has climbed through all the forms—mineral, vegetable, animal, human, superhuman; and it is only because He has done this that He has acquired all-knowledge, and thus can begin a higher universe within the one in which He evolved. All the imperfect stages are necessary for the gaining of perfect knowledge, and what is a passing misery which produces an everlasting power? All the sufferings round us work to this end, as well as towards the evolution of each individual, and all the friction that occurs is caused by the continual growth. As we all evolve, the friction diminishes, and the Saviours in the later stages of evolution, being surrounded by more highly evolved beings, will have a better field to work in than had Those of the past, and thus less evil Karma will be generated in the doing of Their good work.

When we understand this part of the working of the Law, we can act with cheerfulness, using our best judgment, reason, thought, and all our experience, performing actions to the best of our ability, sure that some good and also some evil must result,

but striving to maximise the good, to minimise the evil. In proportion as we reach this state of mind will our work be efficient, and we shall be able to see that while the Logos of the universe rules and guides all, among us also a Logos is evolving and we with Him. At every stage there is and must be imperfection, good and evil mixed, and all we can do is to cause as much good and as little evil as possible. To be troubled and regretful is to increase the friction which delays the total evolution, and anxiety can only throw fresh obstacles in the way. Brave cheerfulness is our right attitude, and as we advance we must grow more calm, peaceful, serene, contented, no matter what troubles may surround us. In the midst of the storm we may carry a heart of peace. If we clear our eyes from personality; if we learn to identify ourselves with the Divine Man who is our Self; if we seek only God and the Law, indifferent to all our own circumstances; then the vision will become clearer and clearer, the mists will disappear, the path of right conduct will shine out, and even if sometimes we fail to tread it, the very failure will teach us to tread better in the future, for "Never doth one who worketh righteousness, O Beloved, tread the path of woe."

ANNIE BESANT.

PHILOSOPHY

THE discovery of that which is true and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.—VOLTAIRE.

PHILOSOPHY is a modest profession, it is all reality and plain dealing; I hate solemnity and pretence, with nothing but pride at the bottom

PLINY.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

THE LIVING "DEAD"

On the Other Side of Death. By C. W. Leadbeater. (London : Theosophical Publishing Society, 3, Langham Place. Price 6s. net.)

AMONG Mr. Leadbeater's many contributions to Theosophical literature, none, perhaps, is likely to find a wider public than this handsome volume, *On the Other Side of Death*. It is of universal interest, for as the author truly says: "The one thing which is absolutely certain in the future biography of all men alike is that one day they must die." "Certain is death to the born," says the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*. Death is, in truth, the only certainty for every man on earth. All else may vary in men's lives, but this—never. Naturally have men, therefore, continually questioned of the "other side," and all religions have given an answer more or less full.

In these modern days, in order that the materialistic belief that man perishes with his body may not triumph over the innate conviction, "Not all of me shall die," the spiritual Guardians of the race have seen fit to pour a flood of light into the darkness, and to lift the veil which covers from mortal eyes the other side of Death. First came the ever-strengthening evidence collected by the Spiritualists, seeking to clothe again with earthly matter the man unclothed of it by death, and thus to win evidence of the persistence of the personality beyond the grave, sufficiently clear and cogent to be accepted as demonstrative proof. For all patient and serious investigators they have established this persistence beyond reasonable question. Then followed the Theosophists, who sought to penetrate for themselves to the further side, and to go "living" among the "dead" instead of bringing the "dead" back among the "living." Of these latter is, of course, Mr. Leadbeater, who, however, in his earlier days, made effective use of the earlier methods. That the terms "living" and "dead" are ludicrously inappropriate both Spiritualist and Theo-

sophist declare ; indeed, if they are to be retained, their use should be reversed, and "dead," should be used for us who are clothed in physical bodies, and "living" for those who are freed from the burden of the flesh.

Mr. Leadbeater begins by clearing out of the way some of the misconceptions about death that cloud men's minds, and he performs this preliminary task very effectively. He then sketches the evidence for continued life, and the way in which it may be obtained. Religious misconceptions are next dealt with, and then he turns to the Theosophical attitude towards death. Here he remarks that birth and death are by no means the most important points in the life-cycle, the most important being the point in each life-cycle at which the forth-going energy of the Ego ceases its outrush, and turns inward again to its source. In Peru and in ancient India, he says, this was the time for withdrawal from worldly affairs, so that purification and detachment began in middle life, instead of being put off, as is usual now, until after death. Chapter v. deals clearly and concisely with "the facts as they are," and the next chapter gives some most interesting details on the effects of various vices in Kâmaloka, and then speaks of the life there of the intelligent man and of the unselfish worker. Luminous chapters follow on Astral Surroundings, The Desire Elemental—an unfortunate name for an important fact—and An Extension of Consciousness, and then we have a chapter on Invisible Helpers.

Mr. Leadbeater next turns to the evidences for apparitions of various kinds, and carefully classifies and arranges a very large number of old accounts and new, explaining and elucidating and introducing order into the chaos of facts. This part of the book is a remarkable proof of the value of Theosophical knowledge, and though few understand the subject as Mr. Leadbeater does, all students should realise this value when they wander in the jungle of ordinary collections of abnormal experiences. This part of the subject closes with some sensible advice on "how to meet a ghost," and a protest against the irrational fear of a fellow-creature in need, merely because he has lost his body.

A similar task of arrangement is next performed in regard to Spiritualistic phenomena, of which Mr. Leadbeater has had a very large and varied experience. This sub-division is closed with a chapter on the attitude of Theosophy to Spiritualism.

The thirty-second chapter is on Heaven, and is singularly beautiful and lucid ; it should prove most useful to many Theosophists,

who have but vague and cloudy ideas in regard to that important stage of the pilgrimage of the Ego.

"The nature of the evidence" is then considered, and this brings us to the thirty-fourth and concluding chapter on "How clairvoyance is developed." Safe and unsafe methods are noted, and the advice given on the choice of methods is most timely, in these days when so many undesirable ones are offered to the public. Most important also is the warning that the would-be clairvoyant should purify the moral nature ere he seeks to possess psychical powers, lest his very success should lead him to moral downfall.

Mr. Leadbeater's book is a distinct enrichment of our literature, and when we consider the amount of travelling and of public work in which he has been engaged, it is wonderful that in a single year he should have added to our libraries three such books as *An Outline of Theosophy*, *Man Visible and Invisible*, and *On the other Side of Death*. Each book in its own place is admirable, and the Theosophical Society has cause to rejoice that among its oldest members it numbers one who shows such untiring devotion and such well-directed energy. Mr. Leadbeater does not work for the reward of gratitude, but the thousands he helps must keep him surrounded with a great army of "rosy elementals" of loving thoughts.

ANNIE BESANT.

AN INTRODUCTION TO "THE ANCIENT WISDOM"

The Elements of Theosophy. By Lilian Edger, M.A. (London: The Theosophical Publishing Society; 1903. Price 2s. net.)

MISS EDGER gives us in the space of 202 pages a clearly written and thoughtful introduction to our colleague's well-known and widely-read volume, *The Ancient Wisdom*. It is practically a digest of the leading ideas in what we may consider to be, so far, Mrs. Besant's most important contribution to Theosophical literature, and will doubtless be of service by filling a gap between Mr. Leadbeater's successful little venture *An Outline of Theosophy*, and Mrs. Besant's hand-book. Miss Edger prefaces her book with a useful chapter on the origin and objects of the Society, based on our veteran President's chronicle in *Old Diary Leaves*; for the rest the work is well done and the manner of expression is suggestive and moderate. There are, however, two reasons why we should have preferred Miss Edger to compose an introduction of a more independent character. In the first place,

The Ancient Wisdom is very clearly written and it is difficult to misunderstand what Mrs. Besant intends to convey, except, perhaps, to some extent in the Introduction and the first chapter, which cover ground inherently of the very greatest difficulty; a further introduction, therefore, which avowedly "tries to avoid the most difficult points," may perhaps prejudice to some extent the sale of *The Ancient Wisdom*, which is of course the last thing Miss Edger would dream of being party to; while in the second place Miss Edger shows that she has herself thought deeply on the subject and is quite capable of putting forward the present result of her own digested studies in her own way.

G. R. S. M.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ASTROLOGY

Theoretical Astrology. By H. S. Green. (London: L. N. Fowler & Co.; 1903. Price 1s. net.)

THIS little book is the third of a series of astrological manuals. We welcome it heartily, as being an attempt to investigate the philosophical pre-suppositions of the science with which it deals. The importance of this side of the subject is, in our opinion, only too frequently neglected by writers on astrology. And this neglect is at least a part cause of the contempt in which many people hold those who follow Emerson's bidding and "hitch their waggon to a star." We do not fancy that mere evidence in favour of planetary influence will ever, in itself, convince the sceptic. It will be necessary for votaries of astrology to prove that their science is not only true, as a matter of fact, and borne out by experience, but that something of the sort is *à priori* probable and to be expected.

This task Mr. Green essays to perform, when he links his favourite science to certain Theosophical tenets. Astrological influences cannot, he wisely says, be physical influences. They must emanate from those supra-physical regions which, as Theosophy declares, exist throughout the Universe.

In addition to some rather good descriptions of the differences between the influences of cardinal, fixed, and common signs, Mr. Green makes some decidedly illuminating remarks on the meanings of the mundane houses. What is wanted here is some single principle of interpretation from which the various meanings commonly attributed may be deduced. When we are told, for instance, as we

sometimes are, that the sixth house signifies "sickness, uncles, and domestic servants," we have a right to ask where the sense comes in and what is the connection of thought. And with this sort of difficulty Mr. Green endeavours to cope.

We cannot help feeling, however, that the author has fallen a victim to one weakness which is common to most astrologers. And that is the endless piling up of astrological influences. Not content with ascendants, zodiacal signs, mundane houses, planets, fixed stars, aspects, "directions," solar revolutions, synodical lunations, and diurnal figures, etc., etc., in the ninth chapter we are led into a perfect Cretan labyrinth of secondary planetary influences. What one feels about these things is that they may be true, but that no human mind, as at present constituted, could possibly grasp and weigh their subtle proportions if they were. To introduce them at all, therefore, seems to us to be doing what a young German of our acquaintance once called "organising a universal muddle." It would, of course, be possible for the astrologer to reply that, in doing this, he was only trying to make astrology resemble the complexities, in a word the "universal muddle," of life itself, but we think that, as long as astrology is not generally received among us, it would at least be wise policy in the astrologer to confine himself to the workings of the primary and more powerful influences, and cause those to stand out clear, sharp, and strong.

R. C.

A SELF-MADE REINCARNATIONIST

Birth a New Chance. By Columbus Bradford, A.M. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. For sale by Theosophical Book Concern, Chicago.)

A NOTE printed on the publisher's paper cover which protects the binding of this book makes it specially interesting to us. The author says: "When this book was written, the author had not the slightest knowledge of Theosophical teachings. His postulate of repeated lives on this earth, by means of rebirth, through fixed laws of human character and conduct, grew out of what seemed to him an intellectual and moral necessity from which there is no escape. Having once adopted tentatively the belief that 'the dead live again by being born again' as a working hypothesis, all the known facts of human life, and all the teachings of the Bible, logically and rationally interpreted, seemed to him to support the hypothesis. . . . Since

writing the book the author has read a number of Theosophical works, and gladly testifies that he has found in them much that he regards as confirmatory of his position, and also much that he regards as a corrective of some of his reasoning."

Having so often commended this course to our readers—to take karma and reincarnation merely as hypotheses and see for themselves how many problems clear themselves up on this view—we cannot fail to be interested in a writer who has done this and actually come to the conclusions we have anticipated; to note where his independent research agrees with ours, and to see where the information of our own authors has to be utilised "to teach him the way of God more perfectly." That he has been willing to receive this further teaching shows a freedom from prejudice from which much may be hoped hereafter.

Mr. Bradford prefaces his book by a series of thirty-two propositions, of which he says: "Many of them will seem quite at variance with orthodox standards. But I do not regard the term 'orthodox standards' as meaning *orthodox standstill*. Those who do thus interpret the term are excused from reading this book. Orthodoxy means, etymologically, correct reasoning and believing. I write therefore in the interest of real orthodoxy."

"Real orthodoxy" is thus claimed for a system which starts thus:

"The human race is a growing race, in process of rising from animal to angel.

"Man's so-called 'fall' was in reality not so much a fall as a failure to rise, when he had evolved to that plane from which he might have risen rapidly.

"Though his race has risen slowly, it is as a whole higher to-day, physically, morally, and spiritually, than at any time in its history.

"Man dies, not because he sinned, but because he was made to die.

"But it has been designed from the beginning that man shall cease from dying when he quits sinning, and otherwise proves worthy of living for ever."

A curious mixture of right intuition as to the "germ" of the new physical body, and of confusion as to the state after death, leads the author to maintain that the soul's consciousness altogether passes out of existence until the new body is ready to receive it, but we have nothing against the next proposition.

"This germ, or seed, into which the soul retreats [of course *we* should say 'which the soul retains'] at death answers well to the Apostle Paul's metaphor of the 'bare grain' which, he declares, is the only part of the body that is buried that will be in the new body when the dead person lives again."

Nothing, from the point of view of an ordinary Christian, could be better than the following :

"If we are to believe that God has any design for our race, as a race, in this world, as everything visible clearly indicates, we know that he is either bringing back by birth the same individuals who have lived here before and died, or creating new ones by birth to take the places of the dead. There are abundant reasons for believing he is bringing back the same persons again and again, and next to none for the belief that all who are born now are newly created. There is better ground, therefore, for believing that we shall live again on this earth after death, than for the belief that we shall go at once to some other world to live. A place that is good enough for God's creatures to live one time is good enough for them to live a second time, a third time, or a thousand times, if so many times are needed to exhaust the possibilities of that place for human development."

Our author is quite clear that the reward or punishment for the deeds done in the body must be received as a new life upon the earth where they were done, and, knowing nothing of the higher portion of ourselves which lives ever, he can only suppose the life between lives to be an utterly unconscious one. In fact, the indications given in the Bible are far too fragmentary and imperfect to form the foundation of a clear view of the future state; and if this be doubted, we need only refer to the fact that no two theologians entirely agree in the deductions they draw from them. As regards America, the point is well worked out by Mr. Bradford, though to a European it seems strange that the notorious Dr. Talmage should be considered an authority to be reckoned with. One objection to reincarnation often made—that we do not remember our past lives—is particularly well answered, by showing the horrible burden such remembrance of all our faults and failures in our lower lives would be. There are many other questions which it would well repay our readers to look up for themselves in the volume. The whole matter is treated, not with the flippancy of the controversialist, but with serious desire to help, under the feeling (the experience of which is so familiar to so many of us, and so deeply felt) which he thus expresses in his Introduction :

"As a public teacher, a considerable part of whose business it is to console the bereaved, I have come honestly to believe that the consolations commonly offered on funeral occasions do not console. Furthermore, I do not believe they ought to console, for I think they are radically wrong."

The reviewer, for his own part, is somewhat proud that never, from the first moment of his ministry, could he take any other view of the "consolations of religion." There are many Theosophists who can say, as he does, that it was just this steady pressure of dissatisfaction with the means given them by their religion to help the troubles and sorrows of others, far more than any trouble of their own, which has made them so thankfully accept the light of Theosophy.

A. A. W.

THE GNOMIC HAWEIS

Realities of Life. Being Thoughts gathered from the Teachings of the Rev. H. E. Haweis, M.A., by Jessie M. Oliver, with an Introduction, Memoir and Portrait. (London: Elliot Stock; 1902. Price 3s. 6d.)

IN this booklet we have a tribute of affectionate remembrance of the Rev. H. E. Haweis, that eccentric, kind and clever soul who, almost more than any other clergyman of his time, realised the critical stage through which the Church was passing, and who recognised the necessity of adapting his services and preaching to the people if he desired to gain their attendance. The compiler of this book, realising that only a few of Mr. Haweis' writings will live, has carefully selected some of the "jewels of thought, utterances with the abiding freshness of eternity upon them," which are scattered through his less important works.

Though there is nothing of any striking originality, there is a new presentment of familiar ideas which is of interest. The marked characteristic pervading these utterances is distinctly that of "healthy mindedness," showing the brave spirit of the man who all through his life was handicapped by severe physical disabilities. Mr. Haweis had the artistic faculty of discerning the beautiful in life, and a fund of humour which helped him to bear his burdens.

To give an idea of his power of observing and realising the time in which he lived we will quote some of his thought on Religion. He says:

"The greatest tribute to the necessity of religion is, that it survives its out-worn forms; the greatest proof of the essential truth of Christianity is, that in spite of the twaddle talked every Sunday throughout England in the name of Christ, Christianity is still alive."

"To be a true saint is not to be like St. Simcon Stylites, or even like Paul, but it is to be like Jesus; no strange being at war with things secular, but still a being lifted up in pure energy and perfect balance—'in the world yet not of the world.'"

"Truth at first hand is better than truth at second hand, and authority is not safe if it is pitted against inquiry, if it seeks to silence questions or coerce the conscience."

Again, on wit and humour stress is laid showing their use in life: "Wit is not only highly moral, but extremely recreative and stimulating."

"I myself firmly hold that, wisely used and well, wit is a most effective disciplinarian, and one of the greatest sweeteners and purifiers of life."

On Dissent he says: "Dissent is none other than the long-stifled cry of the nation's conscience hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and bearing witness to a living spirit held in the frozen death grip of an ecclesiastical dead letter."

Space does not permit us to quote more, but many will find suggestive and stimulating thoughts in this little book.

M.

SAMPLES OF HELL

Traditional Aspects of Hell (Ancient and Modern). By James Mew.
With Seventy-nine Illustrations from Original Sources.
(London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; 1903. Price 6s.)

WE congratulate Mr. Mew on producing a most readable book. His is not the ponderous tome of a German scholar who regards himself as having sinned against the Holy Ghost if he is caught omitting one single ingredient from his *Quellen* or his *Literatur*; Mr. Mew has not a single note from cover to cover, but every page bears unobtrusive evidence of wide reading, cultivation, and good feeling, and, best of all, our *cicerone* takes us round with a pleasant smile and a fine humour of which the over-serious alone will deprive themselves of the enjoyment. Mr. Mew's ambition is modest; his desire is solely to introduce to our notice the "more interesting features of the most prominent ancient

and modern hells." This he does with much urbanity and with the help of a number of thrilling illustrations from what the title-page describes, with conscious or unconscious humour, as "original sources." The samples of Hades which are presented for our delectation are selected from Egyptian, Assyrian, Brahmanic, Buddhist, Zoroastrian, Classic, Scandinavian, Hebrew, Christian, Muslim and Barbarian hell-representations. At the end of his review of some of the main features of the Christian Hell, Mr. Mew becomes serious, and protests, though not in his own name, against the blasphemous dogmas based on these horrid imaginings of human passion. But is the idea of hell (apart from dogmas) solely created by the human imagination? And if so, what is imagination? It seems real enough for the image-makers or image-conceivers; nay, the images seem to be more powerful than their creators. To-day we are shifting our idea of hell from the category of crude physical torments which delighted or amazed the materialistic notions of our forefathers, to a category of more refined and mental tortures, from which even the most sceptical sinner who denies a future existence, shall not be allowed to escape; for the theory of carrying our hell about with us applies to mortal man at every moment of his existence.

G. R. S. M.

SOME STONES WHICH THE BUILDERS REJECTED

The Extra-canonical Life of Christ: Being a Record of the Acts and Sayings of Jesus of Nazareth drawn from Uninspired Sources. By Bernhard Pick, Ph.D., D.D. (New York: 1903. Price 5s.)

THOSE who are interested in apocrypha and desire to peruse a convenient selection from the tangled mass of early tradition and later legends which gathered round the memory of Jesus, cannot do better than procure Dr. Pick's latest book. It is divided into four parts: (i.) Comprising narratives referring to the Life of Mary, and the Birth, Childhood, and Boyhood of Jesus; (ii.) Narratives of the Passion and Resurrection; (iii.) Miscellaneous Records; (iv.) Sayings of Jesus. The last part (pp. 249-312) will perhaps be the most attractive to the general reader, bringing together as it does sayings from the lost Gospels of the Egyptians, Hebrews, Ebionites, and of Matthias, Philip, and Thomas, of Eve, and of John at Paris, from the Preaching of Peter, and the Oxyrhynchus papyrus and Fayoom

Gospel, and even from Mohammedan sources. Dr. Pick's scholarship is the warrant of reliable translation, and the bibliographical indications in the Introduction will be of great service for any who desire to continue their studies in this fascinating direction. The Theosophical Publishing Society will supply copies.

G. R. S. M.

MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS

Theosophist, April. This number of "Old Diary Leaves" is entirely occupied with the Judge scandal. For our own part we should have been glad had the Colonel's plan been consistent with leaving the matter in the semi-obscurity of his published reminiscences of the earlier Coulomb affair. The time has gone by when anyone can feel anything but sorrow for the fall of one who had laboured so earnestly and so long for the good cause. As to the facts, no one who was not personally mixed up with the affair could for a moment have doubted.

Next follow a very important lecture by Mr. Leadbeater, entitled "The Necessity for Reincarnation"; a careful study of "Free-will and Necessity," by A. Schwartz, mainly arranged from the works of Mr. Sinnet and Mrs. Besant; "Disharmony *versus* Harmony," by W. R. Mayers; "The Three Stages in the Life of a Nation," in which Kali Kuntu Sen tells us that when men begin to *think* "it begins to dawn upon their minds that *Jñānam* cannot mean the few metaphysical technicalities and abstractions we learn from this or that philosophy, or the reading of some indifferent vernacular treatises on *Pañchadasi* or the Vedānta or some stray and disconnected passages from the Purāṇas or the Upaniṣhads" (I should like to put the English equivalents for these, but haven't the courage!—A.A.W.) Between "' knowing ' and ' becoming ' there lie æons of time, during which man is to rise by mighty efforts." Next comes a review by J. J. Vimadala of the remarkable article contributed by Mr. F. C. Beaman to the March number of *East and West*, to which I drew attention last month; and the number concludes with the continuation of Miss Crewe's "Light on the Path."

Prasnotara, March and April, announces that Mr. G. Arundale has taken over the editorship, and the late editor declares himself "relieved at the thought of this happy change, and wishes the Magazine (as we all do) a long and prosperous life." I suppose it is a matter of congratulation that the Activities of the Section are suffi-

cient to fill the two numbers with the sole exception of what promises to be a valuable study by Miss Edger entitled "Thoughts on the Zoroastrian Gâthas." It is to be hoped that the new editor will be able to obtain a renewal of the exceedingly valuable notes on the interior life which have at times made the *Prasnottara* precious to its English readers.

Central Hindu College Magazine, for April, well keeps up its level; and the contributions of Miss Ward, Mrs. Lauder, and Mr. G. Dyne, are of more than usual interest.

The Theosophic Gleaner, April, is produced on a somewhat novel plan, and we venture to think one which will attract more readers. The articles are: "Absolute Abstract Motion," by Mr. Sutcliffe; the sketch of Mrs. Besant from *The Lotus Journal*; "Where many Philosophers Meet," by Narrain Rai Varma, in which the opinion of Indian philosophers as to our Western thought is thus briefly (and, we doubt not, correctly) summed up thus: "Shankara went into his work thoroughly. Kant and Schopenhauer did not so go into theirs. Why not? Because they couldn't!" Further, translation of Goethe's "Gott und Welt"; "Psychical Research," from our own "Watch-Tower," and other interesting excerpts; under the head of "Our Visitors," an account of Mrs. Besant's visit to Bombay; and a well-selected collection of "Notes and News."

Also from India, *Siddhanta Deepika*; *The Dawn*, March, containing amongst much other interesting matter a paper by Mrs. Besant on the "Attitude of Modern Science towards problems of Higher States of Consciousness"; a thoroughly readable and valuable number of *East and West*, for April; and the *Indian Review* for March, which we also heartily recommend to our readers.

The Vâhan for May. The Enquirer treats first a question on the meaning of the "Great Renunciation," so often spoken of in our books. In connection with the apparent contradiction noticed in one of the answers between the Buddhist doctrine that Nirvâṇa, as a "place of no return," may be reached by evolution, and the Hindu doctrine that no karma of action can *deserve* perfect or complete Mukti, it might perhaps be suggested that whilst we cannot but grant to the Hindu that no karma, which is after all only a matter of the World-Illusion, can possibly give access to the state altogether beyond Mâyâ by any claim of merit, it is doubtful if this doctrine comes any way "into practical politics." I do not think the Buddhist Nirvâṇa goes so high; as far as I am aware we have no information of *any* state

from which, sooner or later, the soul does not return in due time, however long that time may be. Of the absolute and complete loss of *all* identity in the ocean of the Divine which seems to be the Hindu Mukti I do not find any trace in the teachings we have received, and I hope there is no such thing. But there is surely no need for us humans of the twentieth century to dispute over it. The other questions are as to the value of giving utterance to our worries—upon which C. M. makes the common-sense remark that to pass on the worry to somebody else is certainly *not* to exhaust it; a modest request for a detailed explanation of the mastery over thought required for a Theosophist, in answer to which S. C. contrives in two columns of *The Vâhan* to give more useful detail than the querist had any right to expect; and lastly, one on the standing puzzle of free-will and necessity.

The Lotus Journal, May. This bright little periodical contains much good reading, including the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "Purgatory," and the editors may be congratulated on their efforts to deserve success. We hope that at the year's end they will be able to say they have obtained it.

Bulletin Théosophique, April and May, announces the formation of a new Branch in Bulgaria. The report of the General Secretary to the Convention held on the 15th March, speaks very encouragingly of the progress of the Section, especially in Paris and Marseilles. He reports twenty Branches, of which five are new; five centres, and an increase of 163 members since the last Convention.

Revue Théosophique, March and April nos., have for their main contents the opening of an important series by Dr. Pascal on Karma, under the title of "The Law of Destiny"; Mrs. Besant's protest against a certain tendency to make of her and Mr. Leadbeater "little tin gods on wheels"; Mr. Sinnett's paper on the "Photography of the Invisible"; Mrs. Besant on "The Value of Devotion"; and an interesting study by L. Revel on "The Mystic Silence," of which we borrow the opening paragraph. He says: "For the Poet and the Philosopher the Silence is active, it is the fruitful source of all activity of Mind and Soul. For the Theosophist, the Silence has a still deeper meaning; it is in It and by It that is manifested the Power which dwells in us, and with which the soul must unite itself in order to attain, not, as the Catholics would say, its final end; for end there is none, and evolution is unlimited; but the higher degrees of its progress."

Theosophia for April has, besides translations, a paper by H. J. van Ginkel on "Astrological Influences." We find from the reviews that the same writer has published a translation of Mr. Sinnett's *Incidents in the life of Mme. Blavatsky*. We welcome every attempt to keep II. P. B. in evidence, now that there are comparatively so few of our members who have known the power of her presence in life.

Théosophie for May is a particularly interesting number. Amongst the Notes of M. Kohlen's Addresses is a valuable hint to members not to be too anxious to expound Theosophy to strangers—the danger being that we frighten them by its apparent complexity from any further study, instead of attracting them.

Der Vâhan for May has its regular abstract of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW and the *Theosophist*, with full and interesting reviews of Leadbeater's *Man, Visible and Invisible*, and the new German edition of his *Astral Plane*. The selection from the English *Vâhan* follows, and the number is concluded by a review of the German translation of Mrs. Besant's *Dharma*.

Teosofia, March and April, have original articles by G. Rosa, U. F. del Giglio and S. Ferrari. The Notices inform us of the visit of Mr. Mead and his "gentile signora," and give us the welcome news that *La Revue*, a leading Parisian contemporary, has inserted two very favourable articles on Mme. Blavatsky, under the title of "A Modern Magician."

Sophia (Madrid) March and April, besides translations from Mrs. Besant, have two papers by E. Gonzales-Blanco on "Hylozoism as a World-Conception," and the conclusion of D. Velloyo's interesting "Theogony and Magic amongst the Aborigines of Brazil."

Translations from Mr. Mead and Miss Edger form the chief contents of the April no. of *Teosofisk Tidskrift*.

We have to welcome amongst our extra-European magazines the first number of the *South African Theosophist*, which we owe to the energy of our members at Johannesburg. In his "Foreword" the editor, Major C. L. Peacocke, writes: "At the beginning of the present year the small original group, reinforced by other students carried hither with the new influx, started organised work; the result has been far beyond our fondest hopes, and the interest evinced by enquirers leads us to believe that a very strong centre will shortly be firmly established in Johannesburg. Within two months our little group has grown from a total of seventeen to a fair-sized Branch of seventy Members and Associates, practically all of whom show their

genuine interest by regular attendance two or three times a week at lectures and study classes. Correspondence is being opened up with detached enquirers in other parts of South Africa, and we believe it only requires the presence of an active student in two or three towns to bring into existence Branches in these places." The spirit of our brothers in Johannesburg is shown in his concluding words: "If these teachings be true, then *Theosophy is the most important thing in the whole world*; if they be false, then the Founders of the Great Religions, Philosophers, Saints and Martyrs, shall have laboured and suffered in vain, and nothing will be left for man but gross materialism which dwarfs the soul, or gross superstition which dwarfs the intellect." The magazine is well printed and got up, the matter—original and selected—good; the hearty good wishes of all Theosophists must go out to our brave South African pioneers.

Theosophy in Australasia (March) seems waking up from its solemnity, and gives us a lively "Outlook" on things in general. The solid portion is supplied by Mr. Johns' paper "National Responsibility." The Sectional Financial Statement so nearly balances that we can't call it discouraging—perhaps next year the balance will be on the right side again.

New Zealand Theosophical Magazine, for March, contains the continuation of Miss Davidson's "Illusions," two papers by Marian Judson, and "The Law of Correspondence" and "The Dual Aspect of Manifestation," under the signature of Philalethes.

The Theosophic Messenger (San Francisco), March, is mainly devoted, as is quite natural, to the cult of Mr. Leadbeater; but a page is well used in reproducing a vigorous denunciation of the doctrine of vicarious atonement by a gaol chaplain, who says: "The fact is that most of the convicts are church members or non-professors, whilst among all the convicts I have known I have met neither Unitarian, Universalist, nor Spiritualist, nor yet a Swedenborgian. The reason is not far to seek. These modern movements in the religions have no magical cowardly scheme by which they can escape the results of their own responsible conduct."

Revista Teosofica, January and February numbers, are confined to translations.

Sophia (Santiago), March, has also an interesting set of selections.

Theosofisch Maandblad, April, on the contrary, has nearly all original matter, the only exception being that, in answer to a ques-

tion, the Editor "takes the liberty," as he says, to print Mrs. Besant's paper on "Prayer" as the best answer he can give.

Also received: *Modern Astrology*, with a continuation of Mrs. Leo's paper on the "Wisdom Religion"; *Mind*; *La Nuova Parola*; *Light*; *N.Y. Magazine of Mysteries*; *Light of Reason*; *Animal's Guardian*; *Psycho-Therapeutic Journal*; *Logos Magazine*. Of pamphlets: *The Children's Cross*, by C. A. Eccles; two penny publications from Tolstoy from the Free Age Press; *The Christian Life*, by F. T. S. I., 4½d., to be obtained from 53, Imperial Buildings, Mexbro', a very nicely written and useful attempt to work the Theosophical teachings into the ordinary Christian faith and life. A friend has also sent us for notice a slip from the *Petit Messenger* (Brussels), containing an interesting summary of "Religion in Ancient Egypt," written by Mr. J. Redwood Anderson, M.S.T., which encourages us to hope for something more extensive from his pen hereafter—he must not let his studies in this important and little-known branch of Theosophy end with an article in a newspaper. A. A. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

ENGLAND AND INDIA

To the Editors of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

PERMIT me to call the attention of A. A. W. to the complete misrepresentation of my views contained in the statement: "Mrs. Besant wants more millions for India. But the failures of our civilisation are not to be set straight by taxing the English poor for the benefit even of Hindus." I must conclude that the reviewer did not read the pamphlet, but criticised what he thought I was likely to say, for there is not in the pamphlet *one single word* about England giving India financial aid. I noted that too many millions were taken away from India to be spent in England, and the great cost of English officials; so far from wishing the English poor to be taxed for Hindus, I alluded in one brief paragraph to the cost imposed on India, the fact being that it is the Indian poor who are taxed for the English benefit. I did not complain that this should be so, but only said too much was taken. I am the more inclined to think that the reviewer did not read the pamphlet, as the points it does deal with, religion, education, famines and manufactures, are not touched on. ANNIE BESANT.

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